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TEAR DOWN THE CITY HALL.

The City Hall is neither beautiful nor commodious.

It is in no way in keeping with the size and greatness of New York.

It was built when the city was an infant and has been outgrown.

Tear it down and erect on its site an edifice to which every citizen may point with pride.

The building from which Philadelphia is governed is magnificent to look upon.

Chicago's City Hall is an ornament to that city. Other and smaller cities are also ahead of New York in this respect.

And there is no reason for it. With these structures as patterns, and a site the better of which it would be hard to find,

New York should erect a municipal building with no equal here or abroad.

It is not a question of sentiment but of necessity.

FIRE IN CARGO OF COTTON.

An appreciation of the feeling of terror and of almost utter helplessness which comes to the passengers upon an ocean steamer with the discovery that the ship is on fire at sea cannot be conveyed by cold type, however skillfully the story may be written.

That feeling is one reserved for those alone who meet the circumstances which cause its manifestation.

It came to the passengers who rode on the City of Richmond on its last trip across the main.

That fire originated in the cargo of cotton which the ship carried.

Such a cargo has been again and again shown to be peculiarly susceptible to fire-producing conditions and to be difficult to handle when burning.

Here is a subject for careful consideration.

Not every man has one hundred and sixty friends who are willing to be skinned for his sake.

This is what a Kansas City man had happen to him. He needed a new article, and he got it by the transplanting process.

Happy fellow!

When a man shoots himself accidentally through fooling with a pistol and pretending that he means to kill himself, somehow it is harder to sympathize with him.

It is so nice to see people taught good lessons.

After thirty years' litigation \$50,000 will go to the slaves to whom a Kentucky planter would it.

That is, those of them who survived. They settle some points in the West with more expedition than this.

The wicked editor of a book of reference says BELVA LOCKWOOD is age at seventy-one.

The lady declares she is only fifty-nine. Was there ever such a libel!

Senator VILAS is entitled to the consideration of all who love roast turkey.

He owns one of the largest cranberry farms in Wisconsin.

Why do Englishmen marry American women?" asks a contemporary.

Because it is human nature to want the best of everything.

The ever famished potato bug has put in an appearance, and is likely to draw the Alliance farmer from the political to other fields.

The various airships and flying machine companies have combined to form a trust.

Their stockholders did the same thing.

There is a vigor about the game of baseball that is characteristic of the people whose National game it is.

The London landresses are following the lead of the "bus" drivers.

They want their rights.

Venus is getting in condition to make an uproar that will make RUDIN grin with envy.

Gov. Hill listened to the waves at Sea-bright yesterday. They should have said pleasant things.

More depredations by Turkish brigands. Why doesn't some one say "Boo" to them?

The Chilean Government is a weary of war. Its President has been directed to quell it.

Ex-Senator BLAIR seems to be out of a job. What are they going to do about him?

Suburban Day, to-morrow, and its great annual question: Which will win?

Eight thousand people enjoyed the Museum of Art yesterday.

A dollar given to the Sick Baby Fund may save a little life.

New York's streets are shamefully dirty.

An Apt Pupil.

Teacher—Come means to stop. Make a sentence, please, with "cease" as the first word.

Pupil—Cease the clock.



THE MAN WHO SWALLOWED A CROWBAR.

I was in Canal street, near Second Avenue, the other day, when a tall, thin man, whose shoes were all run down at the heel, and who had no collar to his shirt, even if he had a shirt on, came along with a crowbar on his shoulder.

A crowbar, as everybody knows, is a hefty chunk of iron, which must have muscle behind it to make its work count for anything.

A man who can't pull down about 100 pounds on the scales, and who can't play chess with a top-pound dumb-bell, has no call to be a crowbarist.

I was wondering if this hard-up, sickly-looking man hadn't stolen the implement somewhere when he stopped before a small sitting on the steps of a saloon and said:

"You are just the chap I was looking for. You run this place, don't you?"

"I do, sir," replied the other.

"Do you remember me?"

"I think you were in after a drink, yes, today."

"That's correct. I entered your place and asked you to lend a helping hand to a poor but honest man, and you refused. Not only that, but you ordered me out."

"I'm overrun with bills and dead-beats," said the saloonist, by way of excuse.

"What are you doing with that crowbar?"

"I have brought it here to clear my reputation, sir. Yesterday, when I asked you for a small drink of gin, with two grain quinine capsules in it, what did I tell you had happened to me?"

"I don't remember, you fellows have always got a chill or something."

