The World

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

THE REASON?

RESULTS!

358,056

"Help Wanted" and "Situations Wanted" "Wants" were published in THE WORLD last year.

187,882

of the same classifications were published by the newspaper that holds second place.

AN ALLIANCE SETBACK.

By way of Clayton, Ga., comes the tale that the Alliance has received a pronounced setback in the case of a young couple over whose heads a local Squire at Persimmon has pronounced the marriage rites. The groom is a country storekeeper in Marion County, N. C. The bride, the comely daughter of a farmer who was a customer of the young merchant.

The young fellow discovered, after tying up a few packages for the fair one who did her father's errands at the store, that his heart was also tied up with a lover's knot in the string, and to his joy he found that the girl was willing to tighten the cord into a nuptial knot.

But the Alliance had seriously and adversely considered the subject of "store men" marrying all the best girls and leaving the farmer boys in the lurch. Their mutterings over the case in hand reached the ears of the girl's father, and the merchant was gently warned. And what did he do? What any man with a spirit above the price of ground coffee would have done. He deserted his sugars and notions and took up with the spice of an elopement. Hence the wedding in Georgia and hence the setback for the Alliance.

Here's health to the young couple and much trade over the counters of that country store and—consolation to the farmer boys. May they all be happy yet.

BOSSES IN AND OUT.

Collector ERHARDT's resignation is promptly followed by the appointment of State Senator J. SLOAT FASSETT to succeed him in the administration of affairs at the New York Custom-House. This means but one thing pre-eminently—that Boss PLATT is in. The retiring Collector makes a dignified explanation of his stepping out. "The office is no longer independent," says he, and further, "I am." And no one fails to know the man he means when Col. ERHARDT speaks of the "private individual who has no official responsibility," and whose dictation is no longer to be tolerated by him.

Col. ERHARDT has been a partisan, but not after the fashion of the prevalent political "boss." He dared to fight PLATT, and has fallen because he found his foe too powerfully allied with the National Executive.

But while PLATT is in, another Republican boss is apparently out. QUAY has resigned the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. And Treasurer DUDLEY has followed him out. Whether they are out of anything more than the mere titles of their late offices remains to be seen. At any rate, it is well for the Republican party, and, indeed, for the good of National politics as a whole, that public sentiment has forced the stepping down of both men from the conspicuous managerial positions which they had held but to abuse.

The experiment of issuing an emergency call for the Connecticut State troops resulted in showing that BULKELEY could have packed the Commonwealth off and annexed it to BALMACEDA's territory, under ordinary circumstances, before enough men got into military gear to stop him. It seems fortunate that this should have been found out through a call that was "just for fun."

Ex-Speaker REED, returning from abroad, mentions ruins as among the most impressive things he saw. The ruins of the Fifty-first Congress formed one of the most impressive things he left on this side when he went over.

If PEFFER really saw a big red dragon in Wall street, he didn't leave New York a day too soon. Such sights not infrequently come to strangers in the big city, after too close a view of the elephant.

The climax has been reached in skin [illegible]. A girl at Reading has had skin transferred from her arm-pit to her upper lip in order to get a museum engagement as a mustached woman.

A Bad Axe, Mich., man and woman marked each other for life in a fight over the damage done to a cabbage crop by a horse. Bad Axe evidently has its sharp tempers.

Sneak-thieves and burglars have had their lesson in the new plunk of woman. Now it is the dog-catcher. A New York girl knocked one down yesterday. Next!

A Bridgeport wife not only had a will of her own while living, but ignored her husband in the will she left in dying. And even now, there is to be no contest.

The coal barons have resolved, at least, not to raise prices.

THE CLEANER.

Col. Andrew Hannibal Humboldt Dawson is taking life rather easy since he ceased to be a Deputy Assistant District-Attorney. I meet him frequently on Columbus avenue, near Fifty-ninth street, and he is almost invariably accompanied by a fine Scotch terrier, which absorbs most of the fiery Colonel's attention during his strolls.

* * *

When Richard S. Newcombe died there perished with him secrets that would undoubtedly have shaken the metropolis to its very foundation had they been divulged. But Newcombe was not that kind of a man. Although he was counsellor for most of the "boodlers," he kept their secrets as securely buried in life as they will be now that their possessor lies cold and speechless in death.

* * *

I hear that Secretary Blaine intends to try rowing as a means of exercise, and that he does so by advice of his physicians. Emmons Blaine has secured the boat and oars for his father's use, and the Secretary is to begin practice at once on the waters of Bar Harbor.

