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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

RAD MANAGEMENT AND POOR WORK.

THE EVENING WORLD claims that New York's streets can be kept in better condition than they are at present, and at no greater expense.

There is a slovenliness about the whole of the Street-Cleaning Department that is deplorable.

HANS S. BEATTIE, its head, as far as THE EVENING WORLD has been able to learn, does not properly attend to business, and those under him do not do their work as they should.

That the streets can be cleaned was shown yesterday. On Monday THE EVENING WORLD told of a number of places where the filth was worst, and quoted a number of those who suffered most from it.

Yesterday these spots were cleared of dirt, and an effort was made by employees of the Street-Cleaning Department to bully those who had been bold enough to complain.

With proper overseeing New York need not have the dirtiest streets of any of our big cities.

Commissioner BEATTIE is responsible to Mayor GRANT.

THE SCARE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

A fine St. Bernard dog was shot to death yesterday because some frightened people declared him mad.

He had got on the street, and excited by other dogs had bitten them. There is too much scare about hydrophobia. Dogs are subject to disorders as well as men.

If a dog gets sick the chances are he may be shot as mad.

In reality there are but few cases of dogs having hydrophobia, and even people bitten by these do not always get the rabies.

The population of the United States is 65,000,000, and last year forty-two persons are reported to have died of hydrophobia in all this big territory.

This would make the percentage of deaths infinitesimally small, and indeed it is probable that some of these are from other causes.

Blood poisoning is more apt to result from the scratch of a rusty nail than from the bite of a dog.

The assertion of the director of Pasteur Institute of this city that his system of inoculation is sure because only one of 251 injected patients died, would be humorous were not the subject so serious.

There is the strongest probability that the inoculation made no difference at all. There was a plan on foot to establish in this city a similar but larger institution on the same lines as GIBBS', but the failure of Dr. Koch's lymph cure has acted as a set-back to this venture.

A little woman has thrashed in court a lawyer who wantonly assailed her character. This should please the legal profession, which is hurt by having in it a blackguard now and then whose actions reflect on the whole organization.

The Jersey City Faith Cure, which refused medical attendance, trusting to Providence to cure his cancer, is dead. His friends may feel that they are not entirely blameless.

The next tax rate will be the lowest New York has seen since 1862. The reduction will be welcomed by taxpayers, but they cannot keep wondering what is the reason for it.

The Italian Government is to take steps towards restricting emigration. Italy's population is on the decrease. Why not keep back the paupers and criminals?

A young man, one of a gang who have long been annoying women on the street, was arrested yesterday. The police should also bag his companions.

BOSS QUAY and BOSS MAHER have clasped hands across the bloody chasm. Fear generally cuts down the barriers built by generosity.

If Commissioner ROOSEVELT continues in his wild career he will not be as popular with his Republican friends as he was.

It is unfortunate that Gov. CAMPBELL should be sick. The Ohio tangle is important, and every soldier is needed.

"Old Hutch" is again ahead. His profits on the rise in wheat is like Hancock's show. He won't stay down.

THE WORLD'S exposure and breaking up of the great goods gang must excite admiration in the police.

Another warm wave is on its way to us. May the Weather Clerk make it a little one.

Counterfeit coin is around again. Look out for it.

Wants the prettiest bride to wear that you can give. If you can't give a good one, give a good one.

THE CLEANER.

On the Boulevard yesterday I saw ex-Civil Justice John C. Carr speeding behind a fast trotter, bound for the races at Guttenberg. Carr conducts a drug store in Jersey City, and has time to indulge his proclivities for trials of speedy animals. He is one of the promoters and active officials of the Hudson County Jockey Club.

Now Seventeenth street, below First avenue, is the home of the contractor. I say in the hands of the contractor because he has not yet made the slightest provision to keep traffic open for vehicles, suffering Father Knickerbocker! Do the streets belong in fee to the contractors?

Police Capt. Copeland, of the Charles street station, I notice, is trying hard to stave off being retired under the sixty years old provision of the Police Department. I am told that the proofs of his service to the army during the late unpleasantness which he has submitted will ward off the contemplated blow. A great many people admire Capt. Copeland for his sterling qualities and believe that the force would lose an active and efficient officer by his retirement.

