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WORLD BRANCH OFFICE-32 COCKBURN ST.

WORLD BRANCH OFFICE-100 NASSAU ST.

Bourbon are upon your loved land. Ere long the clean-limbed colt will cease to kick up his aristocratic heels in the blue grass...

A woman who fell into the "river," as Chicago in true Western real estate pride calls its open sewer, swallowed a bit of the filthy water and died. The doctors decided it was the drink and not drowning that killed her.

Mayor Grant's circular to Governors, Majors and Congressmen asking their influence to aid in securing the Fair for New York, wasn't such a piece of "iron nerve" after all.

The college year began yesterday at Yale, Princeton and Rutgers, and at each home of learning the incoming class is bigger than ever before.

When Tanner gets on the stump in Ohio whom will he "bust," Forsaker or the other fellow?

Nine of Baltimore's society girls have formed a baseball team. There is some rivalry for the position behind the bat, as they are all anxious to make a good catch.

Our giants with their little bats, have brought the pennant near. If they will give the "Julius" star, there's nothing more to fear.

John Morris took his sweetheart to a picnic and then took \$150 worth of jewelry belonging to her sister. He is now picknicking in the Tombs.

Ed Ahearn, who killed Tom Jackson in a prize-fight at St. Louis, has been arrested for murder. If they'll only hang him now.

Our Consul at Trinidad and Tobago writes that the Arab criminals confined on these islands are about to be turned loose on the United States. Johnny, get your gun.

A Syracuse girl, an hour before her wedding was to have taken place yesterday, went and married another man. The disappointed groom is reported to be buried in grief.

Home from the club he comes, the hero is late. And his wife is waiting, stern as fate. How true to him the poet's words appear: "From gay to grave, from lively to severe."

"President Harrison," says a despatch from Deer Park, "passed the first cold day of the Fall in looking over respite cases." It will be a cold day when he gets a respite.

The baby King of Spain has had another attack of colic. Judging from some of the bulletins on the McKee youngster, juvenile royalty in Spain must have some points in common with that in America. Uneasy lies the "tun" that wears a crown.

Fires had better stick clear of Carlisle, Pa. just now, for 5,000 visiting firemen are there.

He heard it all—"Mr. Nice, are you ill?" asked little Johnnie, fiddling the other evening of his sister's best fellow.

Mr. Westergren, of Rockford, Ill., dressed himself in his best suit on Monday, shaved carefully, put a high polish on his boots, and lighting a good cigar walked leisurely down to the river bank.

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Thomas C. Platt's latest visit to Washington on the eve of the Republican State Convention is causing the political gossip to ask questions regarding its import.

Assemblyman Nason, of Washington County, thinks \$2,000 a big price to pay for the Republican nomination for Senator. He says he isn't used to paying city prices.

Senator Grady doesn't like it because The Evening World suggested that the fear of defeat might lead him to ask for his return to the Senate from other than the Sixth District.

The Anti-O'Brienites of the Eighth Assembly District have rechristened their Club "Loyal." John J. O'Brien says that the people to whom they claim loyalty are welcome to them, as most of them are immigrants who have been disloyal to him.

Col. E. H. McAlpin, the tobacco manufacturer, is spoken of as the Republican candidate for Congress to succeed the late S. C. Cox. Col. McAlpin's factories are in the district, and his hundreds of employes are expected to vote solidly for him.

The nucleus of a new Democracy which may succeed the Counties has been formed in the Harlem Democratic Club. Regardless of the action of other Democratic organizations, this Club proposes to nominate candidates for Assembly in both the Nineteenth and Twentieth Districts.

For \$10 you can buy a French-made petticoat of cream-colored silk that will fit you like a Burne Jones gown and keep your aesthetic senses in a prolonged state of intoxication.

This is to be a season of brown. The fashion record contains almond, amber, seal, brandy, nut, cigar, chocolate, dundunckety, freckle an ochre, and you can take your choice, child, dear.

The most select belles of society use a calling card to answer correspondents. Letter-writing, like the Democratic party, seems to have fallen into a state of innocuousness.

There are penholders of tinted celluloid, as light in weight as a quill, designed to match the morning dress in which beauty arrays herself.

Champ blue is the dominant tint for fashionable stationery, and the address, motto and signature in scarlet, with a thread-line finish of gold or silver.

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OUR LITTLE FOLK.

More Candidates for "The Evening World's" Prize Baby Contest.

Hundreds of Anxious Mamas Enter Their Little Darlings.

All Nationalities and Kinds Are Sending In Representatives.

Mothers who send photographs of their little cherubs to enter THE EVENING WORLD'S Prize Baby Contest cannot be too careful in regard to observing every detail of the contest.

Yester day a letter was received from Mrs. Edward O. Fanning, of No. 177 29th St., in Buffalo.

This little midlet, who appears all ready to throw her hoop over your head, is Violet Montgomery, who lives at No. 261 Ninth avenue. She was born Dec. 2, 1888.

This bright little maiden who hangs on so tightly to her flowers is Katie Crasping, of 310 East Eighty-eighth street, in this city. She was born Feb. 15, 1888.