* * *

On a Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad train yesterday, I was more than amused by a little incident which went to prove the truth of the saying that the unexpected is always liable to happen. Two matronly-looking women, with their arms full of bundles, entered the train at Fourteenth street. Each had a mammoth toy balloon which she was doubtless taking home to her little ones. They were soon engaged in conversation, but suddenly the passengers in the car were startled by a sound resembling the discharge of a pistol. A glance at the "shoppers" showed that one of the balloons had exploded. That the balloonless lady was chagrined was visible by her features, but her disappointment was soon turned into merriment when the balloon held by her companion disappeared with a report which caused everybody in the car to burst into laughter.

* * *

About the most popular man on the Jersey Heights and the surrounding neighborhood is Dr. H. T. Adams. Besides attending to a large and lucrative practice, he is a member of the Arion Club, Humor Bowling Club, North Hudson Driving Park Association and various other organizations. He is fond of sports and when time allows attends the races, and devotes his Fridays to fishing excursions with a party of friends.

* * *

Lawyer Julius Lehman, who is an independent Republican leader in the Twenty-third Assembly District, is an active worker in the cause of that party. He has been known, however, to take a hand in a political fight for a friend who might be on another ticket. Perhaps it was this quality in him which brought about Mr. Lehman's rejection as a member of the Harlem Republican Club.

* * *

The manager of one of the most frequented large restaurants in the Tenderloin Precinct tells me that he has orders to allow no one who asks for food to leave the place without it, whether the applicant has the money to pay for the entertainment or not. Every beggar at the restaurant is supplied with bread and butter and good meat. Only once was the rule suspended, and that was when the grand army of tramps seemed to have made a concerted onslaught on the restaurant larder, an imposition on the proprietor's generosity which was too great to be submitted to.

* * *

The bridge trustees should open a school of polite deportment for the benefit of the few rowdies who are handling brakes on the bridge cars. Many of the brakemen display refinement of manners and feeling that entitle them to be classed as gentlemen, but there are some rowdies in the service, and these never lose a chance to make their ungracious presence known. Coming over this morning from Brooklyn I noticed a plainly dressed, not very good-looking, but apparently modest young woman sitting opposite. The brakeman on the front platform noticed her, too, and whistling to attract the attention of the brakeman on the rear platform, he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the young woman and shouted: "I don't want it! You can have it if you'll take it away!" Tears welled up into the eyes of the victim of this gratuitous insult, and as she left the car I heard an old gentleman offer to go with her before the trustees and complain of the brakeman. "It wouldn't do any good," she murmured, and then she hurried away and was lost in the the crowd.

WORLDLINGS.

Some of the monstrous cranes used in the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia lift a big locomotive as easily as a mother does a baby. Each of them saves the labor of 150 men and does away with the necessity of having a complicated system of tracks for shifting the locomotives.

The growth of horse racing in the last ten years is illustrated by the fact that in 1880 the money added to prizes by the racing associations amounted to $180,000. Now it reaches $4,000,000.

The Princess Helene, of Montenegro, who may some day be the Queen, for she is reported to be the elected bride of the heir-apparent to the Russian throne, is said to be the prettiest royal girl in Eastern Europe.

M. Meliac, the successful comedian, is a plump, rotund and jolly man. His colleague, M. Ludovic Halevy, is just his opposite, being tall, serious and elegant.

Japan has now 2,000 newspapers, where twenty-five years ago not a single journal existed.

Brainy Youth.

[From the Jeweller's Circular.]

Senior Partner—We have now 100 men, and each costs us the average $1,000 a year. Would like to save on that.

Junior Partner—Ah, got good idea! Discharge all of them and we will save $100,000 a year.

Be Sure

That you get Hood's Sarsaparilla when you ask for it. Remember that efforts to sell you something else are simply because more profit will be made on the substitute. Therefore, insist upon

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best blood purifier, the best nerve helper, the best strength builder. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

She Meant Business.

A woman at least fifty years old was selling pop-corn and candy on a Hoboken ferry-boat the other day, when a man who had invested a nickel in her goods bluntly inquired:

"Aunty, are you a widow?"

"I am, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Perfectly free to marry again, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"In case the right man came along, I suppose—I suppose"——

"What d'ye mean, sir?" she demanded, as he hesitated. "If you intend to make a proposal, go ahead; if it's another cake of smashed pop-corn yer want, here's the same! I'm a business woman, sir, and I have no time for supposing cases!"

Hurt Her Feelings.

They were making ready to lower a new big boiler into the basement of the Sheriff's office one day last week, and the usual crowd had gathered to see what was going on, when a policeman was asked to press the people back and make more room for the workmen.

"Here—you!" he said to one of the old newspaper women who sell papers in City Hall Park. "What do you want here?"

