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Foundations For Fortunes. Business Opportunities. THE WORLD. 1886 41,492. 1887 49,710. 1888 54,519. 1889 59,875. 1890 59,875.

DO NOT PUT IT OFF. The Free Doctors' Fund for the Sick Babies is something that cannot be too strongly impressed upon the readers of THE EVENING WORLD.

TOO EGOTISTIC. The candidates for the position of Police Matrons have been put through a course of questions to test their capacity for the duties of the office.

THE WAY OF ONE TRANSGRESSOR. Burdens accumulate upon the erring head of Philadelphia's ex-City Treasurer, JOHN BARDLEY.

On the face of it there seems no excuse for the cold-blooded shooting of Private McLEAN, of Battery I, at Fort Hamilton by Private NELSON, of Battery A.

fol. He paid money he owed to No. 1 to No. 2, and then when No. 1 claimed the debt imprisoned No. 2 in the belief that he was the unjust No. 2.

When the unrelenting dog-catcher bugs some canine daring the indignation aroused in the feminine owner of the dog is not always tempered with reason.

The proceedings of the L. road towards a third track construction, under the thin guise of the "aiding and abetting" allowed by law, is a sufficient indication of what a grabbing world ensue if the corporation were allowed the least increase of license in the parks.

JAY GOULD might have said, with the villain in the play, "I am discovered." But it would not have been like him to have added, "All is lost."

WARNER MILLER says it is certain that Dr. DUFFY can, if he wants it, have the Republican nomination for Governor.

The question as to who said FARESETT might be Chairman of the State Committee threatens the recently discovered Republican harmony.

"Secretary BLAINE up and dressed," says a morning paper. That was the way RUBIN found him.

The North Woods will preserve the State a thousand fold for their preparation.

Remember the Free Doctors' Fund. SPOTLETS. The Pension Bureau has too many drawers in it.

The Canon wedding will have a great report. The best ship is having an awfully rich dad.

The night fell on a stormy night. The fresh wind whisks through the editor's whiskers. A shooting star was never known to hit the mark.

The alert caterpillar of the West is now on the tracks of the locomotive, much to the cost of both.

When a child falls into the hands of the Canadian they are not satisfied. They immediately try to find an eater.

The Duchess of Marlborough will remain a witness of this century, because she would have to sacrifice if she didn't. Real valuable lots.

Who can look for much from our climate when its springs are so evidently out of repair? WORLDLINGS.

The distinction of being the most beautiful woman in Europe is credited to the Countess Amyr de la Roche-Gand, a Parisian belle. She is a blonde, with blue eyes and regular features, and is said to be living in retirement in the island of Capri.

Capital, the new German Chancellor, has a face that resembles the observer of Bremen's. In manner, however, he is totally unlike the man of blood and iron, for he is mild, conciliatory and courteous.

The late Prime Minister of Japan had held his office continuously for twenty years, a long time when the proverbial sickness of Oriental rulers is taken into consideration. He was greatly respected by princes and people alike.

One of the prominent preachers of North Dakota is Miss J. Bardley, a young woman who stepped from a newspaper office into the pulpit. She is said to be successful in her new field and is popular with her large congregation.

One of the youngest of railroad presidents is Col. F. Oakes, who sits at the head of the Northern Pacific system. He is forty years old and began his railroad experience as a rodman.

A New Milton. "Where do those parodies handed you the other day?" he inquired of the editor.

"There," responded the editor, pointing to the waste basket. "I didn't know before you were the author of 'Parodies Lost,' the editor thereupon embraced him in his throbbing bosom with a wild hysterical laugh.

Rough on the Monkey. One of the professors of the University of Texas was engaged to explaining the Darwinian theory to his class, when he observed that they were not paying proper attention.

The Arithmetic of Housekeeping. M. Galliard presents himself at the fire insurance company's office with his policy. "I wish to draw my indemnity."

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD. Jimmy Got the Cake. "And where are you going, Katy?" called a Houston street mother from a third-story window to her daughter on the sidewalk.

He Floated. "All out!" called the conductor of a bridge train car as it stopped at the Brooklyn end. "I say you—all out!"

Striking a Job. Yesterday morning a man stood leaning against the hard wall of the Post-Office and looking down Broadway, when a bootblack slid up to him and propounded the customary inquiry.