Another anxious mother writes: "You know every mother thinks her babe pretty and healthy looking. Ever so many people have seen the child on the street, and they would stop to play with it. One lady exclaimed there was not a child on Broadway that looked so fresh and healthy."

The picture is not near as sweet as the baby itself. You ought to see her when she is in the bath. She will bubble in the water and is so full of life that you just have enough to do to keep her head above water."

Elisa's mamma modestly concludes: "Certainly there are many more pretty babies, but I do wish she was one of the prettiest."

Another anxious mother writes: "This is my baby, born Feb. 11, 1889. Her name is Clarissa Williams. Her father is James Williams, born Aug. 20, 1866. I am her mother and my full name is Mary Williams."

Smith Williams and I was born July 23, 1870. Baby was only five months old when this picture was taken. I think our darling ought to stand a name and occupation of the mother."

"She calls 'Papa' and 'Mama,' and when she hears music she holds her left hand up to dance. She is so cunning. She puts her little toes in her mouth when in the basin getting washed."

"Mrs. MARY WILLIAMS, 361 Columbia street, Brooklyn." The mother of this little tot writes as follows: "To the Editor: I enclosed the picture of our baby. Her name is Florence Louise Yopp and she was born Oct. 5, 1888. Her father is William Yopp, aged twenty-eight, and an electrician. The maiden name of the mother is Catherine Bole and her age is twenty-four. Being strangers, we have no one to refer to, but we have baptismal certificate, which can be seen if necessary. Mrs. W. Yopp, Present address 235 Second Street, Jersey City."

FIRST PRIZE—A Golden Double Eagle (\$20) to the prettiest baby under two years in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken or Long Island City.

SECOND PRIZE—A Golden Eagle (\$10) to the prettiest baby in the five cities of this metropolitan area.

THIRD PRIZE—A Five-Dollar Gold piece to the prettiest baby who has two superiors in point of baby charms.

The names and addresses of the children must be written on the backs of the photographs for identification.

CONDITIONS. Babies to be eligible for this contest must be two years old or less.

The picture of any baby entering in this competition must be sent to THE EVENING WORLD, together with the name and occupation of the father; the full maiden name of the mother and her residence; the full name of the baby and the date of birth of baby and its father and mother. Also the name of some respectable person who will vouch for the truth of the statements.

Letters accompanying an entrance must exceed 200 words in length and written on one side of the paper only.

If there are two or more pretty babies—so pretty that the Judge is unable to decide between them—the prize shall go to the one of these babies whose picture was first received.

Satisfaction. Dr. Pullen—How does that set of teeth I made for you work? Drummer—Great success. When I smile at the water girls now, they take my order at once.

They Never Run Down. (From Times Gossip.) She—There! I knew you'd forget the clock! How do you expect to catch the commuter's train when it's hard work for even the alarm to wake you? He—What's the matter with the rooster's?

Do Not Neglect. That tired feeling, impure blood, distress after eating, pains in the back, headache or similar affections, all caused by the same cause, and the same remedy is difficult, perhaps impossible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the defender of health, in time to banish all bad feelings and restore you to perfect condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla has peculiar curative powers, and accomplishes cures where other preparations fail.

William Seward Hague, and his mother, Eva Wildgate Hague. George can say "mamma" and "daddy" and is just learning to walk.

Who was the first prettiest lady in the world? writes Mr. S. Dangelwitz, of 361 Manhattan avenue, Greenport, Brooklyn, E. D. Then he immediately answers the question with one word, "Eve."

Eve is the name of his little daughter who was born Sept. 30, 1887. She has large blue eyes and curly hair. Her father says that strangers daily give her bouquets, and when-

ever she sees the Stars and Stripes she shouts patriotically. "Hurrah! hurrah!" Eve's mother was Annie Aiter. She is thirty-six years old and is a milliner. Eve's father is thirty-three years old and is a manufacturer of feathers and artificial flowers.

This little midlet, who appears all ready to throw her hoop over your head, is Violet Montgomery, who lives at No. 261 Ninth avenue. She was born Dec. 2, 1888. Her father is forty-two years old and an engineer. Her mother, Martha Beatty, was born Aug. 29, 1842, in Buffalo.

This bright little maiden who hangs on so tightly to her flowers is Katie Crasping, of 310 East Eighty-eighth street, in this city. She was born Feb. 15, 1888, in this city. Katie's father is a florist.

HAS HE LEFT TOWN?

Banker Straus Disappears After His Half-Million Failure.

Assignee Starts Non-Committal on the Subject.

Mining Investments Said to Have Caused the Crash.

The announcement this morning that Banker Louis Straus had failed for half a million dollars threw business circles into a high state of excitement.

Mr. Straus assigned individually to Charles B. Storrs, a lawyer, having an office at 120 Broadway.

Mr. Straus started in business in January, 1888. Some months later Franklin B. Toney became a partner, and the firm made money by importing dextrine and glycerine.

