The World

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

INDIGNATION WITH CONSEQUENCES.

The investigation of THE EVENING WORLD reporters shows that streets which are not great thoroughfares are intentionally neglected. Sometimes the cleaners do not go near them for weeks, and when they do the work is not done thoroughly. Whether Mr. BEATTIE is cognizant of this he declines to say. Indeed, he declines to say anything at all, and the supposition is allowable that he knows nothing about it, or does not care.

There is a limit to endurance, and the indignation that the neglect of their welfare has aroused in the householders is more serious than those who are responsible for Mr. BEATTIE may realize. Mutterings of discontent can be heard all over, and many openly say that their displeasure will be materially expressed next November.

THE HENKEN DIVORCE SUIT.

The case of HENKEN against HENKEN, which was decided yesterday in Brooklyn in favor of the plaintiff, has an interesting feature that may escape the casual reader. The suit was for absolute divorce, brought by the husband on the statutory grounds. In the testimony presented was a letter from the defendant in which occurs this passage:

For breakfast I eat oatmeal, three chops, a plate of fried potatoes, and two glasses of milk and two pieces of bread. I eat for dinner soup, fish, roast beef, potatoes, lettuce, beans, tomatoes, pudding and watermelon.

Whether this was put forward to influence the jurors, who were all married men, is not apparent. There is no means of either telling whether it had anything to do with the verdict. A wife's appetite, heretofore, has never been put in evidence as testimony against her. If Mrs. HENKEN had brought the suit, and had produced the above as grounds for increase of alimony, there is no doubt about it having very material effect. As the matter stands there is little hope of this mystery ever being cleared away.

TO MAKE SAFE THE TUNNEL.

THE EVENING WORLD'S fight to make the Fourth Avenue Tunnel safe is bearing good fruit. A new signal system is about to be introduced to take the place of the "system that was infallible," and which was at the mercy of the station operators' lead pencils. Sets of towers for regulating the trains are to be built and the ventilating apparatus heretofore described in THE EVENING WORLD will soon be in operation.

There is more risk in the Tunnel in Winter than during the Summer, and it is hoped that the changes will be made before cold weather sets in.

A Shaving Trust stares us in the face. Italian barbers insist that there is no profit in five-cent shaves and want to combine on ten cents. Barbers are generally supposed to cut rather than to raise.

Imagine GEORGE WASHINGTON or ANDREW JACKSON, decked with roses and sweet-pea blossoms, addressing a gathering of their fellow-citizens. Mr. HARRISON prefers to make precedents.

The Spuyten Duyvil accident was caused by the engineer of the local train, who, in spite of stops and danger signals, pushed as if he had a clear track. Consider it, Mr. NICOLL.

A trip of 3,400 miles in four days and eighteen hours is rapid travelling. That is the time Mr. CELRICHS has just made between here and California.

Gen. MAHONE bobs up again. He says that fair elections in Virginia are impossible, and advises Republicans of that State to quit the field.

NEIL Dow believes in the whipping-post. He thinks that it would stop liquor-selling in Maine. Better not try it, however.

The Street-Cleaning Aid Society will flush a street to-night. Even small favors are appreciated in street cleaning nowadays.

The swarm of fleas which hopped on Harlem the other day are on the way downtown. Many of them are taking the horse-cars.

ANDREW D. WHITE does not strike the casual observer as the man that T. C. PLATT would like to see Governor.

A young girl while losing her teeth lost also her heart. Her parents objected to the marriage. But love laughed at locks, and the maid eloped with the knight of the forceps. Moral—Send your children to married dentists.

Some years ago Rome was saved by geese. A yellow dog saved a brewery from destruction last night.

Our Coroners are slow in attending to business, but fast in making excuses.

Another fire in a brewery. What does it all mean?

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

How will the election inspector fight result?

Has Andrew D. White taken passage for Europe?

Isn't the high collar racket at the seashore resorts a matter for public rejoicing?

How would it do to stir up the Park Commissioners and get them to skim the ponds near the Sixth avenue gate?

Has Amelie Rives Chandler's arrival in New York anything to do with the prospective publication of her drivelling story, "According to St. John?"

Couldn't the presiding officer of the Arsenal in Central Park afford to be a little more polite, especially to womenfolks who apply to him for information?

Isn't it lamentable that well-bred people like the Roosevelts haven't wits enough to put a sixteenth century screen in front of the door leading to the closet where the family skeletons are kept?

THE CLEANER.

One of the campaign arguments advanced against the election of Hempstead Washburne as Mayor of Chicago was that he was a cigarette-smoking dude. Mr. Washburne was elected notwithstanding this serious charge. No one thought to accuse Hugh J. Grant of smoking cigarettes during the last Mayoralty campaign in this city, although New York's Executive is an inveterate consumer of the paper cylinders. Turkish cigarettes are Mayor Grant's favorites.