He Was Liberal. He had limbed just enough to feel big-hearted towards all the world, and after the train which he took to cross the bridge had got started he went to the door and queried of one of the guards on the platform:

Buying a Goddess. Up at the Grand Central Depot the other day a man with four or five bundles on the seat beside him was waiting for his train.

Five Little Chickens. With a queer little squawk. "Oh, I wish I could find a fat little hen!"

Women Architects. And so woman led the prime in architecture. A world's fair building will arise from the green garden.

An Eye to Economy. Wife to her husband who is writing notes of invitation to a dinner—"Now, Karl, don't forget to invite Prof. Watzig. He is so quiet that the very sight of him will spoil the appetite of all the other guests."

The Two Men Had a Fit. "A man just had a fit up here on High Street."

There isn't any "just as good" as Knapp's Root Beer Extract.

Everywhere. You see you will hear words of praise for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Having rapidly won its way to the front, Hood's Sarsaparilla is now the leading blood purifier and curing medicine all over the country.

His Strong Point. "Well, there's one thing about Harrison, anyhow," said Wiggle.

The Requisite. Aspirant—What is the chief requisite for a young lady entering the literary world? Editor—Posting stamps.

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HELPING HANDS. The Babies Will Want Many of Them This Year. The More Money Received the More Good Can Be Done. Send in Your Mites, Then, Without Delay.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS: "The Evening World" \$100.00. Previously acknowledged 294.79. Foster's "Healthful" 25.00. Babes' Friends 1.00. I. X. L. 1.00.

A Sweetheart's Gift. Here is 25 cents for the Free Doctors' Fund from LITTLE FRIENDS'S SWEETHEART.

Another Friend. Enclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Baby Fund. BABES' FRIENDS.

Everybody who subscribes to the fund for providing a corps of doctors to attend sick babies gratefully will have the satisfaction of knowing that their money is applied to cases where charity is absolutely needed, and where every penny meets with a heartfelt blessing for the donor.

To be a baby is a misfortune, even in high life. He is the victim of a refined system of torture, from safety pins that are not safe, nappies that belie the name, and soothing syrups that are as rasping in their influence as the colic. But to be a baby in low life, handicapped by poverty and disease, is most deplorable.

To give proper medicines and food, and oftentimes the means for procuring fresh air to the sick babies, is a most worthy charity, and every one should do what they can to further the scheme.

A densely populated tenement-house on a hot day is a sight that must be seen to be fully appreciated, and the comments of a newly-arrived visitor are inadequate to fully picture all the misery, sickness and poverty which is seen at every turn.

And it is astonishing how much good can be done with a few dollars in one of these tenement-houses. Proper medicines and valuable hygienic advice are given to the loving but ignorant mothers, who are pursuing a wrong course of treatment for their offspring. It takes but a small sum to purchase the necessary food and medicine for a sick child, so that with a large fund the amount of good that can be done is incalculable.

There is no necessity of waiting until the hot season is upon us. A dollar subscribed now will be worth two later in the season, as it can be used as a precautionary measure now, where in other cases help might come too late.

VAGRANT VERSES. The Cause of It. "A bad slip-up the other night made me feel like a fool. I was so tired that I fell asleep on the street. I wish I could find a way to keep myself awake."

The Conquistador was off his base. "The conqueror said with a look of scorn, 'I wish I could find a way to keep myself awake.'"

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Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex. Hats for Youthful Faces—The Care of Children's Heads—Silk Skirt Foundations Not Successful—Shirts and Blouses for Women—Pretty House Dresses.

Four-cornered military hats are held by a rosette of velvet ribbon on each upturned point, and should only be worn over a youthful, jaunty face. A large flat bow on the left side of a hat is the newest departure from the universal trimming in the back. English bonnets are as fast as an upturned saucer, with a flat bow on one side, flowing in front and velvet ribbon ties.



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His Idea of It. (From Life.) I am pleased to see that Will S. Robinson, a promising young artist of excellent repute in Boston, is attracting attention to his really meritorious paintings on exhibition recently at the Academy of Design. Artist Robinson certainly wields a clever brush.

Mrs. James T. Field, of Boston, the widow of the publisher, is said to possess one of the largest private literary collections in the world. In the library are quantities of valuable original MSS. and autograph letters, and in the garden at the rear of the house grow trees that were planted by many famous authors and public men.

Black lawns are two and a half cents, trimmed with ribbons they make really pretty house dresses.