"I'm a-sellin' of the b'iler, sir," she replied.

"Well, you go on!"

She moved away. But ten minutes later, when the crowd had thinned a little, she returned, and said to the officer:

"I'll not forget that of you, sir! I have the same rights as any man!"

"Of course you have," he soothingly replied, "but what does a woman know about getting a boiler down through a hole into a basement?"

"What does I know, sir—what does I know! Let me tell you that the man in this crowd, and I don't care how many brass buttons he has on his coat, who stands in that hole and attempts to lift that biler down is going to meet wid a joke which will tickle him to death and leave his widder to go out washing to support the children! It's move on, is it! Then don't blame me if anybody gets hurted!"

Jerry's Ingratitude.

He was a young man with a black eye, and he was explaining the matter to an officer at the Bridge entrance.

"You see," he began, "me and Jerry went up to Glen Island on Sunday. Me and Jerry has been like brothers for years, and never a hard word has passed between us. Jerry wanted to go bathing, but I says it was too cold and I wouldn't go. He calls me a liar and a chump and goes in by himself. What does he do but get a cramp and begin to drown. A gentleman he calls to him to brace up, and a lady calls to him to keep kicking, and a boy calls to him to turn on his back, but he keeps right on drowning."

"Went down, did he?"

"No, sir, but it was all owing to me that he didn't. When I sees there was no help for him and that my dear old friend was about to be taken away by death, I raises my voice and calls out:

"'Jerry, old man, was ye there?'

"And Jerry replies that he was, but he wouldn't be over ten seconds longer unless help came to save him. Then I raises my voice again and calls out:

"'Jerry, ye was a thief and a liar, and His Honor once gave ye three years at Two Sings! If ye'll come out o' that and stand up to me like a man I'll make ye holler fur quits in three minutes or own up that I'm no man!'"

"Then he went down, did he?" asked the officer.

"No, sir. Then he got mad, and his strength came back, and he paddled right to shore. Everybody said it was the salvation of him, and I'm sure it was. I went down and gave him my hand and helped him out, and I was a saying how thankful I was when he squares off and knocks me out of time and has to be held by four men. I'm leaving it to you, sir, if ever in all yer born days you've heard of another such case of ingratitude?"

M. QUAD.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Her Victory.

She raged in torrents of abuse.
He never spoke a word;
To watch his calm, impressive face
You would not know he heard.

She talked, and talked, and talked, and talked,
He kept his mouth closed tight;
Her language would have withered him
If words could blast and blight.

And so the sharp warfare was waged
In a one-sided way.
She scolded more and more enraged,
With more and more to say.

Till finally, quite breaking down,
She just began to cry
And so she won the victory—
Men know the reason why.

—*Somerville Journal.*

An Episode.

We had met on the bluff.
She was dashing and slim
In a white flannel frock and a yachting hat trim,
And her eyes looking under its tip-tilted brim
Were pretty enough.

In a few weeks—a bluff,
She believed I was rich.
I had thought her an heiress—the part little witch;
But we both were mistaken, and there was the hitch—
We had met on the bluff.

—*Kate Masterson, in Judge.*

Modesty.

That I am the most modest man alive
I truly think, and often tell my friends;
And they believe me, and, moreover say
My statement strength to their opinion lends.

—*Brooklyn Life.*

Damaging Testimony.

[From the Epoch.]

Attorney (to witness)—You know this man?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Attorney—What is his reputation for truth and veracity.

Witness—Well, he writes obituary verses.

A Fatal Objection.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"An actress should actually feel the sorrows she depicts. She should weep real tears."

"But think of the streaks they would wash on her cheeks."

Downed It.

[From the Epoch.]

"Did your husband take my temperance sermon to heart?" asked the Rev. Binks.

"Oh, yes. He got rid of all his whiskey."

"Good. Where is he now?"

"Sleeping it off."

In the Geography Class.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Teacher—Where is the State of Illinois?

Smart Scholar—Near the centre of the city of Chicago.

BE A LIFE SAVER.

Add Your Mite to the Fund for Sick Babies.

Money, Food, Clothing and Medicines Needed for the Tots.

Nell Nelson Describes a Few of the Many Sad Cases.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Previously acknowledged	$3,925.87
Richfield Springs entertainment	150.00
Campbell House entertainment	60.00
Marguerite Dixon	2.67
Henry Weiss	20.60
W. A. Boyd	2.00
May Kellard	5.00
Thornton Sandmore	10.00
J. M. H.	2.00
Rosalie and Milton	.50
T. C. N.	.25
J. E. S.	.10
Effie L. Grace	2.00
M. L. H.	.50
An Ohio Girl	.50
Little May L. Lynch	.25

All contributions sent to "The Evening World" office for the Sick Baby Fund should be directed to Cashier, New York "World," Pulitzer Building.