* * *

A well-dressed, portly gentleman occupied one of the front seats on a Weehawken ferry-boat last night. A tired-looking woman, eyeing the space he occupied, timidly asked him if there was any room. "Plenty of room to stand, mum, but not to sit down," was his reply, followed by a guffaw at his own joke. When the boat was nearly at the dock, he moved a big valise from beside him and invited the woman to sit on it. The offer was curtly declined.

* * *

It is a source of wonder that the number of drowning accidents on the Hudson does not mount up in the scores. In the course of a walk on the railroad tracks skirting Riverside Park, a day or two ago, I counted more than a hundred men and boys bathing at different points, where there were no boats, ropes or any other means of saving any one who might be caught in the strong currents or attacked by cramp. There are no policemen to prevent the reckless risking of life along miles of tempting water front.

* * *

Two boys armed with a lantern aroused the curiosity of residents on Clinton street, Brooklyn, the other night. They entered several front yards and scarched carefully through the grass, now and then picking up some object with pleased exclamations. Investigation showed that they were after worms for bait.

* * *

The vicinity of Washington and High Bridges has become a favorite lair for the amateur photographic fiend. I counted nearly a dozen groups surrounding as many cameras levelled at fractions of the scenery about there in one short afternoon recently.

* * *

It has been told that Dock Commissioner Phelan is connected in some way with a dredging company, and that fact has been cited in proof of his fitness for the Commissionership. Mr. Phelan is Secretary of the American Contracting and Dredging Company, which is a company that at present has no plant. The Company had a contract for dredging for the Panama Canal, but last Fall sold its plant to the Nicaragua Canal Company, and thereby is said to hang a tale. The plant originally cost about half a million of dollars, it is said. It was sold for $650,000. This was, strangely enough, the amount necessary—so the gossips say—to make an aggregate expenditure of $2,000,000 by the Nicaragua Canal Company, which it must do before Jan. 1, 1891, or forfeit the concession made to it by the Republic of Nicaragua. Vice-President Levi P. Morton is said to have been a partner with Dock Commissioner Phelan in the dredging concern which made such a profitable sale of its old plant.

WORLDLINGS.

The negroes of the United States now pay taxes on $264,000,000 worth of property.

Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, is a tall and rather handsome man, of swarthy complexion, with coal black hair and a thin mustache. He is frank and cordial of manner, and has a way of disposing of a great deal of work in a little time.

Nearly a hundred thousand human beings die every twenty-four hours, and one-half of the people born die before reaching the age of sixteen.

In a lifetime of eighty years the human heart beats 200,000,000 times, an average of seventy beats a minute.

Henry Cook, a Norwich, Conn., tailor, has a beard 7 feet 2 inches long, though he is only 5 feet 6 inches tall.

Association of Ideas.

[From Puck.]

Teacher—What was the title of the chief magistrate of Venice?

Tommy Tuff—The Dago!

There isn't any "just as good" as

Knapp's ROOT BEER EXTRACT

Don't be persuaded to take any other.

25 cents a bottle.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Mr. Beattie's Able Assistant.

I met Mr. Beattie's able assistant street-cleaner down in Elizabeth street the other day, and he at once jumped on to me with:

'And now what's the matter with THE EVENING WORLD? It's pitching into us every day about street-cleaning. What's wrong with Elizabeth street, for instance?"

"Well, there's six inches of mud on the cobblestones."

"Beg your pardon," replies Mr. Beattie's able assistant, as he out with his rule to measure it—"it's only four and a half inches. You newspaper man never get anything more than half right. Ah! but it's beautiful mud! Look at those children who have been rolling in it! Can you find me any healthier in all this town? Jus. draw a long breath. Ah! but that reminds me of the hay-fields of dear old New Hampshire! I'd like to stay here all day and smell of this beautiful smell if I wasn't needed to remove a dead sparrow from a neighborhood uptown."

"How about those old bones, Mr. Assistant—those old bones and cans and boots and bottles?"

"Ornaments, sir," says he; "each and every one is a positive ornament to the street. They are something for the eye to rest on and be relieved as the tenants look out of their windows. Imagine how utterly blank this street would be with a clean-swept pavement. If there was only a couple of old beer kegs, a coal scuttle and another old hat or two on this block I'd want to rent rooms somewhere and come down here to live. What a view by moonlight!"

"But there's a dead cat under that wagon, Mr. Assistant, and over there is a heap of melon rinds and the half of a squash."

"All left at the request of the tenants of this block, my dear boy. My men had them on the carts to take them to the dump, but the people insisted and they were left behind. Beautiful, sir—beautiful! Was anything ever more artistic than the pose of that dead cat! She seems to have fallen into a sweet and gentle slumber. Offers the finest opportunity in the world for the study of natural history. As to the other things, their presence proves that the residents of Elizabeth street indulge in the same luxuries that they do on Fifth avenue. They ought to be proud of the fact, and no doubt they are. Just throw back your shoulders, expand your lungs and draw in a full breath—a-h-h-h-h! Doesn't it remind you of your boyhood days on the dear old homestead?"