President Harrison looked anything but the chief Executive of this great land as he stood on the back platform of his special car in the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey City yesterday. His hands were above his head in his pockets, and as he conversed with General Passenger Agent Boyd, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he resembled a business man discussing the prospects of trade. I heard several men express doubt that he really was the President.

Wall street men, stock, grain and oil brokers, clerks and office boys, who cannot get away from the races at Guttenberg or Jersey Park have every facility for playing the horses each day right at hand. One of the biggest pool-rooms in the town is located in New street only a few doors from the stock exchange, and every afternoon it is crowded to the street. Continual stream passes in and out of the doorway, and there is always a crowd on the curb discussing the chances on long shots in the various events of the day's card. Brokers and their messenger boys elbow each other in their eagerness to place their money, and the bustle is kept up till the last race has been run.

The steekier brothers are conducting a unique political campaign against Tammany Hall. Their latest move was to have the lively march, composed on the occasion of their break with the Wigwam played by all the departments of the city. It is rather an average photograph music in point of excellence, too.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Why are the lady clerks in the telegraph offices so stout?

Why is the atmosphere of the city churches so stuffy and close?

Why have I never taken my fourth or fifth vacation since twelve months ago?

Why is all the money appropriated for street-cleaning purposes properly expended?

Why do the reason conductors of the L. trains do not call out the names of the stations so that they can be understood?

Why doesn't Mrs. Gen. Grant request the Memorial Committee to build a shopgirls' home or a day nursery instead of a meaningless monument?

Why are the stenographers containing the notes of the streets and stations along the Manhattan Highway less conspicuous than the advertising signs?

Why are the men who clean the streets so dirty?

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Bill Wain's Square.

A New Yorker who was out in Montana last month was drawn on a Coroner's jury to go out to a mine and hold an inquest on the body of a man killed by a premature explosion. When the crowd reached the spot it was to find the supposed corpse sitting up and very much alive.

"Bill, how's this," asked the much surprised Coroner, as he took in the situation.

"I dunno," replied Bill.

"You ain't dead, is seem."

"No."

"But they said you were."

"I suppose they thought I was."

"But they sent me word, and I've brought a jury down."

"Well, am I to blame?"

"Look here, Bill!" continued the official in an injured tone. "This is the third time inside of a year I've trotted out here to hold an inquest on you and been monkeyed with! Don't let it happen again! I've no time to fool away in this fashion. If you are going to get killed go at it and have it over with; if you ain't then stop this monkey-work or you'll get me!"

"Bill growled that he was doing the best he could under the circumstances, and that he was not the man to make anybody needless trouble, and the Coroner took the New Yorker aside and said:

"I am sorry, but you see how it is. He ought to be dead, but as he ain't we have got to call the inquest off."

"Oh, that's all right. I was quite willing to come as one of the jurors."

"Sorry to put you to the trouble, as I said before, but Bill is one of the meanest critters on this side-hill. Get him counting on him, though I'll get him in course of time. Going to be in town long?"

"Three or four days."

"Then it's all right. We've slipped a cog on Bill, but we're sure to pick up something else in that time, and I'll make you foreman of the jury!"

The Man Who Shivered.

Just as the thermometer had touched 91 degrees he appeared at the entrance of the bridge to take the promenade.

He wore a heavy felt hat, a Fall overcoat over a Winter suit, and a pair of gloves on his hands. It was such a sight as you might expect to see in November. The police on duty mopped their faces and stared.

The newsmen rubbed their perspiring foreheads with their elbows and were silent. The old man, whose pink-colored suspenders had "run" on him and left a stain which could be seen through his light coat, caught his breath and opened his eyes very wide, but he hadn't strength enough left to say a word.

And the man in the Winter suit stood near the ticket office and shivered as the icy blast struck him. Then he passed along a few feet and slipped his gloved hands together to warm them.

The twenty men who sat on the benches, with rivulets running down their backs, gazed at him and wondered if they were dreaming or awake, but they never spoke.