Packages containing clothes, &c., should be addressed to Mrs. Roberts, 36 West Thirty-fifth street.

Any one whose contribution to the Sick Baby Fund is not acknowledged in these columns will confer a favor by notifying the Editor of "The Evening World."

IN WANT AND MISERY.

Nell Nelson Tells of Some Sad Cases of Destitution.

A descendant of the immortal Lafayette lies dying from pain and hunger in a Bleecker street garret. For the past week Dr. Mason, of THE EVENING WORLD Corps of Free Physicians, has been treating the sick mother, and the Sick Babies' Fund has provided her and her three fatherless children with food and clothing.

Their abode is in the shadow of the old Stewart mansion, in the once fashionable quarter of the city, where the brass knocker, the carved mantle and the mahogany trimmings of the room still remain to argue the glories of the days that are no more. One room and one bed is all the little family can afford. When the doctor called there was literally nothing to eat and not a penny in the house to pay for the food the children needed or the medicine the proud French lady suffered for. A little girl brought one of the two chairs to the iron bedstead where she lay, a glare in the sunken face telling the tale hunger pencils with such cruel lines. An old broken stove, a few old boxes answering the double purpose of table and chairs, some dishes and tins, comprised the paltry assets of a once wealthy lady, at whose nod menials rendered service and honors. The little children are not ill. That is to say they have no disease, but they have no color, no vivacity, no inclination to romp and play; there is no flesh on their small bones and but very few garments.

Poverty and hunger have played sad havoc with them, and the dearth of pure air and sunlight and the complete absence of out-door exercise have made them almost ghostly in appearance. Madame G. was born a lady, and she wears her patched and faded dress with a grace that is seldom seen among the shadows of a great city. She is a woman whose pride had to break because it could not bend, and now that she is helpless, sick and destitute of provision and friends, she accepts the help that nature craves. Medicine has been provided, the little folks have been fed, and enough wholesome food put in the empty pantry for a week's board.

But clothing is needed, and many, many dimes to pay the rent and keep the wolf at bay until the proper societies can be interested. There are many persons who much prefer to select the recipients of their bounty, who honestly believe that the born poor can never be bettered and whose sympathies go out to the reduced gentle people and shipwrecked patricians. To that class the case of Mme. G. is respectfully submitted as being worthy in every particular of their interest. Many of us can beg, but this woman would rather die, and she will unless help comes.

Among Dr. Mary Herrick's proteges is a family of four, living in a poor little frame building down near James slip. They have the luxury of three rooms, and everything is kept clean and tidy. There are two boys of seven and five years, bright, pretty fellows, but thin and delicate looking.

A year ago the younger child had his right arm crushed by an ice cart. You can guess the story and fill in the correct details. It was July, a hot afternoon. The poor four-year old lost his footing in reaching for the crystal too small to be missed by the imaginary seen driver. At the hospital every means were tried to save the white little arm but to no purpose. The surrender seemed like the grimest injustice of Fortune, for the boy was already cross eyed.

Yesterday, when Dr. Herrick asked how he was, he smiled and said with affected pride: "Very well."

"But they won't stay well very long unless they have some food. Jakey is not strong," said the mother, drawing the one-armed child to her and showing the ridge the small, bare ribs made along the shirt waist, "and can't live on bread as we do. He needs a bischen butter, a bischen milk or an egg. But"—and here she thought of the poor husband walking the streets of New York in the hope of finding something, anything to do and burst into tears.

For five weeks he had been unable to earn even a dime. They were ashamed to ask for help and were almost starving. They actually lived on bread, and the same tea-leaves had been drawn so often that the water when poured was simply water that had been boiled.

Dr. Herrick wasted no time philosophizing She took the woman then and there, with the tears still wet on her face, to the nearest grocery store and sent her home again with all the bundles she could carry. The supply will last a week, and then help will come from—from you?

Not a great deal is asked. The man has the right kind of spirit. He will find employment when trade begins, and then his family will be cared for. In the meantime whatever help is rendered will keep the thin, delicate-looking boys from falling ill.