The silk skirt foundation is not the success at first supposed. If a good quality is used it adds at least \$7 to the cost of the dress, and if a cheap grade is selected the skirt falls limp. There are wash silks in the market selling at 50 cents, and while they are very durable they are too soft to hold. The better plan, and one adopted by women of generous allowance, is to get a linen lining for 30 or 32 cents a yard, something near the color of the dress. This will make a good, strong foundation for the dress. It is finished with ribbon trim, makes it responsive in getting it on and off, and admits of the amount of close draping. Face this around the bottom, inside and out, with silk to the depth of one inch, placing one thickness of crepe-fine between, and it answers just as well as an entire yoke of silk and will wear ten times as long. To be sure, there is a French skirt or soft tulle about the silk that the French admire, but it is questionable taste. The most red-headed people in the world are not audible even in their best attire. Anyway, the silken rustle is short-lived. As a protection to the facing of the skirt, as a protection to the facing of the skirt, and also the plaiting, it is the fashion to sew a bias ruffle four inches wide inside the skirt. This prevents the rubbing of the shoes from wearing the plaiting and it also keeps the skirt from slipping and getting in between the feet when walking. The deep six facing, inner scant ruffle and the narrow plaiting are the finishing touches that make the dress artistic.

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Hardened felon, as a great deal of money had been poured down his cheek; "my wife's dress-maker's bill falls due to-morrow."

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Accommodating. (From the Clock Review.) Irate Guest (to landlord of an Oklahoma hotel)—You informed me that I might order whatever I liked for dinner. I called for oxtail soup, salmon, chops, potato salad, a bottle of wine and the like, and the waiter brought me cold bread and bacon.

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THE CLEANER. There is no doubt that a milk-white coat, with buff facings, is a very pretty suit of paint for a cruet. The Concord looked very handsome in all the big iron thing rode the slate-colored waters of the East River yesterday. Pictorial effect is not an element to be considered in the planning of a cruet, but it can be all she ought to be and yet stand forth a thing of beauty, so much the better. That is what the beauty of the White Squadron do.

Mar is too far gone to be able to redeem herself now in point of weather. But if she were bright and smiling for her few remaining days much might be forgiven to her.

I should think Mrs. Borratt's memory might be allowed repose. If she were guilty she has explained her offense by her public death. If she were innocent, which so many believe, what more ghastly than to reiterate charges against her.

It is not often that a lead-pencil surprises one. But I was travelling in an L. train the other day and remarked a singular looking case which was made by a lead-pencil to hold a pen. It was the usual length, and of yellow ochre colored wood with a round knob to the top like a mah-stick. I thought at first he had cut down one of those artist's tools to the length of a cane. But he removed the top and showed me a large square of lead in the wood. It was in truth a lead-pencil a yard long. They make them at the Cumberland Works in England as curiosities.

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"THE VEILED PICTURE." The picture may have been veiled, but the deadly dizziness and far-fetched stupidity of the play were not, by any means. These were unveiled all the time, in a very brass manner. No cackling babe could escape the play presented by Robert Mantell at the Lyceum Theatre last night without a smile, and smirks where Mantell is concerned are very unfortunate, for he is one of the serious poets, who love to rant and utter heroic and smile holy stanzas-glass smiles and make lovely speeches that eclipse anything uttered by other members of the company.

The theme of "The Veiled Picture" might do for a farce-comedy. I suggest it to Mr. Herbert Hall Winslow, who is always on the qui vive for novelty. A man has committed a murder and his friend has been the victim. It was an accidental killing, but it was blood for all that. The murderer, who is an artist, spends the rest of his life sketching pictures of the crime. He is a coward and is in deadly fear of being discovered—although he poses as the hero of the play—so to escape detection he makes chronicle of the deadly deed and leaves them around. An eerie detective, with red and white hair (all he needed was a dose of blue in his make-up) is patriotically tricolor, finds a charcoal sketch of the grotesque victim made on the wall. He takes it, and soon after by its means traces the murderer.

Anything more grotesquely silly it is not possible to imagine. It is so easy to describe all that. The murderer, who is an artist, spends the rest of his life sketching pictures of the crime. He is a coward and is in deadly fear of being discovered—although he poses as the hero of the play—so to escape detection he makes chronicle of the deadly deed and leaves them around. An eerie detective, with red and white hair (all he needed was a dose of blue in his make-up) is patriotically tricolor, finds a charcoal sketch of the grotesque victim made on the wall. He takes it, and soon after by its means traces the murderer.

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