And he passed into the hot sun, while he basking the asphalt with the heat of 120 degrees, and shivered like a mouse and headed across the bridge. People stopped in amazement; men with umbrellas, who were wondering if they would ever live to cross, were almost paralyzed as he hastened by. Half way across the bridge two policemen tried to stop him, but he dodged both and kept on. It was not until he reached the Brooklyn end that he paused. Then he walked up to a fat man who was seated on a bench and melting away by inches and surveyed him with lofty contempt for two long minutes without a word. Then he pulled out a card and handed it to him. As the fat man read he swooned away. The card read:

"No, it is not hot enough for me! Please give the crank another turn!"

M. Quad.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Warm Weather Remarks.

The blacksmith is shoeing the flies.

His axdent son shoots in a mud.

While the city sweeper is maulin his dog

And the lamp chimney sits in the shade,

Society's damsel departs by the sea;

To catch the fish with her net;

The bell with merrily rings the wind,

The dancer's companion to be.

The baseball is frequently hot,

Quite vorid the duckling young f-

The editor only is usually warm.

AILING INFANTS.

They Look to You for Help Through the Hot Weather.

Confined in Small Rooms Without Light or Air.

Every Dollar Makes Some Poor Toddy.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged \$5,000 Concert at Tannersville \$3.25 Children of North Country \$2.00 Mrs. Deas and Belle Craig \$1.00 A Friend \$1.00 Fallburg Theatricals \$1.25 Employees of Barnett & Co. \$1.00 For Jaimie's sake \$1.00 In His Name \$1.00 L. \$1.00

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

Packages containing clothes, etc., 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."

CONCERT AT TANNERSVILLE.

Guests of the Waverly House Bazaar \$63.25 for the Sick Babies.

Miss Henriette Beckendorf, a guest at the Waverly House, Tannersville, N. Y., arranged and carried out a most successful concert for the Sick Baby Fund.

It was held Sunday evening in the hotel parlors, and at its conclusion the sum of \$63.25 was put in the treasury. Following is the programme:

1. Waltz, "Miss Henriette Beckendorf." Moszkowski

2. Chanson Espagnole, "Delibes

3. La Fille aux Chapeaux de Paille, "Bartolacci

4. Rose et Malin, "Gounod

5. Marche, "Gounod

6. Recitation, "Miss Henriette Beckendorf.

7. Waltz, "Miss Henriette Beckendorf.

8. Spring Song, "Gounod

9. Tremolo, "Miss Henriette Beckendorf.

Miss Beckendorf is a pianist of well-known ability, and her several selections were heartily applauded by the programme.

Two, were all good in their respective specialties.

Among those present were the Misses Loeb, of Savannah, Ga.; J. Kemper and sister, Miss Strauss, Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, of Savannah; Mr. and Mrs. Bernhardt, Miss Hay Kaufman and Miss Himmel.

Mr. Deas, the organist, and to him much of the credit is due.

Stag Party for the Babies.

Intended you will find programme of talent that will appear at the stag party tendered by the Olympian A. C., 136 Bowery, for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund, Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8 o'clock.

Boxing—Chas. Weiss, John Hoffman, Harry Weiss, Barney Hoffman, Olympian A. C.; Sam Kohn, City A. C.; Jay Englander, O. A. C.; Frank Hickey, City A. C.; Harry Hickey, Wm. Hall, John Shanahan, O. A. C.; Jack Nolan, Mike Mick, Acorn A. C.; Masatos, Olympian A. C.

Wrestling—by Mike Berger, Pastime A. C.; Frank Hickey, City A. C.; Harry Hickey, Olympian A. C.; Charles Beck, Greenwood, City A. C.; Harry Hickey, Olympian A. C.; Henry Hickey, City A. C.; Harry Hickey, Olympian A. C.; Harry Hickey, Olympian A. C.; John H. Schultze, Olympian A. C.

Amateur Theatricals.

Inclosed please find \$4.25, receipts of a private theatrical entertainment tendered by two little girls and two little boys, aged five and seven years respectively, at the residence of Mr. A. Page, at 305 Fallburg, Sullivan County, N. Y. The boys recited with much ability, and the girls sang with much gusto. The proceeds of the entertainment may aid in the good work for the relief of the little ones.

MAYBE BROWN, LOTT SHONOHAN, JOSIE BERKOWITZ, MORTIE BERKOWITZ.

Employees of Handkerchief Factory.

I inclosed \$1.70, which I have collected from the employees of Barnett & Co.'s handkerchief factory. I wish it were more, but I hope it will help the good cause.