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THE JUSTICE OF IT.

The primary reason for the strike on the New York Central, according to an official journal of the Knights of Labor, was the discharge of employees of the road who were of that organization. The men had other complaints, but this was the chief impelling motive for the tie-up, that the Central was doing its best to frustrate workingmen in their attempts to organize.

The sympathy of many people during this "tie-up" has been diverted from the strikers by the feeling that the Central has been kindly and considerate to its employees and paid them well.

That the Central has dealt with its men kindly as a rule and that it is a good employer should perhaps be allowed. But a club-house and bright pleasant speeches by Mr. DEPEW are not felt by the men as reason why they should suffer the Central to bully an organization which they have formed for their own protection.

They maintain they have a right to so organize, and who'll gainsay this? They ask justice, not charity nor coddling. When the baby cries the nurse gives it a sugar-tit and it is pacified. But the Knights are not babies and they want justice more than sweetness.

AH, ANEURIN JONES.

Mr. ANEURIN JONES is Superintendent of Prospect Park, in which capacity he has opposed the progress of the fine arts in this country by refusing to afford facilities to artists to paint there.

Now a worthy citizen of Brooklyn complains that as he was walking quietly and peacefully in the Park, and as he approached the Litchfield mansion, ANEURIN JONES broke loose upon him and hurled him down a declivity of three feet. The reason for the assault is not given.

Mr. JONES is apparently stronger in his biceps than in his judgment, since he can knock a man out by using the former and only knocks himself out by using the latter. It looks as if ANEURIN JONES should be investigated.

BALL FOREVER.

Mr. MICHAEL KELLY, of Boston, has recently been presented with a beautiful $10,000 house, a fine horse and carriage, billiard table, bowling alley, etc. The reason for this appreciation of Mr. KELLY is the fact that he is very skilful in catching a baseball and exhibits this skill for the Boston nine.

MIKE can snap his fingers at the winners in the Olympic games of old. A small wreath of laurel rewarded their physical excellence, while a furnished house is the reward for KELLY'S.

As a lucrative profession ball-playing is not to be despised. But not all ball-tossers are MIKE KELLYS.

Coroner MESSEMER has added another good point to his official record. He very properly held "Liverpool Jack" to answer for the murder of a man upon whom the Coroner held an inquest. Coroner MESSEMER in his inquests shows a strong desire to have justice accomplished, and does not rest content with simply ascertaining the cause of death. His conduct of the ANNIE GOODWIN case and the "bobtail" car casualties show the same praiseworthy spirit in the Coroner.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Free Doctors' Fund for Sick Babies has reached the goodly sum of $5,700. It argues no lack of appreciation to say that twice that sum should be secured for this praiseworthy object. Every dollar is expended with results that are far in excess of its value. One charming feature about its contributions is that they are made by rich and poor, old and young, men, women and children. Good people, continue. It is a beautiful charity.

Kaiser WILLIAM has declared to the International Cremation Conference, assembled in Berlin, that he does not approve of cremation. Hereafter, people who want their corpses burned will know that the German Emperor is not with them. But some things can go on without his approval.

Our Mr. DEPEW evinces not only exquisite tact in speaking but equally admirable tact in keeping silence. Mr. DEPEW is great, in speech or out of it.

Although Prince GEORGE didn't go to Newport, WARD MCALLISTER had his picnic. Hurrah for American independence!

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Fred Guild, of the Nereus Boat Club, besides being an oarsman of skill, is extremely fond of sailing. He spent his vacation cruising up the Sound in his yacht.

E. J. Carney, the crack single sculler of the Institute Boat Club, has been a potent factor in promoting rowing interests in his club. He is always ready to coach new members and help them in any way he can.

Richard D. Sears, ex-lawn tennis champion of the United States, is now in great demand as referee of tennis tournaments. He declares he will not enter again for the championship.

L. M. Josephthal, who rows in the Dauntless junior eight, has won fame and medals as a harriers. He has a great deal of staying power and thinks lightly of the longest rides.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

It is the modest boast of Mrs. John Wanamaker that there is a living plant in every room of her Philadelphia house. The Postmaster-General's love of nature is the source of these bits of living green. His taste runs to stately palms. If the religio-mercantile statesman had a fancy for slips or tender plants there might be some hope for the sweet but unfortunate little girls and the young boys who get 33½ cents a day in the unbeclimate and glass-roofed gallery of the "Depot."

Even garters are made of skeleton elastic, with bows of gauze silk for hot weather wear.

Although black shoes and stockings are in good taste with almost any costume still it must be confessed that a dainty foot dressing to match the gown does give a chic air to any get-up. Low shoes of white, undressed kid are shown to be worn with all-white gowns; and when a white hat, white gloves and white parasol are also worn it would seem to be the finishing touch that makes the wearer look like a snow maiden.

