



FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 30

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD. (Including Postage) PER MONTH \$1.00 PER YEAR \$12.00

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

BRANCH OFFICES: WORLD TOWNSHIP OFFICE-1207 BROADWAY, ROOM 312 and 314, New York. BROOKLYN-259 FULTON ST. HARLEM-News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.-LORDS BUILDING, 112 SOUTH ST. WASHINGTON-210 14TH ST. LONDON OFFICE-21 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING WORLD ON Friday, Aug. 23, WAS PRECISELY 348,010 COPIES.

But even on days when there is no event of extraordinary public interest THE EVENING WORLD sells a few copies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was 170,370 COPIES.

THE BEHRING SEA MIDDLE. With apologies to the office-timers for interrupting their fun, it is time President Day and his secretary took a day off to study the Behring Sea question and come to some conclusion about it.

The Rush goes on with her unauthorized seizures and turns confiscated vessels loose with orders to proceed to Sitka as prizes. It is no wonder that the emptying of these vessels, without orders from the State Department, without, in fact, any definition as to what broad-or-pooly under which to act, is making the Canadians mad as hornets and may forest serious trouble on the borders.

All that alleviates Canadian wrath is the ridiculous figure that we out when these prizes turn their backs upon Sitka and streak it for some British-Canadian paper.

Let us know where we stand in this Behring Sea business.

MINDFUL OF HIS PEOPLE. There may be something besides gold lace and belligerence about young German Witzels after all. There was a touch of his good old grandfather in a thing he said yesterday to a member of the Provincial Council: "The existing laws for the protection of laborers in Prussia are deplorable. They are insufficient to protect workmen from the greed of capitalists, and reform is urgently necessary."

No back up this sort of talk with some genuine reform legislation in behalf of the workers and it will do you more credit, Witzels, than a half dozen victories on the battle-field.

FLEE THE FLEA. The melancholy days have come. So have the fleas. Scratch, denizen of Harlem! Squirm, hanger-on about the City Hall! Wiggle, O man! in all places of our dominion, up the east side and down the west side, over in Jersey and along the quiet thoroughfares of Brooklyn.

For the plague of fleas has come. Mark the formidable aspect of even but one of the members of the multitudinous invading army, caught by the faithful camera and enlarged by the unflinching microscope. Note the havoc he has made in the precincts of the town. Read the old, old story of the wicked flea whom every man, especially in Harlem, pursued.

Take unto thyself carbolic acid soap and forewear the companionship of thy pet spaniel. Cultivate looseness of garment and agility of apprehension.

IT WILL NEVER DO. Such ball-playing as the Giants did yesterday will not save the pennant. They lost the game by misplays and inability to make hits when runs were to be had for the hitting.

Boston is a determined antagonist as well as a strong one. The time is brief. The Giants cannot afford to lose a single trick.

Already a reaction of sentiment in the East. Mr. Wainwright's favor has set in in Paris, and Laguerre is on his way to London to get the dauntless General to go home. Poor France! Can you not, among all your brave and brilliant ones, find a more worthy idol? You will

never cease worshipping this one until he is shattered and the fragments burned.

WELL, DESIGNER BURGERS? This Scotch cutter Minerva seems invincible. Day after day she walks away with ease from the forty-footers, and Mr. Burgess, of Boston, is reaching a state of chagrin which amounts almost to congestion.

Tailors, telegraph linemen, and all sorts of workers are joining the London dockmen's strike. So it grows and grows. Don't delay too long, you hungry corporations. "When this snow melts there'll come a flood."

GOSSIP OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS. Chief-Inspector Byrnes and Inspector Williams have been sitting, the former with a urticaria in his face and the latter with poisoned hands from contact with deadly virus.

Detective Sergt. Charlie Heidelberg is on his vacation. Before he started the boys presented him with a box of Benias, which were placed in Clerk Harriot's rooms for safe keeping.

Inspector Murray will return from his vacation next week, and will go away again later in September. Inspector Steers is not due until Sept. 20. He is running the camp-meetings at Ocean Grove.

Inspector Conlin is putting in heavy work, and his district is in great shape. The men are loyal and the commanders enforce discipline as laid down by the Inspector.

Worldling. Sir John A. Macdonald, the "Grand Old Man" of the Dominion of Canada, is now seventy-five years old. He has large features, with a prominent nose, thin lips, and a square chin.

Frederick W. Gilliam, who was killed in Yazoo County, Miss., recently in a personal encounter with one Gordon, was a direct descendant of Napoleon's famous general, David.

Belva Lockwood's Side-Notes from London, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

A VERY REASONABLE COMPLAINT. Cannot the gathering of Garbage Be Facilitated to Avert This Nuisance to the Storekeepers.

No Chance for a Filtration. (From Park.)