Lately the firm has been doing a banking business. In 1888 Mr. Straus made a fortune in a copper mining venture. In January last W. F. Fisher and James J. Lachman were admitted to the firm and a branch house was opened in Philadelphia. Then Mr. Straus reported that he was worth \$18,000, less \$10,000 that he had given to his wife.

The assignment is said to have been made because of heavy investments in mining securities, which were not immediately available.

It is now rumored that Mr. Straus has left town. He has not been seen since Tuesday night, and no one knows where he is.

An Evening World reporter saw Assignee Storrs at 15 William street, the office of the firm of Straus & Co.

"Where is Mr. Straus?" asked the reporter. "I do not know," replied Mr. Storrs. "Does anyone know?" again asked the reporter.

"Yes." "Who is it?" "I will not say." "Do you think that he has skipped to other parts?" "Yes." "Is there any reason for his hiding away?" "These are questions which do not concern me at present. All I can say is that he has not been down to his office to-day. I shall endeavor to clear things up as soon as possible."

Mr. Straus's house, 8 West Seventy-second street, the reporter's ring was answered by a pretty servant girl. "Is Mr. Straus at home?" asked the reporter.

"No, sir, he is not," she replied. "Do you know where he is?" "No, sir." "Do you expect to hear from him?" "I don't know."

"Are any of the family at home?" "No, there is no one home but me," she replied smilingly, and then closed the door.

SCALDED HIS CHILD. Terrible Atrocity Perpetrated by a Drunken Father.

A human brute is locked up in the Yorkville prison. His name is Owen Heffernan. He is a hood-carrier by trade and lives with Bridget, his wife, and their three children, Mary Jane, aged thirteen; John, aged seven, and Julia, aged eleven months, in two small rooms on the third floor of the double-deck tenement, 427 East Nineteenth street.

While drunk yesterday he tore the clothing from Mary Jane's frail little body, and poured a kettle of boiling water over her head.

The steaming water rippled over her shoulders, breast, neck and arms, scalding every inch it touched until the skin peeled off like cloth from a clothesline.

The child's screams of agony brought the neighbors hurrying into the room. They found the brutal father standing in middle of the room, the empty kettle in his hand.

He was watching his daughter as she lay writhing in agony on the floor. The scene was too horrible to contemplate. Heffernan broke his leg while at work on a building in Wall street a few months ago. Since then he has spent his time at home drinking.

His every week just as if he was working, so he was in no hurry to resume his labors. Mrs. Heffernan received some money that was coming for her, yesterday in charge by her husband and wife at once began to spend it for beer.

Between 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., sixteen pairs of shoes were brought into her house and swallowed by the man and woman.

They quarreled in the afternoon and Heffernan knocked his wife down and beat her, although she had the baby in her arms. Mary Jane tried to save the wretched mother, who when the father turned on her laid saturated the little one with the boiling water.

She was sent to Bellevue and may recover, although her condition was serious this morning. Her father and mother were arrested and arraigned in the Yorkville Police Court this forenoon.

The man was held to await the result of the girl's injuries.

The woman was sent to the island for six months as an habitual drunkard. The baby, which is nursing, accompanied her.

It is said that the man was in charge by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, so the miserable family are pretty well scattered now.

NOW GOING ON. The great syndicate sale of fine tailor-made clothing, at 100 West Broadway and Houston street, New York City, will hold in the city for the next few days. The sale is the largest ever held in this city. It is a rare opportunity for the people of this city to buy fine tailor-made clothing at a very low price. The sale is open to all, and the goods are of the highest quality. The sale is a great success, and the goods are being sold very rapidly.

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A. H. KING & CO.,

The Leading American Clothiers, "have enough for everybody," a mammoth mine of

Men's and Youths' Clothing

TO-DAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

We shall sell without reserve or regard to cost 1,500 superfine Tailor-Made Suits in fine imported Tricots, Cassimeres, Worsteds, Corkscrews and Chevots, elegantly trimmed, and usually sold at \$20, \$25 and \$30.

AT \$13

We offer your own choice of the entire line at \$13 for TO-DAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY only.

Also an elegant line of Fall Overcoats at \$8, \$10 and \$12, some silk lined, in all the fashionable shades, could not be duplicated for DOUBLE THE MONEY.

We also offer 1,000 Boys' Short Pants Suits at \$2.50. We also offer 1,000 School Long Pants Suits at \$3.50.

These Bargains Positively Only To-Day, Friday and Saturday.

Open This Evening Until 9 P. M.

A. H. KING & CO., Leading American Clothiers, 627 and 629 Broadway, NEAR BLEEKER ST.

A WORD ABOUT FALL OVERCOATS.

Our specialty department in above line is replete with choice, natty tailor-made Coats, as we cater only to the finer trade. Our line commences at \$9.75, \$12.00 to \$15.00, some satin lined, &c. Our strapped seam, split velvet collar, light and dark shades Top Coat at \$18.00 is only made to order by leading tailors at \$50. Our exhibit of silk-lined finest quality coats at \$22.50, worth elsewhere \$35.00. We are organized in this department on the same plan of small profits that has made our great reputation as THE leading

CUT RATE HABERDASHERS.