



TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

PER YEAR \$2.00 PER YEAR \$3.00

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

WORLD OFFICE: 107 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

A FLAGRANT BURGLAR

The New York Steam Heating Company is a pregnant source of annoyance to the town.

THE BAR ASSOCIATION

The National Bar Association is to convene to-morrow in Indianapolis for its third annual meeting.

HER ROYAL HIGH

When Kaiser Wilhelm, bravely togged out as a British agent, met his Royal Grandmother at Osborne the dear old lady took his hand and

WILLIAM MAY HAVE REASONABLY congratulated himself on having only two, and he took his medicine with Teutonic phlegm.

THIS ISN'T AS BAD AS BEING HUNG-MANAGED by the czar, but it is a tax on being an Emperor to have to endure such things.

NEW YORK HAS HAD A DEMONIZING spell of heat. It is perfectly useless to protest.

Jersey City's temperance people must be delighted to know that the city has been regaling itself on a brew made up of sewage, coal oil, tar and Passaic River water.

FIVE THOUSAND DOCTORS IN BERLIN! It is to be hoped that nobody feels ill during this session of the profession.

THE PROBABILITY IS THAT JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE will not resign. No, not resign.

SPOTLIGHTS

A man drove four nails into his skull. This is hitting the nail on the head with a vengeance.

Extremes meet naturally in a butcher.

This weather is an excuse for fatal endeavor.

A man cannot have an interest in things when he is dead because the principal is gone.

The American maid is more convinced than any politician that it is not easy to get a fair deal.

You may be great, you may be good, you may be noble, you may be rich, but all that will not help you if you are not a success.

"They are going to double our salary," said a director. "Good. What are you getting?" "Nothing."

Somebody says the Vanderbilt couldn't buy two tons of gold with all their money. Why couldn't they buy a steam car for the family in this way.

The new electric signaling law cannot be inoperative device for frightening criminals to death.

It was a man who called the poor incarcerated after a suit collar.

"I'm to be the boss," said the man. "Can you see me and get me a better?" "Noted."

Miss Serge—Oh, Culbert! I'm sure Mr. Dierker is having a fit!

Her brother—Yes, it's that one-time Farley's wife bathing-suit he's got. He'll be out of it shortly.

On the Seashore.

"Look here, I've got a job for the slim child." "There's a cold wave coming."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Pure linen hemstitched pillow shams are selling at \$1.50 a pair. With the adjustable sham frame a pair will keep clean a month and endure in beauty five years.

White canvas low shoes, with patent leather tips and trimmings, are novel and stylish, but not popular. The feet must not exceed size 7 or width C to wear them.

Billow sleeves, of silk embroidery, gauze and flowered net are being used in fine main dresses. The effect is very Frenchly.

Mrs. Gladstone always attends meetings of Parliament when either her husband or her son Herbert is to speak.

In outing and evening cloths the new cotton goods can scarcely be told from flannel. It certainly requires a close examination to detect the difference.

Quite an ornament to the smoking table is an ash-tray formed by the upturned palm of a human hand in bright silver.

Skirts of summer toilets are shaped with great simplicity; many of them are elaborately trimmed, but a great portion for general wear are garnished with ribbon.

"In this you will find a match" is the inscription on a silver match-safe representing a muscular closed fist and forearm.

Queen Victoria at the age of seventy-one is a very plain old lady, and she was by no means good-looking some thirty years ago.

Commissioner GILROY came in for a large dose of this aromatic distillation and fairly stamped on the floor with indignation over this gross affront to his olfactory nerves.

It is tiresome to be blown up and asphyxiated with bad smells for the sake of one monopoly. Of course, this sort of thing is a wearisome antique, but the hope will spring up forever in the New York breast that it may be abated.

The National Bar Association is to convene to-morrow in Indianapolis for its third annual meeting.

Mrs. Edward Bellamy has two pretty little children, and when not occupied with their writes autographs for friends who pester and post album leaves to the author of "Looking Backward."

The fish net is being shaped into many clever forms for wall decorations. One of the latest is of the Century Club, Philadelphia, had a cream-white wall, across which is stretched a netting that has been killed. The effect is pretty.

Beware of all forms of massage or hand manipulation which rub the reverse side of the down or hair which covers the body.

Divorce proceedings may well receive some consideration also. In certain places there is a deplorable laxity in the granting of divorce. The Bar Association should try to remedy things of this kind.

Senator Plumb is said to be fonder of champagne than any other man in Congress. It is his panacea for every ailment, mental or physical, and he is frequently seen in the Senate restaurant with a quart bottle before him.