We have had flower hats, jet hats, lace hats and feather hats, and now comes the vegetable bonnet and the fruit garnished Leghorn. The fancy is short lived, but a go.

It is by no means unusual to see a tiny tomato on a French bonnet, two or three wee brown potatoes on a broad-brimmed hat, currants or strawberries imitating nature until they look quite good enough to eat, used as trimmings upon chapeaux of any shape or material. One of the most artistic of the fruit-trimmed hats is that ornamented with strawberries.

Jean Ingelow lives with her mother in Kensington, England. She is fifty-five and has never been in love. Her writing days are over, and she devotes her time and considerable money to the parish poor.

Here is a novel dish of curry: Fry four onions and two large apples a light brown; add a teaspoonful of curry powder and a breakfast cupful of milk, dredge it with a little flour, cover it up and let it simmer at the back of the stove for several hours. It must not boil. Add milk as it dries up. Put in cooked meat half an hour before serving and let all simmer. Add salt to taste, juice of lemon, vinegar, or pickle according to liking. Stir well. Serve hot in a border of rice. If making this for any one of weak digestion, be careful to use uncooked meat in the place of cooked, allowing it to brown in a frying-pan before adding to the curry. It should be served very hot.

Accordion plaited tissue paper in delicate tints is used for concealing ugly red flower pots containing blossoming plants and vines. The covers are so shaped that four points are visible, with corresponding hollows. The shape is slipped over the flower pot at the lower portion of the cover, and owing to its power of expanding or contracting, fits the pot, large or small alike. A band of ribbon tied in a generous bow on one side is the additional ornament, and serves also to keep the cover in position. The vandyked upper edge gives a lighter, airier appearance than a level edge would.

In accordance with a curious Austrian custom, one of Archduchess Valerie's wedding gifts has been a collection of articles of clothing worn by her in her days of babyhood. Her first wee pair of boots, preserved for this purpose by her nurse, was brought to her at Vienna by that worthy woman, who had travelled a long way to place them in her nursling's hands.

Miss Margaret Alford, the young niece of Dean Alford, who has just taken first rank as a classic at Cambridge, has never found that study interfered with her health. She has studied about eight hours a day on an average, and enjoys long walks and plenty of open-air exercise. She is also fond of music and used to find time to practise the violin.

From the Lord Chamberlain's office in St. James's Palace was recently issued the following: Ladies attending Her Majesty's drawing-rooms must appear in full court dress, with trains and plumes, according to regulation. Feathers must be worn so that they can be clearly seen on approaching Her Majesty, with white veils or lappets; colored feathers are inadmissible, but in deep mourning black feathers may be worn. White gloves only are to be worn, except in case of mourning, when black or gray gloves are admissible. High court dress—The Queen has been pleased to permit that a high court dress of silk, satin or velvet, according to the following description, may be worn in future at Her Majesty's drawing-rooms and other state occasions by ladies to whom, from infirmity or advanced age, the present low court dress is inappropriate, viz.: Bodices in front, cut square or heart shape, which may be filled in with white only, either lined or transparent; at the back, high or cut down three-quarters height. Sleeves to elbow, either thick or transparent. Trains, gloves and feathers as usual. It is necessary for ladies who wish to appear in high court dress to obtain Her Majesty's permission through the Lord Chamberlain. This regulation does not apply to ladies who have already received Her Majesty's permission to wear high dress.

SPOTLETS.

Now they are getting after Tom Reed for wearing yellow shoes.

Frederick is trying to get a $10,000 monument for Francis Key. Better give it up and get a locket. More appropriate.

Catholics may eat meat on Friday, the 15th, the Feast of the Assumption. The assumption is that they will.

A New Yorker was rescued from six sharks. They were not land sharks. More would have been needed to tackle a New Yorker.

She ship'ed the learned "Introduction"
That is far from the translator's pen.
"What use?" said she, "you know this novel
And I will never meet again." —*Puck.*

It will be long before we get a New man who will equal the one just departed.

Billy the Kinnoyer has distilled Exhaustland by making one of his aims Duke of it. All the other real estate had been locked.

These cold touches in the weather speak of Autumn wraps at the door.

Baby McKee seems to have retired from public life.

Russell Harrison tried to make the hard lot of human life a soft lottery, and drew something that was neither a blank nor a prize.

A Delicate Compliment.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"Are these shoes your best quality?"

"We have only one quality, madame."

"Then why the difference in price? A friend of mine paid $6 yesterday, and these are only $4."

"We sell by quantity, madame."

Quick sale.

ALAN-DALE AT CAPE MAY.

He Explodes a Few Fallacies About That Watering Place.