On the top floor of a "double-decker" in the same locality the doctor found a woman who from all appearances is having a hard struggle with the world and its misfortunes. She has four children of her own to care for besides a nursling, which brings in a few dollars a month for its board. Her husband left her penniless in this condition last March, and has not been heard from since. One of her babies is ill with pneumonia and requires all her attention; the nursling, sick with summer complaint, keeps her tired down and she is unable to get any work that she can do at home. The family came from Poland last Winter with a comfortable sum of money, but the husband fell among thieves and squandered everything. Now they have scarcely any furniture or clothing and are necessarily dependent on people in the house for food, the foster baby paying the rent. The woman is really not able to work. Being sick nearly all the time and partially crippled by some deformity—these lamentable conditions which should have moved her husband's compassion may have led him to abandon her.

The case is pitiful. Can't you do something to relieve it, to increase the comforts of the two sick babies, and help the poor mother to bear the load?

NELL NELSON.

AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.

A Programme of Unusual Excellence to Be Given for the Fund.

A fine programme is announced for the Town Hall, Saratoga, to-morrow evening, for THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund. Manager George M. Wood has secured a large number of volunteer artists—musical, vocal and dramatic—whose talent alone, apart from the charity, should attract a brilliant audience.

First comes the ever-popular and delightful actress, Marguerite St. John, in her celebrated impersonation of Barbara in Jerome's little masterpiece, assisted by pretty Winnie Shannon, Alfred Burnham and others.

Master Henry Levy, the famous boy pianist, whose success at the Dennreuth concerts of the Metropolitan Opera-House was so marked, will be heard. Eleanor M. Beebee, the finesse prano; Frank Lawton, the inimitable whistler; Harry Lucastone, baritone, and Marion Carruthers, the young society lady who dances as La Carmencita, are to appear.

Then the local amateurs and others contribute their share. The Saratoga Male Quartet, the well-known Dr. L. Barall in a recitation, Mrs. Stafford Henry, a favorite local soprano; the Clarendon Orchestra, by kind permission of Mr. Averill, and the clever accompanist, Isidore Luckstone.

Truly, as announced, a great programme for a great charity.

Messrs. Tompkins and Gage, of the United States Hotel; Col. Woolworth, of the Grand Union, with his efficient managers; Mr. Clement, of the Congress Hall, and Mr. Averill, of the Clarendon, are all taking a generous interest in the affair, and there is every reason to hope that the visitors and cottagers will attend in goodly numbers, and place a generous sum to the credit of the Fund.

Rarely indeed has such an array of talent been collected out of New York to minister to the needs of those poor tenement waifs, and the thanks of THE EVENING WORLD are due to them as well as to the generous public who will applaud their efforts.

At Richfield Springs, where only a part of the above programme was given, the local press said:

"Every number was a gem, and the artists were compelled to respond again and again to the recalls of the delighted audience."

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

Guests of the Campbell House Give a Fine Entertainment.

To the Editor:

I beg herewith to inclose you check for $80, being the amount realized from an entertainment given at the Campbell House, Tannersville, N. Y., on Monday evening, July 20, in aid of one of the greatest charities, "THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund."

It is owing to the indefatigable zeal of Mrs. I. Levy, of New York City, assisted by Mr. M. W. Lipas and Mr. Katz, that the entertainment resulted in the great success, social as well as financial, as evinced by the inclosed check, the tickets being 25 cents each.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon all those participating in the entertainment, through whose endeavors this entertainment in your noble cause succeeded so well, and it is with great pleasure that I forward this check to you, being fully cognizant that through it many a little poor soul in our great metropolis will be enabled to start on the rugged road of life with a far better physical body than the poor little things otherwise would have possessed.

The parlors and dining-room of the house were twined into a garden of roses, the guests of the house having done their utmost to beautify and adorn.

Following is the programme:

Overture	By Orchestra
Opening Address	Counsellor A. S. Rosenthal
Piano Solo	Miss Kahn
Recitation	Miss N. Fleischhauer
Song	Miss Friess
Recitation	Dr. Henry Pick
Violin Solo	J. Nova
Leader of Amphion Theatre, Brooklyn.	
Song	Miss Frank
Banjo Solo and Comical Sayings	S. H. Weinhandler
Recitation	Miss N. Brodsky
Divertisment	Messrs. F. Blair & Co

The exercises were well rendered, the recitations of Miss Nora Fleischauer, Miss Brothers and Mr. Weinhandler and the songs of Miss Friess and Miss Frank being received in such a demonstrative manner that they had to respond to an encore.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Alexander, Mrs. Pergotsin and son, Mrs. Behrens and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. S. Kurzman, Mrs. C. H. Endel, Mrs. Fleischauer and daughter, Miss Selma Blath, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones, Miss Tillie Altmayer, Mr. and Mrs. Brandt, Mrs. Lieberman and daughter, Miss Meyer, Mr. S. Weinhandler, Mr. Oscar Weinberg, Mr. Henry M. Stern, Mr. Joseph Harris, Mr. John Cassidy and wife, the Misses Jackson, Mr. Katz, Mrs. I. H. Green, Mrs. Julius Landauer, Mrs. John Kafka, Mrs. Mountner, Mr. Jack Sabes, Mrs. L. F. Hirsch, Mrs. B. Stahl, Mr. Max Beck, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beck, Miss Pauline Tieber, Miss Sadie Beck, Mrs. A. Gans, Mrs. J. Sterling, Mrs. Needles, Miss Ray Alexander.