Senator Fawell, of Illinois, is said to be one of the frankest men in Washington. He has fewer secrets than any other successful politician in the country.

A. C. Swift, of the Alcyon Boat Club, is known as one of the most active promoters of aquatic sports in this city. He finds time to handle the oar although he is one of the busiest of business men. He is also an officer of the Club.

W. C. Dozier, Vice-President of the Atlantic Boat Club, is thought of by the other members as one of the most devoted to the best interests of the Club. He is a fine rider of the sweep and formerly rowed on the Club's winning crew.

Billy Cody, the "irrespressible" of the Nonpareil Circus, can enjoy himself in any way that comes his way. He is said to be a great one for yarns in the clubhouse when the members are assembled in anything but solemn society.

C. F. Watson is a crack handler of the tennis racket. His friends at the Orange say that he can handle any kind of a "racket" with great skill, which soft impeachment the beneficiary denies stoutly.

A Very Smart One.

Among his guests who contributed to this liberal report may be mentioned Messrs. M. F. Bredin, A. H. Abendroth, C. L. Schultz, J. R. Franklin, A. J. Clark, Eugene E. Dewey, C. H. Hackett, E. Littlefield, Wm. Noe, I. E. Van Doren, Joseph Thompson, L. H. Warner, S. Herwin, Wm. F. Earle, Marnadue Richard, W. F. Blumenthal, Mrs. D. T. Puleifer, Mr. Gerard B. Seranton, Thomas S. Scovill, Joseph Egan, E. L. M. Seaman, E. L. Marshall, John Morris White, J. Lawrence Chadwick, S. Barham, Jr., all of New York; Mr. David Bedwell, Joseph Meyer and Miss O. Meyer, of New Orleans; Mrs. C. O. Mills, of Orono; and Mrs. J. A. Moore, of East Orange, N. J.

THE EVENING WORLD'S

Sick Infants Helped by Generous "Evening World" Readers.

The Little Tots Need Every Dollar Than Can Be Raised.

Their Sufferings This Hot Weather Is Something Terrible.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Mrs. Frank's Collection, Mrs. M. F. Bredin, etc.

Fair in South Brooklyn.

An entertainment was held at the residence of Miss Maud Foster in Fifty-third street, South Brooklyn, under the management of Sadie Free, Katie Mitchell, Minnie Stanley, Florence Foster and Maud Foster.

Mrs. Frank's Collection.

Inclosed please find check for \$11.05, which was donated by the following persons.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Mrs. M. F. Bredin, Mrs. M. F. Bredin, etc.

Flats Fair Profits.

A plaza fair held at 850 East One Hundred and Sixty-first street for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund realized the amount of \$2,50.

MUSIC FOR SICK BABIES.

An Entertainment Held at the Laurel House, Astbury Park.

Despite the inclement weather a merry gathering in the parlors of the Laurel House at Astbury Park last Friday evening attended a musical concert given up for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund.

AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

The Most Successful Benefit of the Season Held There.

The splendid results attained by Miss Margaret St. John, Mr. George M. Wood and the company of volunteer artists for THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund cannot be overestimated.

NOTES BY NELL NELSON.

Mrs. E. C. G.—Send them to the West Thirty-eighth street family, care Dr. Foster, 30 West Thirty-fifth street.

Mrs. J. L. L.—Johanna was a patient of Dr. Mason's. By addressing him care of 30 West Thirty-fifth street the information you ask will be furnished.

Notes by Nell Nelson.

BULL-DOG ON PATROL DUTY.

An Intelligent Canine That the Bluecoats Swear By.

She Knows Every Alarm, and is First to Respond.

"Do you mean to tell me that that is a member of the police force?"

"Certainly, as much so as I am."

"What a dog!"

"Why not? She is as faithful as a man."

"Oh, but the idea of a dog being a member of the police force."

"Well, I suppose it's putting it strong to say just that. But among the men that bull-dog is considered one of them, and I know of them as 'ud as soon lose their star as to have that dog taken away."

The officer in charge of the patrol-wagon at the East Chicago avenue station was talking to a friend the other evening, says the Chicago News, when Fannie, the bull-dog in question, made her usual round of the stable.

The dog was not only a member of the patrol, but she was also a member of the police force.

The manner the police dog was introduced to the station came within an acre of being tragic. Mischievous lads, who had been hanging about the station, were making a target of poor Fannie, who then was but an innocent pup.