"I told you, sir, that I had swallowed a crowbar, and that it was causing me considerable uneasiness. You treated my statement with indifference and contempt, and drove me out into the world to die! It's no fault of yours that I am not a corpse at this very moment!"

"That must be a pretty tough morsel to swallow," said the saloon man as he hefted the iron.

"It is, sir. It has racked my system so that I won't get over it in three months. You could have saved me a great deal of suffering and anxiety, but you refused. When I told you yesterday that I had swallowed this crowbar you didn't believe me, did you?"

"Hardly."

"Took me for one of the bilks you spoke of a moment ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am here to convince you to the contrary. I am a poor man, and my looks are ugly, but I am no bilk, sir—no bilk! Look at this crowbar, sir!"

"Well?"

"Well, it is my proof of what I told you yesterday. Felt something in my throat this morning, and after a severe struggle I brought this up. Look at it! Heft it! Was I lying to you yesterday or not?"

"Go in and Tom will give you a nip," said the saloonist as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"But have I cleared my reputation?"

"You have."

"And I am no bilk?"

"No."

"Then I accept your apology and will interview your man Thomas, and perhaps tumbler a very small glass of brandy. I suppose brandy would reconstitute my system the quickest of anything, wouldn't it?"

"Very likely."

"Then I'll take brandy, and I hope this will be a solemn warning to you, sir! There are bilks, of course, but there are also unfortunate men. You ought to have shown sufficient to judge between them. Do you suppose I'd have the face to come into your place and say I'd swallowed a crowbar if I hadn't?"

"Secretly," replied the other in an absent way.

"Certainly not! You could very easily prove me a liar, and then I'd deserve to be kicked. I judged you to be a humane, tender-hearted man, but rather impetuous, and have therefore taken this trouble to set myself right in your estimation. Would two fingers of brandy be too much, considering all circumstances?"

"I guess not."

"I'll make it that, and occasionally, as I go past, I'll drop in to let you know my condition. Merciful and tender-hearted, but rather impetuous. Did you say three fingers?"

The saloonist jerked his thumb again, and the crowbar man shouldered his iron, entered the saloon, and stopped in the door to say:

"I understand I'm to use my own judgment whether it'll be three fingers or four. Thanks for your confidence. I won't take over five at the very most!"

M. QUAD.

WORLDLINGS.

One of the twenty-three widows of the Revolution whose names are on Uncle Sam's pension roll is Mrs. Mary Smith, who lives in Newnan, Ga. She is a garrulous old lady with a remarkable memory for her country's history and despite her great age and decrepitude her mind is vigorous.

Andrew Carnegie has the short, thick-set figure that characterized Grant, Meade, and many other notable "little" men. He wears a full gray beard, and his eyes are gray and kindly.

Lady Brooke was a great "catch" in her girlhood. She was then the pretty Miss Maynard, with a large fortune and a host of suitors.

The superintendent of Education in Alaska has made arrangements to have young children transported from Siberia to Alaska. He intends to encourage the natives to domesticate the animals and use them as beasts of burden.

Sereno, the violinist, is a small man of seventy complexion and black hair. He is a Spaniard by birth and is forty-seven years old. He is an extraordinary popular in his native town, to which he pays an annual visit.

Barley's steel cannot be called a tempered steel.

Warning to blowers. "A whale was blowing about a pilot-boat and got run down by it. He will never blow about anything again."

Goodness's little girl is given to weep, and he says when Mrs. G. chides the child he feels she is precipitating a cry.

It is not often that the labelling of a Brooke can bring on such a deluge, is it?

Unparitric.

"Which do you consider the greater general, Washington or Wellington?"

"Wellington. He was hardly ever defeated, but Washington got licked every time a letter is stamped."

Played Out.

How often this and similar expressions are heard from tired, overworked women and weary, nervous men, who do not know where to find relief. For that intense weariness so common and so discouraging to nervous and overworked women and men, it is not a stimulant, but a true tonic, gradually building up all the weak organs in such a way as to be of lasting benefit.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists, \$1.00 per box. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

BOOM THE FUND.

The Babes Are Sadly in Need of the Free Doctors.

Hot Weather Brings them Suffering and Death.

Every Dollar Helps to Save a Little Life.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"The Evening World" \$100.00

Previously acknowledged \$17.85

L. B. ... 10.00

Children ... 1.00

Little Josie's ... 25

G. M. S. ... 10

Rose & Ethel ... 2.00

E. A. P. ... 1.00

Lawrence B. ... 1.00

Ben Everett65

F. Brown15

Dr. Appel62

Amey ... 1.00

Dinah ... 1.00

"Every dollar helps to save a little life."