Who Are the Brutes? Andrew Carnegie doesn't want to discuss strikes "because they are brutal."

What Nellie Bly Saw at Newport and Narragansett, SUNDAY'S WORLD.

After Illness Room. (From the New York World.)

Eastern Man-No use. I can't stand this crowding any longer. My beautiful garden has been shut in on three sides, and now a fourth house is going up. I shall see no more stars for the West, the free, sunny West, where there is plenty of new country.

Miss Partridge (a drummer, blandly)-Is this seat engaged, Miss?

Miss Holly Hawk-Well, I dunno; Paw may find himself too much crowded with new and the ladies in the next seat, and maybe he'll want this. (Exit Partridge.)

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HELPING HANDS

Extended in Charity to the Poor, Sick Babies.

Many Healthy Children Aid in the Good Work.

Nell Nelson at a Distribution Reception in Clarendon Hall.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS. Already acknowledged \$6,029.85. Included please find \$3 for the Babies' Sick Fund, collected by...

THE RECORD TO AUG. 29. 17,210 visits to houses, 130,455 visits to families (many families visited repeatedly).

A Fair for the Babies' Fund. Miss Bianca Halle, Miss Aggie Cannon, Miss Annie Paschner and Miss Mamie O'Neil, who live in East Eighty-fourth street, will start a fair for The Evening World's Sick Baby Fund.

By a Playwheel Sale. Inclosed please find \$1, which you will please add to your Baby Fund, that noblest of public monuments. Yours truly, Mrs. M. D.

Many Hearty Thanks. Inclosed please find \$1.29, the contents of contribution-box. We had the honor of sending the first contribution to your worthy fund, with the promise of sending you weekly the contents of box which would be placed on our counter. We have kept it up all Summer, sending in a grand total of \$27.60.

A Ross' Concert. By concert, given by twelve little boys, \$15. Held at the residence of Miss. Quigley, 748 Washington street.

The First Street Fair. Inclosed please find \$1.15, the proceeds of a fair held in First street by five little girls from eight to twelve years old for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund of The Evening World.

It Was Duly Received. Week before last a lady living in Rahway, N. J., sent through the writer a bundle of children's clothes for the sick babies whom you are taking a great interest in.

Notes of the Week. To Dreadnaught and Silver Rock Baseball Clubs: You are very kind, but we are unable to procure the grounds desired.

A DISTRIBUTION RECEPTION. Clarendon Hall Filled with Children Who Are Clothed and Fed.

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thing like celestial beauty beams from the childish blue eyes as she smiles on her.

An old Italian woman, seventy years and more, has followed the children into the hall. Care and time-remorseless twins that prey on human life, have robbed her head of every trace of hair, wrinkled her face and shriveled her figure.

Through an interpreter we learn that she wants medical help. Dr. Mason takes her in hand, and provides money for the medicine. We give her a basket of flowers, and the dull eyes brighten and the sad old face beams as she leaves the hall.

It is 9.35, and the party does not begin until 10 o'clock, but the guests have arrived and Proprietor Schermann is puzzled to know what to do with them.

They were boys he would know in an instant, but an army of men would hesitate before 400 women and little girls.

They come in rags and dirt, barefoot and bare-headed, hollow-cheeked, pale-faced, wild-eyed and hungry.

In comes the band of Jenny Wrens (blessings on them) with a cartful of candy and a wagonful of dresses, night-gowns, skirts and underwear, sixty suits in all, every stitch the work of their own pretty, dimpled hands.

When Dr. Lombard, who has been giving her ragged charges a lecture on personal and sanitary matters, realizes the state of the wardrobes she forgets ethics, sanitation, medicine and all and begins to cry.

These are the girls in whose homes I have been practicing all Summer. There isn't one that hasn't a sick baby, brother, sister, or mother. Some of them have no father, and not one has the care she should have.

All this time the pretty doctor's blue eyes have been streaming with tears, in which the frightened children join, and to make matters still more painful twelve little colored girls arrive from Congress alley.

Another order is given Stoehr for twenty-eight pairs of shoes, and the Jenny Wrens get their pretty heads together and, after a whispered consultation, announce their willingness to make up the fifty remaining yards of the Catin gingham and express it to the doctor before the week ends.

There isn't time to shoe the twenty-eight before noon, and Mr. Schermann is too kind to be imposed upon by the retention of his big hall even five minutes past the allotted hour.

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appointment spared the already too unhappy mothers and children.

But there is consolation in the thought that 60 girls have been provided with new shoes, 100 little women attired in neat suits, 70 babies dressed, 20 small boys attired in the new business, and 416 women, children and infants relieved in one way or another, for which all credit is due the Jenny Wrens, White Elephant, "The Little Mother," Fred Schermann, the Elliot Floral Company and Drs. Mason, Hooper and Lombard, not forgetting we Tom.