A Dead and Alive Pace Where Gastronomy Reigns King.

President Harrison's Cottage Not a Thing of Beauty.

CAPE MAY, N. J., Aug. 12.—What an intolerable nuisance it is that writers for the last few centuries have made the phrase "sleepy little village" so disgustingly hackneyed. It was the very combination of words that I wanted in order to describe this resort of the chubby old Philadelphians, and now, of course, I can't use it, as there is nothing more heinous nowadays than conventionality. I will therefore content myself with remarking that Cape May is a hamlet under the influence of anæsthetics, and that if the Seven Sleepers paid it a visit they could continue snoozing to their hearts' content without the slightest fear of being disturbed.

I had always heard a great deal about Cape May as one of the most picturesque, and brilliantly patronized watering-places in this country—a sort of American Trouville; an Eastbourne, or Brighton *a la* Stars and Stripes. So I purchased a particularly fetching blazer, an ultra indolent white flannel suit, and various other fascinating accessories, and went there. Even when one is idle or at rest, you know, it is a brutal sort of a sensation to feel unkempt, a week from the city's tumult.

Then again, I had had glowing descriptions of the lovely nymphs, who, in absolutely bewildering bathing costumes, dash through the breakers, and smile at you through a tangled mess of sun-kissed, wave-washed hair. A watering-place always sounds so delightful in a novel, and I can't think why. Thank goodness! I have my own little private Cape May experience to guide me in the future.

I don't believe that I had been here for forty-eight hours before the conclusion had been forced upon me that the beauteous nymphs with the sun-kissed hair are positive myths. I marched around the beach during the entire bathing time and couldn't find them. The Philadelphia beauties content themselves with the simple blue-flannel bloomer costumes provided by the proprietors of the bath-houses, and these, I need hardly say, are not elegant. As for dashing through the breakers, I must say that I never saw the sanotity of a solitary breaker invaded. The maidens scream when they see one, and if by chance a few drops of salt water reach their mouths, their faces wear those expressions which children call grimaces. A bathing maiden is not an exhilarating spectacle, and I challenge everybody who has ideas to the contrary to dispute my statement. As a rule she is afraid of her hair and wears an odious oil skin cap, than which there is nothing more atrocious on the face of the earth. If she has no scrubles for her tresses—and the old maids never have—she soon looks draggy and hideous. Then her lips get blue—the color of the bathing suit—and there is a pitiful expression upon her face that seems to say: "I have got to enjoy the ocean. Don't tell anybody I look so miserable."

I love to see a good, stout old dowager in the water, bobbing up and down, and calling out to everybody, "See me float!" or "Look how far I go out!" She couldn't sink if she tried, and all the timid maidens envy her and the men are delighted that she isn't afraid and can manage without their assistance. I saw one or two handsome bathing suits, but, *pies omis*, they were not made to be wet. Their wearers sat upon the beach and dug little ditches, while the Lotharios hovered around. As a general rule, however, the patrons of Cape May, during the bathing hours, are completely unlovely, with nothing to say for themselves, and with an air of Philadelphian sedateness that is irritating. I longed at times for something to happen—for mosquitoes to bite them; for a playful shark to make an appearance; for an awful storm to brew; for anything—anything but this condition of flabby serenity and bivalvian reserve.

After the bathing hours Cape May is as dead as a door-nail. It is almost impossible to imagine the utter lethargy that settles upon this watering-place—this brilliant resort of the giddy Philadelphians. The only occupation the people seem to thoroughly understand is eating, and it is sickening to reflect upon the stomachic delights of Cape May. There are dowagers upon every hotel piazza who do nothing but eat. After breakfast they sit in their armchairs in dreamy anticipation of dinner; after dinner they take a nap to while away the time until tea; when tea has been achieved and they are perfectly convinced that the dining-room is closed for the day they go to bed.

At a French watering place there is lif, vivacity, gay badinage, piquant flirtations and endless mirth; at Cape May there is nothing but gluttony. Look at that group of mammas sitting upon the porch and chatting energetically. Perhaps you think that they are discussing the wonderful, the ever-chanting ocean, that gorgeous pale blue world into which the golden sands dip so deliciously; or the latest novel, or even a theatre. Not a bit of it. This is the style of the conversation:

"They say the table at your hotel is so much better than at ours. We really don't get enough to eat," says one.

"They don't season the food sufficiently at this house," remarks a second. "The chicken to-day was tasteless."

"I have the ill-luck to sit next an awfully greedy family. They take all the cake and don't leave me any," observes the third.