The little wretches had cut the canine's short tail and ears still shorter, and to tell the truth, the creature was in a bad way.

It was not long that this at this opportunity the dog was taken to the station, and there she was put in a cage.

With care and training Fannie soon proved to be an intelligent creature, and it was not long before she learned to obey the patrol-wagon alarm as well as the horses.

At first when the wagon was called the officer at the station would get up and throw himself into the wagon, but long before she learned what the call meant, and needed no prompting.

Now when a call for the wagon comes in Fannie is the first on the scene.

When the scene of disaster, or whatever it may be, is reached she sits on the seat of the patrol-wagon, and with her pawing and pawing, she will bring the wagon to a stop.

Such was the scene as a reporter passed the other evening. The men were sitting in a group, and Fannie was resting at the foot of the patrol-wagon chair.

It was not long that this at this opportunity the dog was taken to the station, and there she was put in a cage.

With care and training Fannie soon proved to be an intelligent creature, and it was not long before she learned to obey the patrol-wagon alarm as well as the horses.

At first when the wagon was called the officer at the station would get up and throw himself into the wagon, but long before she learned what the call meant, and needed no prompting.

Now when a call for the wagon comes in Fannie is the first on the scene.

When the scene of disaster, or whatever it may be, is reached she sits on the seat of the patrol-wagon, and with her pawing and pawing, she will bring the wagon to a stop.

Such was the scene as a reporter passed the other evening. The men were sitting in a group, and Fannie was resting at the foot of the patrol-wagon chair.

It was not long that this at this opportunity the dog was taken to the station, and there she was put in a cage.

With care and training Fannie soon proved to be an intelligent creature, and it was not long before she learned to obey the patrol-wagon alarm as well as the horses.

At first when the wagon was called the officer at the station would get up and throw himself into the wagon, but long before she learned what the call meant, and needed no prompting.

Now when a call for the wagon comes in Fannie is the first on the scene.

When the scene of disaster, or whatever it may be, is reached she sits on the seat of the patrol-wagon, and with her pawing and pawing, she will bring the wagon to a stop.

Such was the scene as a reporter passed the other evening. The men were sitting in a group, and Fannie was resting at the foot of the patrol-wagon chair.

It was not long that this at this opportunity the dog was taken to the station, and there she was put in a cage.

With care and training Fannie soon proved to be an intelligent creature, and it was not long before she learned to obey the patrol-wagon alarm as well as the horses.

At first when the wagon was called the officer at the station would get up and throw himself into the wagon, but long before she learned what the call meant, and needed no prompting.

Now when a call for the wagon comes in Fannie is the first on the scene.

When the scene of disaster, or whatever it may be, is reached she sits on the seat of the patrol-wagon, and with her pawing and pawing, she will bring the wagon to a stop.

Such was the scene as a reporter passed the other evening. The men were sitting in a group, and Fannie was resting at the foot of the patrol-wagon chair.

It was not long that this at this opportunity the dog was taken to the station, and there she was put in a cage.

With care and training Fannie soon proved to be an intelligent creature, and it was not long before she learned to obey the patrol-wagon alarm as well as the horses.

At first when the wagon was called the officer at the station would get up and throw himself into the wagon, but long before she learned what the call meant, and needed no prompting.

Now when a call for the wagon comes in Fannie is the first on the scene.

When the scene of disaster, or whatever it may be, is reached she sits on the seat of the patrol-wagon, and with her pawing and pawing, she will bring the wagon to a stop.

Such was the scene as a reporter passed the other evening. The men were sitting in a group, and Fannie was resting at the foot of the patrol-wagon chair.

It was not long that this at this opportunity the dog was taken to the station, and there she was put in a cage.

With care and training Fannie soon proved to be an intelligent creature, and it was not long before she learned to obey the patrol-wagon alarm as well as the horses.

At first when the wagon was called the officer at the station would get up and throw himself into the wagon, but long before she learned what the call meant, and needed no prompting.

Now when a call for the wagon comes in Fannie is the first on the scene.

When the scene of disaster, or whatever it may be, is reached she sits on the seat of the patrol-wagon, and with her pawing and pawing, she will bring the wagon to a stop.

A CHANCE FOR THE JOKERS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold eagle to the person who has sent in the best joke for the accompanying illustration. No further contributions will be received in this contest.

He and She (simultaneously)—Where did you get that—

But She Did, Though.

Chawley—I hope you don't find my company tiresome?

Miss C. Foam—How odd, Mr. Code, to see you, a lawyer, in this strange position.