The Death Rate. The total number of deaths during the past twenty-four hours were ninety-five. Fifty-seven of these were children under five years of age. The causes were:

Cholera infantum 8 Diarrhoeal diseases 15 Whooping cough 2 Diphtheria 1 Pneumonia 4 Other diseases 4

BLACKENED THE EDITOR'S EYE. An ex-justice of the Peace develops a valiant tenacity.

An exciting scene occurred on the street yesterday near the White Plains Post-Office. The actors were Ezra Horton, the veteran editor of the Evening World Journal, and ex-justice of the Peace Hiram Paulding.

Mr. Horton was coming out of the Post-Office with his mail in his hand. Mr. Paulding met him and said: "See here, Horton; why don't you pay me that \$5 you owe me?"

Mr. Paulding has a beautiful black eye and a black patch over the top of it. He was making his way up the street, and he had been looking up at the office of the Evening World Journal, and he had been looking up at the office of the Evening World Journal.

THE LIMIT OF THE APPROPRIATION FOR REPAIRING RENEWED. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment yesterday ordered the Commissioner of Public Works to repair the following streets with asphalt on the present stone block foundation:

Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets, from Fourth to Madison and from Fifth to Sixth avenue; Thirty-eighth street, from Madison to Fifth avenue; Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third streets, from Fourth to Madison and from Fifth to Sixth avenue; Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets, from Madison to Fifth avenue; Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth streets, from Madison to Fifth avenue.

Not Entirely Easy. (From Judge.)

Mr. Bikes-Dismal d'bigges' snap I ever see. Rufus. Dey's moan den foibly pullets on d' rooftop.

He Would Fix Matters. (From the Washington Post.)

We weren't there, but we never had reason to doubt the veracity of the gentleman who informs us that Senator Sawyer the other day witnessed for the first time in his life a game of baseball as played by professionals.

Not the Rising Kind. (From the New York World.)

Romantic Daughter-Mother, you must admit Mr. Dudettele is a rising young man.

Brains Always Win. (From Park.)

Had to Take the Lot. (From Judge.)

Had to Take the Lot. (From Judge.)

A DECIDEDLY SORRY ACCUSER.

How a Brooklyn Man Retaliated on a German Hotel-Keeper.

FORGED FUNDS FOR CHARITY. Mr. Julius Jacoby, the wealthy real estate speculator, at No. 148 Jackson street, who with his family has just returned from Germany on board the steamer City of Paris, had a novel and thrilling experience while in that country, and had it not been for the excellent judgment exercised together with the influence exerted by numerous friends he might at present be languishing in a felon's cell, owing, as he says, to the charges of a German landlauer. The facts in connection with the incident as told by Mr. Jacoby to a World reporter last evening are as follows:

Myself and wife left Brooklyn on May 1, with the intention of spending two months at the springs in Germany, leaving my children in the care of Mrs. Samuel Wright and her husband. I had in my possession a letter to Mr. Wilhelm Funk, a hotel-keeper at the Springs. On arriving there I handed the letter to Mr. Funk, who, on reading the signature of Mr. Edward King attached, said he knew the gentleman well and at once greeted me and my wife cordially.

After I had been at the Springs about eight or nine days I formed the acquaintance of many Masonic gentlemen, who accorded me a hearty welcome, and introduced myself and wife into the society of the hotel. I was assigned a very pretty young girl, whom I found to be strictly honest, as on several occasions I had designedly left money lying in the room, and each time when found by her she returned it to me. It was necessary, I thought, for me to know the character of the persons I had about me, as I had in my possession about 50,000 marks and drafts for a similar amount drawn on banks in Frankfurt, Leipzig and other places. On the tenth day of my stay at the hotel-it was Sunday-I went to the bath early in the morning, forgetting to put my valuables away and not even locking my door.

I did not discover my mistake until some hours later, when I reached the hotel, and, to my great pleasure and surprise, I found all intact and all right. I was so glad that I immediately returned to the bath, when suddenly I found the door open, and I saw a man standing in the room, who I immediately recognized as the man who had been in the room when I left it. He was a German, and I immediately recognized him as the man who had been in the room when I left it.

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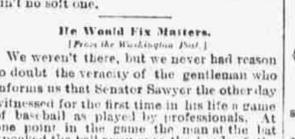
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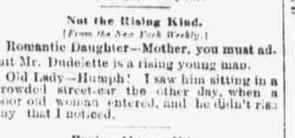
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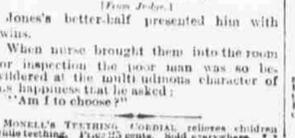
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DR. PRICE'S BAKING POWDER FULL WEIGHT PURE MOST PERFECT MADE

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY, 100 Broadway.