And so on. It is nauseating. It is an indigestion of food. Think of the mental condition of these fatties, who can find nothing more intellectual to talk about—these placid Philadelphia matrons, these Baltimore mothers of families. The girls are as bad as their mothers. I believe that it was little Tommy Tucker who sang for his supper, but these Quaker City damsels could discount Tommy. They would stand on their heads for a meal. Here is a sample bathing-house conversation:

"Mamie" they are all Mamies and Sadies, "have you got your stockings on?"

"My stockings! Why, I'm just fastening my waist. They have dinner early to-day, and I don't want to be late.

"Oh dear! Why didn't you tell me. If I get into the dining-room last there's never anything left."

Isn't it horrible? A good appetite is surely one of God's blessings, but it is such an utterly personal matter. These Philadelphia folks are almost heathenish in their simplicity. There is no topic that they can discuss. They don't read. The few novels on the hotel stands are dilapidated and brown. Cape May flies seem to be the only patrons of literature. They have evidently made themselves at home with the books at the hotels.

The other day I took the ramshackle little railway train that goes to the Point, and went to take a gaze at President Harrison's house. As a rule, I loathe that kind of thing, but there was nothing else to do. I found the house. It was described as an olive-colored cottage, but I hate to libel olives, of which I am amazingly fond. It was the color of mud, and not nice mud either, but that sticky sort of drab stuff that you find about Broadway when the Street-Cleaning Department has been particularly energetic. A great deal of fuss has been made about this wonderful house. You should see it. It is a huge, barn-looking place, at which you would hesitate to apply for Summer board. There is no attempt at architecture about it. A thousand prettier cottages can be found around Cape May.

The Point itself is a desolate sort of region—with none of the desolation of nature, than which there is nothing more convincing and sublime, but with the desolation of squalor, the desolation of petty human efforts misdirected. There is a board walk that is falling to pieces; the wood is rotten, and the fences decayed. The road is littered with rubbish, and you feel instinctively that the place would foster, were it not for the magnificent stretch of turquoise ocean, pregnant with health breezes. All the inartistic endeavors of these untutored Cape May souls cannot mar the beautiful wave-tossed expanse, or dispense with one single balmy ocean message.

The Cape May people are just a little interested in Harrison. Poor things! There is nobody and nothing else. I hadn't been here two hours before a little fish-store in front of the hotel was pointed out to me. "It was there," said a country damsel, "that Mrs. Harrison bought fish yesterday. She drove right past this hotel and stopped at the store; and she paid for it, too."

Ye gods and little fishes! I heard the same story fifty times during the evening. It had a sort of increasing interest. It was artistically crescendo. Mrs. Harrison drove past the hotel: interesting. Mrs. Harrison bought fish: more interesting. Mrs. Harrison paid for the fish; most interesting.

Only two things have happened since I have been in Cape May. Blaine arrived and hovered around Congress Hall, and an ex-Alderman of Cape May jumped from the iron pier and was drowned. The Cape May-ettes were more interested in the dead than the live man. I feel convinced that they were rather grateful to the ex-Alderman for his consideration in jumping off the iron pier when things were so stagnant. How the dowagers cackled about the poor soul! "He was drinking heavily." "He was living unhappily with his wife." "They say he wasn't quite right"—and all that kind of thing, don't you know. If Blaine had arrived at any other time he might have been interesting, but to the Philadelphians the dead ex-Alderman was far more engrossing. They went into the dining room that night with larger appetites than ever.

The entertainments at Cape May are very few. They have an opera company on the pier—of course it is the Gran opera company. No other organization could possibly visit Cape May and get out alive. On Sunday nights the artists give sacred concerts, at which "Little Annie Rooney" and De Wolf Hopper's song, "Birdie," are the resistance pieces. By the bye, "Little Annie Rooney" has just reached Cape May, and the people are wild over its classical beauty. You hear nothing else. Street bands torture it; organs grind it out; they waltz to it at the hops, and they whistle it on the beach. The opera company sings "Pinafore" on Saturday night. I suppose it has just got to Cape May, and that the *Daily Wave* will have an analytic criticism on Monday.

The "hops" at the hotels are curious affairs. The cottagers are excluded. The hotel proprietors shut the windows and draw down the blinds. The floor is monopolized by children—precocious little mites, who wear jewelry and silk dresses, and remain about when they ought to have been tucked up in their little beds and snoring for hours. These future American wives and mothers look pallid and wizened in the morning. As for a good old-fashioned romp, they don't know what it means. Their mammas wear diamond earrings in the early sunlight with their cotton dresses, and the children, always imitative, ape that kind of thing.

The only people at Cape May who seem to enjoy themselves and to have mastered the art of enjoyment are the colored folks. I have a strong liking for these people. They are always happy, invariably laughing and singing and thoroughly good-natured. On the board walk at night you see them sitting in groups, having an absolutely radiant time, and certainly not discussing the dinners (perhaps because they have cooked them). They could give lessons to all these flaccid provincial folks who bore themselves all day long from sheer inability to do otherwise.