Miss C. Foam—Why, with your hands in your own pockets.

Evidence That Always "Goes."

Maud—Harry, there is one thing about Smiley—he is honest.

Maud—When he left me last night he said he would be with me in spirit to-day.

Maud—How do you know?

Maud—I snuffed his breath.

Taking No Unequal Chances.

Miss—Come, Miss May, let us take a ramble down by the brook.

Miss May—No; I don't care to create gossip. You know brooks are addicted to babbling.

Gussie Knows.

De Whetstone—I say, Miss Gussie, why am I like a gold eagle?

Miss Gussie—Perhaps it is because you are in danger of being broke on Saturday night.

He—My dear wife, I hear that we are known in this dreadful place as Beauty and the Beast.

She—Now, darling, I positively can't see why you should be called such a horrid name.

So Will the Editor.

He—Won't you be glad when Saturday comes?

She—Why?

He—So the contest will be over and we can sit down.

Did Not Guess the Conundrum Rightly.

He—Aw—but, you see, I guess I would make a good husband.

She—Guess again.

One Every Twenty-four Hours Enough.

He—No, I had (hic) racket enough last night.

Gentle to His Brain.

She—I say, Clarence, why do you wear that one-eye-glass?

Clarence—So—ah—I cannot see more than I can understand, don't yer know?

Almost a Vocalized Dream of the Tailor.

She—Don't you think your costume is pronounced, Chappie?

He—That's just it, my dear; it speaks for itself.

Who Looks on This Side of the Picture?

He—Your make-up is a stunner.

With love my heart does bill.

And what is most important.

Your father pays the bill.

No thanks, thanks to cold cream.

Well, little, dearest, tell me.

Where did you get that hat?

Could Not Trap Her That Way.

Mr. Mortimer (sincerely)—I had a strange dream last night, Miss Robinson.

I dreamed, only think, that you and I were married and on our wedding tour. You don't know how real it seemed. Did you ever dream the same thing, too?

Miss Robinson (sharply)—No, Mr. Mortimer, I did not. I haven't had the nightmare for a good many years.

HE SAW THE OLD MAN.

A Chicago Bootblack Secures a Loan of Phil Armour.

A bootblack walked into the office of Mr. Armour, said the Chicago Tribune. He had none of his outfit with him, but the bootblack was stamped in his face and all over him.

He went to the gate where a guard stands between his post and the greatest packer in the world.

"Where's de old man?" asked the urchin.

The guard told the boy to get out.

"You tell de ole man dat I want to see him. I want to see him alone. I don't want to bodder you nor de ole man. But I want to see de ole man, an' I want to see him right off."

Mr. Armour at his desk overheard the ragged request. "Let that boy come in here," he called to the young man at the gate.

The urchin approached Mr. Armour in a business-like way. There were no preliminary compliments.

"Say," spoke the urchin. "I took a nap out dere in de alley, and wile I was asleep one of dem kids from de Board of Trade come along and swiped (stole) my hit an' I'm short. I want ter borrow a dollar to buy me a hit, an' I'll pay you back on de 'stament plan. See?"

Mr. Armour handed the boy two silver dollars and told him to go. But the boy handed back one of the dollars and said: "I don't want but one. I'm goin' to pay it back, and dere's no use of a man givin' in deeper his head. I alius keep my head above de water."

The truth of the above story is vouched for by one who saw the scene and overheard the conversation.

What Everybody Says

Be true. And the wisest motto which people who have used it give Hood's Sarsaparilla should convince those who have never tried this medicine of its great curative power.

It is the Way of the Stars.

Miss Uno Phoebe—Mr. Deah, why is it that you find ladies never wear their diamonds in the daytime?

Miss Uno Phoebe—Mr. Deah, why is it that you find ladies never wear their diamonds in the daytime?

It is the Way of the Stars.

Miss Uno Phoebe—Mr. Deah, why is it that you find ladies never wear their diamonds in the daytime?

Miss Uno Phoebe—Mr. Deah, why is it that you find ladies never wear their diamonds in the daytime?

It is the Way of the Stars.

Miss Uno Phoebe—Mr. Deah, why is it that you find ladies never wear their diamonds in the daytime?

Miss Uno Phoebe—Mr. Deah, why is it that you find ladies never wear their diamonds in the daytime?

It is the Way of the Stars.

Miss Uno Phoebe—Mr. Deah, why is it that you find ladies never wear their diamonds in the daytime?

Miss Uno Phoebe—Mr. Deah, why is it that you find ladies never wear their diamonds in the daytime?