What more powerful appeal on behalf of the sick babies can be made than those few words, "Infants, that are dropping and dying under the rays of the hot sun can be nursed back to life and health with a few pennies, which will procure for them the proper medicine and food prescribed by members of the corps of free doctors."

It is a charity that appeals to rich and poor alike. To help, either by a large or small contribution, in the work of administering to the helpless and hapless babes in tenement houses, carries with the donation the pleasure of a good deed done, coupled with the conviction that there is no indiscriminate distribution of the money, but that every penny is applied to the best possible use in fitting competent physicians to look after these little ones and bestow upon them the same care and attention that the darlings of wealthy people get.

There is no time to be lost. The weather is very warm now, but it will be warmer, and the sooner the doctors start on their rounds the more good can be done. Preventive measures are always profitable to a cure, and in hundreds of cases help may arrive too late to children of well-to-do parents this appeal is particularly directed, as they are better able to compare their surroundings with those of the tenement house infants, to whom a breath of pure air is a rarity, and a seaside trip or a ramble through fields and woods an unknown luxury.

Get to work then, and send in your pennies, dime or dollars and help to swell the fund which brings life and happiness to hundreds of hearts.

Brief and Pathetic.

To the Editor:

To save some mother the agony of losing her baby find \$1 enclosed. CHILLARS.

A Ten-Dollar Bill.

To the Editor:

The enclosed \$10 is for the Sick Babies' Fund. E. A. P.

Little Josie's Quarter.

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find 25 cents to help the poor babies. LITTLE JOSIE.

Money and Scripture.

To the Editor:

Enclosed find a dime. Come every one to the front, and remember that "Inasmuch as they have done it unto me, they have done it unto me." G. M. S.

With Good Wishes.

To the Editor:

Rose and Ethel wish the needy little children a happy holiday in the country amid birds and flowers.

Another Little One Saved.

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Babies' Fund. E. A. P.

A Baby's Offering.

To the Editor:

Enclosed \$1 in my baby's name for the little suffering babies. LAWRENCE B.

A Nickel and a Promise.

To the Editor:

Enclosed find five cents, from LITTLE JIMMY, age seven, of 415 West 125th street. I will send more next week.

It Will Help.

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find 15 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund, trusting it will help some little one. F. BROWN, 852 Eighth ave.

A Two-Year-Old.

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find \$1 to mark the second anniversary of my birthday, with best wishes. DOADY.

It Is Not a Trifle.

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will please find the small trifle of \$1, being Doady's birthday. ALMA.

Quick Apple's Money.

To the Editor:

Mamma has just given me my week money, here enclosed. I think it will do the sick babies more good than I will by calling for it. LITTLE GUCKLE APPEL, 117 East One Hundred and Third Street.

SPOTLETS.

The Prince of Wales, as banker, is having a good deal to put to account by the public.

A grain of wheat has grown in a boy's forehead. It must be spring wheat to spring from such a field as that.

No man ever figured more distastefully in a wood-ut than Dr. Howard Webb in that wood out through the Adirondacks.

Sir William Gombard-Gumbard never held a better hand in his life than at his marriage ceremony.

With hot breath and halting looks she tried to catch, assume it, as if he'd caught the "thrombosis." —Harbinger News.

Barley's steel cannot be called a tempered steel.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Mull Hats in Great Demand—Jet Figures Used with All Colors—Short Basques Lengthened with Frills of Lace—Fans for Evening Wear.

The mull hats are now out in full force, and odd enough it seems to write that the prettiest of them are trimmed with a feather pompadour and agrette amid the soft shirring and ruffles of the cream, gray, pink, mauve, yellow, black, blue of tan mull.

Jet figures used with all colors—short basques lengthened with frills of lace—fans for evening wear.

Impressario Abbey About to Leave Australia.

Henry E. Abbey, according to the latest news, expects to be back in this city in the early part of August. He is very rejoiced at the way things have turned out. It is not generally known that this undaunted manager went to Australia in great trepidation. He was a good deal frightened at the possibility of Sarah's failure in the Antipodes. What will she think of the fact that the people would resent the extra charge for seats, and that French was not a popular language. Vain Paris! Sarah went to the Antipodes with a full heart, and on August 5, her impressions of that country have not as yet been made known. They will undoubtedly be interesting. Sarah is never prejudiced, even though there is odd cask in the scales. She always has her own criticisms. I must say I liked her "audiences," she said to the writer when she returned from Havana a few years ago. "Such odious people! I don't believe they understood a thing. But they smoked and expectorated, and as long as they could do that they were happy. What will she think of the Australians? We must hide our little time before we can discover."