If it was intended that President Harrison should boom Cape May he has not yet accomplished that object. I should think that the little town would need all America's Presidents for the next century in order to brighten it into life. Perhaps a few New Yorkers would do it good. Under the stimulating influence of metropolitan activity it might in time acquire a little self-respect—it might be induced to crawl from its shell of sloth. At present it is simply curled up within that shell fast asleep. ALAN DALE.

WORLDLINGS.

Princess Liliuokalani, the heir apparent to the Hawaiian throne, is a fine looking woman of considerable political ability. She is married to an American, John Dominis, though other foreigners do not find favor in her sight. She has an annual grant of $10,000.

"Uncle" Jim Bartlett, of Farmville, Va., is 110 years old and he still spends several hours every day working in his garden. "Uncle" Jim is a negro, but he was never a slave.

The French navy contains 400 vessels in all, among which are 45 ironclads. The fleet is divided into two squadrons: one for the Channel and the west, the other for the Mediterranean.

The Grand Army of the Republic was born at Springfield, Ill., in the Winter of 1865-6. The first post was formed at Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866.

The best brands of Havana cigars sell at $800 a thousand in Cuba. The American dealer (if he knows them) puts their selling price at $1.50 each.

A Figure of Speech.

(From Mosey's Weekly.)

Little Willie—Look, ma, there are buttons on Mr. Bing's coat.

His Mother—Well, what of that?

Little Willie—You said the other day that his wife had talked them all off.

Sick Headache

May arise from stomach troubles, biliousness, or dyspepsia, and many persons are subject to periodic headaches for which they can ascribe no direct or definite cause. But the headache is a sure indication that there is something wrong somewhere, and whatever the cause, Hood's Sarsaparilla is a reliable remedy for headache, and for all troubles which seem to require a vegetable and gentle regulator. It cures dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, tones the stomach, creates an appetite and gives strength to the nerves.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

IN POVERTY'S GRIP.

Poor Sick Babes Need Every Possible Helping Hand.

The Free Doctors Relieve Many, but There Are Hundreds Sick.

Nell Nelson's Picture of Life Among the Poor.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$5,700.21
Children's fair, Bayport	5.22
Mrs. E. Firm	1.00
Harry Kaleia's Collection	2.50
Marie Russell, Clara Barnes, Bessie Tompkins and Floy Andrews	2.00
Bertha Auchacher	1.00
Lilla Sybilla	2.00
Florence Sutherland	.33

Fair in Bayport.

To the Editor:

A children's fair, held on the lawn of May Cottage, Bayport, L. I., Aug. 5, realized the sum of $5.22.

The following children had charge:
MARIE SHEA, nine years.
SADIE MORGAN, ten years.
SADIE SHEA, seven years.
GERTRUDE MORGAN, eight years.
MAY HARRIS, eight years.
EDWIN SHEA, five years.

Tarrytown Again.

To the Editor:

Permit us to hand you $2 more subsequently realized from our fair of last week for the Sick Baby Fund. This makes in all $19.

MARIE RUSSELL.
CLARA BARNES.
BESSIE TOMPKINS.
FLOY ANDREWS.

Mrs. Martin's Collection.

Mrs. John L. Martin, of West New Brighton, S. I., sends $7.13 to the fund, collected from the following friends and neighbors:

J. S. Stowell, 25 cents; A Friend, 10; A Friend, 25; A Friend, 15; Pfannee, 18; L. C. Grimshaw, 10; Mrs. C. M. Pine, 10; J. McManus, 50; A Friend, 20; Cash, 15; Lots, 10; C. E. Burbank, 25; F. Klemmke, 25; Ochs, 25; A Friend, 10; J. W. S., 10; Cash, 10; M. E. S., 25; A. Isaacs, 10; Enders, 10; J. F. Campbell, 25; F. Finks, 50; J. Sweeney, 25; R. P., 5; Found, 25; Mrs. J. C. Mills, 25; J. R. Marthing, 5; F. H. Britton, 25; Baker, 10; F. H. Chase, 25; E. A. R., 25; X. Y. Z., 15; Martha Johnson, 10; Mrs. McCabe, 50; J. L. M., 25; Mrs. Wright, 10 cents.

A Dollar and a Pillow.

Mrs. E. Firm sends $1 to the Sick Baby Fund, and kindly offers to send a hair pillow to little Georgie Ring, of Cherry street. If she will send the pillow to Dr. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth street, it will be delivered to Georgie, who will thankfully receive it.

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON.

Result of Saratoga's Benefit—Other Benefits to Come.