JOSEPH J. GREEN.

Genna & Co.'s Employees.

Following is the list of employees of Genna & Co., 55 Beach street, whose combined contribution of $44.10 was acknowledged in yesterday's EVENING WORLD:

M. Grogan, John O'Brien, W. Kerston, 25c. each; F. Wilmott, 10; John Harrison, 15; M. Abrahams, Tony De Carlos, 10 each; F. Harrington, 15; Sam Rosin, 25; J. Wilhan, Todd, Jim Gross, M. Cassidis, 10 each; Victor Gaines, 15; Lew Mattles, 10; John Mawley, Thos. Evans, 25 each; A. Armuth, 15; John Thein, 10; M. Grose, 15; W. O'Dea, Peter Friday, L. Rosenstine, T. Sheedy, 10 each; Con Shea, 15; D. Pichnan, W. Moran, Con Hanley, 10 each; W. Warner, 25; P. Frazier, 15; John Grose, John Frank, Jos. Monoko, 10 each; Thomas McLaren, Sam Cohen, M. Walsh, 25c. each; F. Cleg, R. Walsh, John McGovern, M. Flinn, 10c. each; N. Beandon, 15c.; Jim Belt-vash, N. Coletta, 10c. each; Joseph Frongio, John Doyle, Al. Moralla, H. Stingle, 15c. each; John Scheldorfer, John Esiting, John Froehlich, jr., 25c. each; W. Baumann, 15c.; W. M. Kenzie, J. Fossie, B. Hoffmeister, 25c. each; H. Rose, 10c.; John Krohmeir, John Mayer, T. Frank, P. Riley, 25c. each; William Boehm, 15c.; S. Benp, 25c.; William Clark, 15c.; W. Elliott, H. Strauss, F. Pfeiffer, F. Rosenfeld, H. Klingberger, P. Gross, N. Gold, O. Dearlounger, 25c. each; Sam Gold, 15c.; Frank A. Hehe, 25c.; T. Richard, 15c.; Misbacker, 25c.; Joseph Weiss, T. Rich, 15c. each; V. Sevory, 25c.; L. Sivort, J. Vallinon, 15c. each; J. Frankto, 10c.; M. Liedeman, 25c.; C. Boehm, R. Swartze, 15c. each; Pagann, B. Schiering, Ruin, 25c. each; Clark, 10c.; Jacob Wild, J. Compart, 25c. each; C. Mack, 15c.; E. Sorfo, Sam Unter, B. Freeberger, O. Feinsilver, 15c. each; D. Kohn, 25c.; A. Warshavsky, 15c.; B. Grossman, 10c.; Peter Fitzsimmons, Chas. Weinberg, Tim Hays, 50c. each; Peter Pondaro, 25c.; Chas. Mendrick, 20c.; Otto Pitchman, Chas. Rodericks, P. Serozati, James MacLeod, 25c. each; John Coyan, 50c.; Tom Dwyer, 25c.; Dan Hogan, 50c.; Joe Hickerson, 10c.; G. Jones, 50c.; Wm. Roberts, R. Slaughter, Chas. Mecusker, John Donnelly, John Carroll, Thos. Cosgwell, 25c. each; John Flynn, 50c.; John Glynn, O. C. Branley, J. Humphreyville, 25c. each; H. Spitzbart, O. Fiesler, M. Maddesberg, 10c. each; A. Sharpre, James Finnegan, 25 each; M. Gillon, Max Eglestein, Sam Norynsel, Abraham Wentrand, Ike Silverman, 10 each; B. Brodi, 25; V. Briscatt, 15; A. Belmanoff, C. Bell, A. Bunga, 25 each; L. Elzalara, 10; L. Bricatt, J. Bunzeno, C. Bunga, J. Beeder, R. Carmeno, J. Cardenardi, 25 each; C. Gumeo, R. Fellog, 15 each; F. Dundaro, Jo. Dundaro, A. Gin Vico, A. Gabcreno, C. Gumboro, C. Giovanna, M. Grard, C. Girardi, H. Boeter, P. Laffy, M. Lachingri, S. Ferris, W. Foley, 25 each; B. Victor, 15; J. Zino, J. Lyons, 25 each; C. Marra, 10; D. O'Brien, C. Monahon, J. Fodesta, P. Pode, A. Phillips, F. Fisser, M. Roth, M. Rosenwaser, J. Raffy, I. Fenonella, 25 each; G. Sweeny, 20; W. Snee, L. Burgess, 25 each; M. Girich, 15; Mrs. Hathaway, Mary Quinn, Eliza Bemish, Rosie Weinberg, Annie Cunningham, Maggie Phillips, Katie Robberts, Katie O'Brien, Maggie Wachter, Sarah Rock, Katie Byrnes, G. Wolf, 25 each; N. Fries, 10; R. Colon, 5; S. Wagner, Ch. Ardando, Baso, S. Perrick, A. Stenneno, S. Rosenblum 10 each; I. Vinture, 15; L. Delany, 25; M. Meyer, M. Redigen, 10 each; H. Beiman, 20c.