It is said that the dainty Isabelle Evesson, sister of the equally dainty Estelle Clayton, is going to make her first appearance this season in comic opera in the Lillian Russell Comic Opera Company. Miss Evesson has a pleasant little voice that she used on one occasion, when she was delightfully and pathetically nervous at the Broadway Theatre, for the benefit of the New York treasurers. Her appearance in comic opera will be quite interesting.

A young actress who has not as yet set any river on fire and who has just returned from a Western tour had a very sorry experience. She was in the story to an intimate friend, with strict injunctions that she should reveal it to nobody; the intimate friend told a boon companion, and the boon companion told somebody else. It appears that the young actress appeared rather glibly to the audience. The following pathos appeared in her part: "I want some bread. I have no money. No money had she uttered the words that a gallery boy threw a bag of crackers at her. They hit her head and broke her lip. The rest of the play was played in a fearful and subdued manner, very much in keeping with the part."

E. H. Sothern has taken Herbert Keeler's place for the summer. Keeler, doubtless, has gone to the French Alps with Dan Lyman and the Lyonnaise Theatre.

People are wondering if the "as you like me" actors and actresses at Castle Stevens will appear for their parts. Rouge and grease paint are surely to be a general thing in deference to the footlights, which cast a shadow on the faces of the performers. The lights make-up is unnecessary. At the opening performance given at Mrs. Booth's hotel, the "as you like me" actors and actresses were given a very good reception, and it is said that the effect was ludicrous.

At the close of Richard Mansfield's engagement at the Garden Theatre, Jefferson and Florence will play a few weeks' engagement at that house. They will be succeeded by Lillian Russell and Co.

William A. Brady says that he has definitely decided to "quit" and intends to sell his shares in the "as you like me" company. Mr. Brady declares that he could make more money in other lines, and he has enough of a piece that will cover his debts with a margin. He will have four companies on the road next season, and he will have a large company for "After Dark" and "The Bottom of the Sea."

Charlie Chatterton, Henry E. Abbey's well-known secretary, was recently recovered from an illness that nearly proved fatal. He had been brought to Europe, but his physicians were unable to cure him. He will spend some time in Atlantic City. Mr. Abbey has been very kind in sending the secretary's health, that he had been in Australia at the rate of \$3 a word, to know how he was.

Wilfred North has just issued a useful little theatrical book, entitled "The O. K. Theatre." It makes no apologies or excuses, and it is an amount of self-education on his part that is truly gratifying. The book is a list of the theatres in the cities and towns of the United States and Canada, a list of the travelling companies, and a list of the names of the critics and other agreeable information.

Thomas O. Seabrook, who is going to star in Bill Nye's play, "The Cad," will receive two acts in the summer week. Mr. Seabrook has now recovered the use of his leg.

Miss Marie Hubert Frohman will appear in three plays at Aubrey Park Aug. 25 for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund.

Consistency is Not a Colored Jewel.

Rev. Howard H. Butler, colored, denouncing the extravagances of his congregation, tells us, brooding an "istern, Jewry had its origin among savages.

"Beacon sharp interrupting—I beg your pardon, Bruder Blucher, but what you 'riginate yer own set?"

The Lesser Evil.

Lawyer Grind (whose office is across the hall from the dentist's)—What is your object in having that bagpipe playing in your room every time you have a patient? Does it ease his pain any?

Dentist Snuggs—I am doing that for the benefit of my neighbors. The music deadens the patient's pain.

Lawyer Grind—Well, if that is the reason, you may shut off my part of it. However, I thought if the music made it any easier for the patients I'd try to stand it. But if it's for my benefit, I prefer the howls.

He'd Send a Nickel Clock.

Wrong Chin—How much does Little Lawtcheet French Jewellery—a hundred dollars.

Wrong Chin—Oh, lists! Me gleece 'medican lawtchee lawtchee big mallee big mallee.

Getting Acquainted.

"How are your new neighbors? Settling?"

"Oh, yes. Very. They've borrowed four cords of butter, ten eggs, a step ladder and ten yards of hose inside of twenty-four hours."

Fut His Foot Into It.

Ellis—"I wish we could marry for ten years. But don't look so sad, George; you are young yet."

George—Yes, I know I am, dear. I wasn't "I wish we could marry for ten years, but don't look so sad, George; you are young yet."

It was put off indefinitely.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Is Superior to Every Other Known.

See latest