At Saratoga on Thursday evening last the net results of the benefit given by Miss Marguerite St. John and George M. Wood at the Town Hall amounted to $432, with several items yet to be collected.

Of this sum $216 has been applied to the Sick Babies' Fund and the remaining half has been divided, $108 each, between the two local Saratoga charities—the St. Christina Home for Incurable Children and the Home of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Wood has also sent in $110 from Fort William Henry Hotel.

The warmest thanks are due Mr. Wood and his excellent company for their efforts in behalf of the sick babies, and the sum raised by them has now reached the $2,000 mark.

On Saturday next the Babies Fund will have a grand benefit at the Casino. A host of talent, musical and dramatic, is being organized. Messrs. Chickering are sending down one of their grand pianos for the occasion.

Manager Gus Frohman, of the Hamilton House, Stamford, Conn., has invited Miss Marguerite St. John and George M. Wood to appear there on Saturday, Aug. 23, in aid of the good cause, and has already commenced operations to insure successful results.

It will be quite a managerial and theatrical gathering, as Dan Frohman, of the Lyceum; Chas. Frohman and other well-known managers are Summering here.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.

Nell Nelson Visits Homes Where Poverty Reigns Supreme.

Few parents know how beautiful is a perfect child, even though his face is freckled, his hair is a fire, his nose is snubbed and his ears flap in the breeze. Your heart should swell with gratitude and your eyes dance with pride every time you look at your sturdy, well formed little people.

If these tiny creatures are bodily well and mentally strong there is reason for the author of their being to rejoice and be glad.

Know how blessed you are by contrasting the physical perfection of your baby boy or sweet little girl with the misfortune that has darkened the life of three-year-old Jimmie Hayes. He lives in one of the apartments of No. 58 Gouverneur street. Two years ago he had scarlet fever—"both eyes were sore for a long time, and finally both had to be cut out."

The little boy is in good health, unusually bright and sunny-hearted, and—would you believe it?—happy as a bird. He is up at 6 every morning and sings till breakfast is ready. Almost any hour in the day his shrill little voice may be heard at the open window, where he sits and listens to the sounds to which less keen ears are insensible. And he can dance, too; he turns round and round, his small but delicate hands extended, and does not stop until his head becomes dizzy.

Then down he goes on the floor with a merry laugh that only makes the heart ache worse and the tears of the lookers-on fall faster. Dr. Herrick has been most kind in her attention to the sightless infant.

Last year Dr. Gillespie treated the family. The children were very sick and one of them died. His devotion made a deep impression in this home, where THE EVENING WORLD Corps of Free Physicians is named but to be blessed.

In Mulberry street dozens of destitute families are found by the doctors, and in all the babies are the greatest sufferers. One house, No. 111, shelters an Italian wife and two babies of six months and two years. Both have diarrhœa and are almost naked. The father has been out of work three months, and in that time he has barely succeeded in feeding his family.

The condition of Jacob Rosenberg, who resides in Division street, is even more pitiable. He has a wife and two young children, one of whom is dangerously ill.

The husband, who is a cloakmaker, was shot in the back during the strike and has not been able to leave his bed since. Every day some piece of household furniture is sold to meet the wants of the family. Little remains now but the bedding for the sick babe and the helpless cloakmaker, and how they will manage to exist is not to be stated.

Could there be a more eloquent appeal for a sick babies' fund than the facts in this case?

Simon Murphy lives with his wife and seven children in a basement on Allen street. Though a carpenter, he is not able to work now on account of his eyes, one of which is sightless and the other seriously affected. Their apartments are small, damp and poorly furnished. The children's ages range from twelve years down to nine weeks. The two youngest are suffering from Summer complaint.

In the vicinity of Baxter and Canal streets the aristocracy of poverty is represented. The other day Dr. Vaughn found an Italian baby of two years absolutely naked. He tried to make the olive-faced mother understand that the little fellow was not in civilized costume.

The effort was not wholly successful. On the following day he called with a trousseau from THE EVENING WORLD'S supply, and an infanticer in the person of Joe Tontrell, a jockey, who condescended to translate for the sick babies one whole day, and furnish a substitute for the remainder of the season. Joe was as good as his word, for the next morning he presented a volunteer and returned to the race track.

Carney Laveo is a bright youth of ten, who speaks good English and several dialects of Italian. He knows the haunts of all the poor in his employer's section and never opens a door without bringing a poor, sick baby into view. On one floor he proudly pointed out three cases of stomach trouble, a fourth baby suffering from bronchitis, a poor mother disabled by an abscess of the foot and a woman of forty who has been blind for eight years and is enfeebled by a recent attack of intermittent fever. The sagacity of this young assistant has been the admiration of the life savior employing him.