I. Foppiano, 10c.; I. Klein, 15c.; H. Schukerman, 10c.; A. Kaufman, 15c.; G. Bayaldo, 25c.; M. Belman, A. Foppiano, L. Cassinetta, 10c. each; K. Kaberino, 15c.; L. Schular, 8c. Foppiano, 10c. each; M. Ash, 25c.; F. Caradally, 10c.; H. Ballsie, 25c.; L. Isiow, 10c.; H. Rosenburg, 15c.; D. Comonho, 10c.; T. Cotts, S. Goldstein, 15c. each; I. Silverman, S. Lavonevsky, 10c. each; L. Lohrifer, 20c.; S. Colomb, A. Liebers, 10c. each; M. Woods, 15c.

Henry Weiss's Collection.

Henry Weiss, of 235 East Eighty-fifth street, sends $20.60 for the Sick Baby Fund, representing amounts collected from various persons. A full list of the contributors will be printed in to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

Effie's Collection.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $2, which I have collected among my friends. I am a little girl ten years old. I hope it will benefit some poor little child.

173 East One Hundred and Seventh street.

Marguerite's Good Work.

To the Editor:

I felt so sorry for the poor little sick babies that I collected some money for them. I send it with the names of those who gave it.

MARGUERITE DIXON.

Mr. Masters, 25c.; Ada W. Dixon, 10; Florence Dixon, 5; Mamma, 25; Clara Easton, 25; Mrs. Beeler, 10; Mr. Wright, 10; Mrs. Wright, 10; Percy Wright, 5; Bessie Wright, 1; Mabel Wright, 2; Ben Dixon, 2; Bella Fallon, 5; Evelyn Fisher, 10; Tonia Fisher, 10; Mrs. Fisher, 75; James Dixon, 7; Grace Wright, 5; Allan N. Fairchild, 25; total, $2.67.

Little May's Tribute.

I am so glad you are helping the poor sick babies this Summer. I inclose you 25 cents and hope as I grow older to do more. I am only two and a half years old now. Hoping success will crown your efforts.

LITTLE MAY L. LYNCH.

Two Little Helpers.

To the Editor:

Please accept our mite, 50 cents, to aid the success of the Sick Babies' Fund.

ROSALIE and MILTON.

GHOSTS IN GEORGIA.

Two Young Lovers Haunt the Scene of Their Death.

An interesting story, with the scene laid at Montezuma, is going the rounds, says the Atlanta *Constitution*. It dates back many years, when one Thomas Dargin kept a ferry on Flint River, near the present town of Montezuma. Dargin's daughter Mary fell in love with Ned Vines, a dashing young stage driver.

The girl's father opposed the match and an elopement was planned. One dark, stormy night they undertook to cross the swollen stream in the ferryboat which was managed by means of a chain stretched from bank to bank.

When they were a short distance from land Dargin (to whom their secret had been betrayed by a negro) rushed out, wild with rage and unfastened the chain.

The darkness of the night, the swift water and the tanglewood along the banks of the river made escape from their perilous position impossible. They could but drift whither the cruel waters carried them, and soon the stout boat was wrecked on a pointed rock.

Next day the drowned lovers were found washed ashore several miles below the ferry, lovingly clasped in each other's arms. This sight touched the heart of the cruel parent, and his anger was turned to remorse. He leaned over their bodies, beautiful even in death, and wept bitter tears. Then, remembering it was the deed of his own hands, he cast himself into the angry flood.

This place is haunted to the present day. Each midnight a phantom boat may be seen to glide across the murky waters until the chain is loosed; and on stormy nights, by the glare of the lightning's flash, the quivering spectator can see the forms of Mary Dargin and her handsome lover, locked in close embrace, in the ill-fated boat as they are borne by the gurgling waters to the pointed rock.