Two brave boys of nine and eleven support a family of nine, living in Suffolk street. The father is in feeble health and rarely works more than one day in the week. Two babies are suffering with Summer complaint and the poor mother is never well. The chief article of diet for these unfortunates is bread, soup being their only beverage.

Last week in this district the diseases among children were largely bronchial in character. This week the diarrhœal troubles predominate once more.

Across the ocean, so far away, in sunny Italy, Alfredo Delano left his dark-eyed wife and bright cooing baby, and came to America to try to better their condition, and promised when his labors should be crowned with success to send for them and make their home in the glorious land of the free. Two long years Alfredo labored, and finally succeeded in saving a sufficient amount to send for his loved ones. And when he sent off that passage ticket and some money besides his pride knew no limit and his happiness no bounds, for his highest ambition would soon be realized. He went to his work with a light heart and renewed energy. Only one short week after he had sent his cheerful letter to his patient wife, and before she had received it, an accident occurred in the shaft where he was working, and Alfredo Delano was numbered among the dead. He would never welcome his faithful wife, or clasp in his arms his wee, bonny boy Pierre. Little Pierre's misfortune in the loss of a hard-working, loving father, was not to be all the sorrow he would know. As soon as the ticket reached little Pierre's anxious mother she took their little one and embarked on the first outward bound steamer for New York. Alas! that vessel was doomed never to reach port. Dark, threatening clouds overcast the heavens, roaring peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning added to the terror of a storm at sea; word was passed from mouth to mouth that the ship was on fire! The terrors of what followed need not be told. The ship was burned to the water's edge, in mid-ocean, and while little Pierre was among those saved his luckless mother was one of those who found a watery grave. The now poor little orphan boy was brought on to this city by the passing vessel which picked up a few of the shipwrecked passengers who were still tossing about among the mighty billows. A poor woman coming from the same town where the Delanos had lived became attached to Pierre, and volunteered to take him as her own, to share whatever good fortune she might have, and while she really got to love the little one, her sheltering care was but brief. The exposure in the water was too much for her rather weak constitution, and Sunday consumption ended all her earthly care, and poor little Pierre is again left friendless and homeless. To-day this little three-year-old hero is suffering a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia. How much suffering and what a varied experience for one who has seen but three short summers. All that medical aid and nourishing food can do is now being done for Pierre, and may the kind Providence which has come to his rescue so nobly before not desert him now, but assist in the efforts THE EVENING WORLD physicians are making for his relief.

Dr. McKee reports one of the many cases of neglect, due wholly to ignorance, which resulted fatally. A child allowed to go without any medical attendance for a whole week and suffering from a severe cholera infantum. The baby was nothing but skin and bones, a dull glassy look in its eyes denoting death close at hand. The child is only teething, said the mother, but it is not likely they will ever come in this case.

And these are some of the unfortunates who are reached by the bounty of THE EVENING WORLD readers.

NELL NELSON.

She Had the Time.

(From Texas Siftings.)

Elderly Coquette—I have given many a man the sack.

Gus De Smith—I suppose so. You have had enough time.

UMBRELLA YARNS

Who Can Tell the Most Interesting Story About One?

Rain Protectors as Life Savers or Relics of Antiquity.

New and Novel Contest Opened by "The Evening World."

Who is the possessor of an antiquated gingham, fossilized alpaca, prehistoric silk umbrella or modern sunshade that has a history?

There are many people in this and other cities who have in their possession venerable sunshades or rain protectors, to which they point with pride as having at some time in its stormy career been in the possession of some long dead and honored ancestor, or which has at some remote period been used by some character celebrated in history.

The exigences of modern custom forbid the public appearance of such a rain protector, and so the old relic is laid away in some attic, moulders in a closet or rests peacefully in a barrel in the cellar, too highly prized to be destroyed, and yet so worn and spent with use that the owner, finding that he has left his new silk umbrella at the office, rushes in hot haste for the nearest car, regardless of the pouring rain, and gets wet rather than make a public spectacle of himself by promenading the public thoroughfare with a revolutionary bulk in his grasp.

And the old gingham, resting peacefully in the attic, listens mournfully to the "patter of the rain upon the roof," and a sigh oozes through its rusty ribs as it thinks of the days when New York was a village and it stood proudly among its fellows in a little store, its stout handle beckoning to passers-by, and how grandma or grandma selected it out of all the rest and bore it triumphantly homeward in the midst of a driving storm.

An umbrella is conceded to be almost as important an article of dress as a hat. Everybody at some time or other has owned a rain-protector of some description during his or her life. It may have been a veritable silk shade or a plebeian alpaca.

Some have been lost, some stolen or loaned or in some peculiar way passed out of the original owner's possession.

As a weapon of defense the umbrella is very valuable at times, while as a stopper of runaway horses it will go thundering down in history.

It has been blessed in sunshine and cursed in storm, when a formidable blast of wind has either turned it inside out or sent it careening gayly over the housetops.

As a prolific source of anecdotes, the umbrella is without peer, and THE EVENING WORLD proposes to give a few of them to the public through the medium of its readers.

In order to stimulate interest, a gold double eagle will be given to the person who can tell the brightest anecdote in which an umbrella figures as the prime mover.

Those entering this contest must comply with the following regulations:

Letters must not be more than 200 words long.

They must be written on one side of the paper only.

The writer's name and address must accompany each letter, not for publication, but for identification.

Letters must be addressed to Umbrella Editor, P. O. Box 2,554.

A gold double eagle will be given for the best story.

A HACKMAN HAS TRIALS.

Sometimes a Customer Reverses Their Favorite Motto on Them.

"A hackman ain't got no snap. I can tell you that," said a querulous and disgruntled member of the craft to a Kansas City *Star* reporter.

"Not these times, anyhow. There are about one hundred and fifty hacks in town, and I s'pose they each gets ahold of $25 or $30 a week. Most hackmen drive for a per cent.—one-third they make. The barn furnishes hack, hosses, feed and everything. All you do is drive in and turn over your outfit to the barn hands and come back and go at again when you're ready to go out.

"Hackmen get a mighty hard name as robbers, I know, and they don't always earn it. Of course, one of the sayings of the business is, 'When you get a sucker, bump his head,' but it's often our heads get bumped. The other night a man comes to me and says:

"'What'll you charge to haul me to thirty-three hundred and something Independence avenue?'

"'Two dollars,' I says, cocking the price a dollar 'cause he looked green in the town.

"'I'll trot you a heat,' he says, and piles into the hack.

"Well, I drives off, thinking it was easy, and when I finds the number and gets down to open the door and collect my little two, there's the door wide open and Mr. Man gone—shelloed me, that's what he does, and I don't get a cent.

"Do I have to make good the losses? Well, I s'pose I would if I was monkey enough to report 'em, but I just don't report nothing of the kind. Times like that when I get it in the neck, I just drives into the barn, and when the boss comes 'round to see what I turn in, I looks him in the eye and says, 'Skunked!' and then he knows I ain't made no money."

The Land of Liberty.

(From Life.)

Excited Citizen—A man has just jumped off that pier.

Policeman (who can't swim)—Well, there ain't no law agin bathin' with clothes on, is there?

What Inspired the Remark.

(From Mosey's Weekly.)

Winks (looking into a jeweler's window)—How rich he must be!

Jinks—Very rich. Those are unusually fine diamonds.

Winks—Are they diamonds? I thought they were lumps of ice.

A Proposal.

(From Life.)

Mr. G. Hackensack Dunley (who has long been waiting an opportunity, thinks his time has come at last—Er—Miss Evangeline—er—um—how would you like to be buried in our plot?

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

One Dollar Weekly

RELIABLE PERSONS CAN OBTAIN GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, EMBLEM PINS AND CHARMS ON EASY WEEKLY OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS BY CALLING ON OR ADDRESSING

MUTUAL WATCH CO.,
300 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MR. SCHLAGEL'S USELESS NOSE

FOR TWO YEARS HE COULDN'T BREATHE THROUGH IT.

But It's All Right Now—He Had Catarrh, and He Says Drs. McCoy and Wildman Have Cured Him After Different Doctors Failed to Do Him Any Good.

Mr. William Schlagel lives with his mother and brother in a very comfortable home at 84 Redford st. He is a truckman and a very pleasant, intelligent man. Like thousands of others in this big city, Mr. Schlagel suffered from the effects of catarrh, and for two years his nose was practically useless. He couldn't breathe through it and he couldn't smell with it. In telling a reporter about his trouble Mr. Schlagel said:

WILLIAM SCHLAGEL, 84 REDFORD ST.

"I had catarrh for about two years. I tried different doctors, but they never did me any good. My head was always stopped up and I always had terrible pains across my chest. I felt worse in the mornings. In the mornings I was all choked up. I couldn't breathe through my nose at any time. There was a dropping back in my throat or mucus and I was always hawking and spitting. I had spells of headache and a tired feeling in the morning. Tired feeling was no name for it. I felt just dragged out all day long. I didn't feel like working. Didn't feel like doing anything.

"Finally I made up my mind to go to Drs. McCoy and Wildman. It was on a Saturday night and I couldn't sleep at all that night. I suffered so. The next day, Sunday, I went to see the Doctors and they told me just away what was the matter with me.

"Well, I think they have cured me.