LYRE BIRD FANS.

A Novelty That Originated in Australia and May Become a Fad.

A novel and handsome fan which has attracted considerable attention lately belongs to the contralto, Mrs. W. A. Green, of New York, and is the result of a desire to carry away with her a souvenir entirely typical of the country she is visiting, says *Town and Country*, published at Sydney, N. S. W.

The fan is of Australian manufacture, and is formed of a full-sized lyre bird's tail, supported by four large ostrich feathers in gray. These are held in place by a silver cup, beautifully embossed in lyre bird and ostrich feather design.

The handle is of ivory, with a silver shield containing the monogram. The blending of the two grays, in both the stiff and the pilant feathers, is very beautiful, and the lighter silver trimmings complete a most harmonious whole.

The idea that a lyre bird fan would be unique and original occurred to Mrs. Green some months ago, and has resulted most happily.

The lady carried it at the last Carrington ball at the Government House, where it excited much comment, and was especially admired by Lady Carrington, who ordered one like it with plumes and silver trimmings, and upon her return to England presented it to the Princess of Wales.

Not That Kind.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Customer—These collars don't suit me. They don't sit well on my neck.

Clerk—How can you expect them to sit when they are standing collars.

At the Political Meeting.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"A rattling good speaker, isn't he?"

"Yes—he rattles, and that's about all he can do."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Pretty Tennis Dresses—White Felt Sailor Hats for the Seaside—Cheviot Bathing Dresses—French Designs in Shoes.

The prettiest of tennis dresses have a skirt and blazer of plaid or striped flannel or wool taffeta, with a blouse or waist of the color of the groundwork in the figured material. Many wear a waist of wash silk, but a woolen fabric is considered more healthful.

Miss Emily Dickinson, whose poems have been published only since her death, is said to have left 800 manuscripts of complete poems and fragments of nearly as many more. Her shyness amounted almost to a mania, and her later years were spent entirely in her own home. She loved children, and had a habit of lowering gifts to them from her windows.

At Spring Lake, N. J., not twenty miles south of Asbury Park, the girls go into the surf barefoot and barelegged, and all the people in the pavilion think they are sensible.

Sailor hats of white felt are revived for seaside wear. They are higher in the crown than the straw sailor hats now worn, and have a stiff trim widely bound. Their trimming is merely a band of white ribbon for very young ladies, while those who prefer fuller trimming add white wings on the left side, or a large rosette made of thick grosgrain ribbon. Yellow ribbon bands and bows are on other white felt hats, and still others have a soft, full rosette of chiffon of pale yellow tint holding two wings that may be either white or yellow.

Miss M. G. McClelland, author of "Oblivion," "A Self-Made Man," and other novels, is described as "of middle age, tall and slender, with iron-gray hair, parted over her forehead." She never attended school, but was educated by her mother.

Wiry stiff Cheviots of coarse quality are preferred to the flannels formerly used for bathing dresses. They are made with the princess garment combining waist and knickerbockers, and a short skirt is belted on. Jersey wool suits do not shrink, and are commended at the best houses. The waist and skirt are in one piece in these dresses, and the skirt is made much fuller than those formerly seen. The drawers are close-fitting, like equestrian tights, and have stockings woven with them. They cost $8 a suit.

In France women are employed in freight and railroad offices making out bills and selling tickets. In every depot where the tickets are handled by a fair agent there is a big officer on guard to anticipate any disturbance. The hours are from 9 till 5 and the year has 300 working days. Wages are paltry. A beginner gets 50 cents a day and head clerks from $200 to $300 a year besides a right to a pension, either given as a reward by the Company or secured by a percentage levied regularly on the wages of each individual. Before being admitted to these so much sought-after appointments, each applicant has to prove that she is either a daughter, wife, or widow of one of the men employed in some of the departments of the same administration, and further, she has to pass an examination in spelling, writing and arithmetic, certificates of school examination never being taken into account whatever.

With all the societies, clubs and circles there are known to be thousands and tens of thousands of workingwomen and shop-girls who toil in the factories and workrooms from early morning till late at night, who have never slept out of New York or experienced the charm of seashore or country life.

French designers are hard at work on the shoes of fashion. They are introducing gold and silver kid for the fronts, with white satins, and some of their special make of bows diminish the apparent size of the foot, and are exceedingly quaint and pretty. Red fronts to black patent leather shoes are among the special novelties of the moment, and the embroideries prepared for the dress shoes have never been more beautifully carried out, the designs are generally of a pointed shape, tapering towards the toes; some of them worked in the finest gold thread or beads.