"How about the gutters dammed up with filthy water, Mr. Assistant?"

"Regular petition, signed by over fifty leading residents along here. My men could have cleared the gutters in five minutes, but the people didn't want it. Makes the street more picturesque, and offers opportunity for a hundred dear little children to go fishing. If it was only half an inch deeper there'd be water enough for them to learn to swim in. Ah! sir, but it does me good to see the children of the poor enjoying themselves! If it wasn't for me they'd take very little comfort down in this district. What's the matter now?"

"That smell from the gutters, Mr. Assistant!"

"Smell! Smell! You must have a touch of the catarrh! What is there to cause a smell here? Nothing but peelings and rinds and fish-heads and a straw mattress or two! Go away with your nose and leave me to—a-h-h-h!—but isn't it refreshing! How I'd like to be sleeping beside that open window up there, with this elegant odor rising up to float about me! It's no wonder the poor people of New York never die 'till they move out into the country and pick up the germs of disease. They owe it to me, sir—they owe it to me."

"Has this street ever been clean since you took hold, Mr. Assistant?"

"Has it? Has it ever been dirty, you mean! Never, sir. It has always looked just as it does at the present moment—so beautifully clean and picturesque that I never pass through it without wanting to sit down and eat my dinner of the cobblestones. It is true, sir, and I won't go to deny it, that I did once leave two straws and a piece of paper collar lying on Fifth avenue, but as for neglecting Elizabeth street, no man can truthfully charge me with it."

"What about the fevers down here caused by the decaying garbage?"

"All a canard, sir, and circulated by my enemies. If there has been one single case of fever in all this street it was caused by the patient taking a bath at Coney Island or keeping the windows down and shutting out these odors. A-h-h-h! Take a long smell at it! Where do you find anything in all New York to brace you up like that? I'm glad I met you, sir. I'm glad THE EVENING WORLD sent you down here to see with your own eyes how beautifully clean and sweet and picturesque everything is, and to use your own nose to satisfy yourself that a thousand rosebushes in full bloom wouldn't help Elizabeth street a bit." M. QUAD.

An Ancient Wrangle Ended.

[From Puck.]

"Well, I'll acknowledge that we're both black," said the Pot to the Kettle, after consideration. "Does that suit you?"

"Yes, I'm sooted, if you are."

Paternal Ministrations.

[From Judge.]

Young Husband—Amy, what makes that baby yell in that way?

Young Wife—His teeth, dear.

Young Husband—Oh, if that's all I'll run for a dentist and have them pulled out.

At the Seaside Hotel.

[From Puck.]

Kitty—I wonder why Clara hurries to her room whenever she gets a letter?

Maud—She wishes to give the impression that it's from a man.

Expensive Yachting.

[From Judge.]

Friend—I don't think we'll have a centre-board by the time we get home.

Captain (indignantly)—Why? Can't I sail her?

Friend—Yes; but we'll spend all our money.

THEY NEED HELP.

Poor Sick Babies Lack the Bare Necessities of Life.

Send a Contribution and Help to Save Their Lives.

Nell Nelson Tells of a Sad Case on Mott Street.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$6,763.47
Clover Club Fair	22.60
Glen Ridge House	8.00
Golden Rule Circle	4.00
Fair at Stapleton	5.00
Alpha Circle	1.00
Sig. Steinan	1.00
E. S. Barrand	1.00
Mamie, Alice, Lizzie and Daisy	1.00
George H. Keyes	1.81
A. W. C.	2.00
L. W.	1.00
L. O. S.	2.00
Bertha Rothschild and Hattie Rosenbaum	1.58
Memorial	1.00

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."

DYING OF STARVATION.

Nell Nelson Tells of a Case Met with on Mott Street.

Ninety-one babies and young children died in this city Thursday.

From the door of a Mott street tenement-house two rosettes of crape fluttered their white ribbons of mortal victory.

The Free Doctors have more than they can do. Demands for clothing far exceed the supply, and levies upon the Sick Babies' Fund are incessant.

Here are some extracts from the last report of THE EVENING WORLD Corps of Physicians:

Little family in 196 Mott street, living on the second floor, Romare by name. At first they refused to admit the doctor, fearing he had designs on them.

The baby, aged eleven months, was actually dying of starvation. The second day the doctor was repulsed again. He called again and was permitted to examine the poor little creature, which had wasted to a mere skeleton. The mother was too sickly to nurse her child and so fed him on brown brown bread and water, which, with an occasional plate of maccaroni and tomatoes sent in by a compassionate neighbor, was all they had to live on. The husband, a shoemaker by trade, was unable to secure work in this city on account of his ignorance of the language.

Milk was bought and the mother instructed how to prepare it, and bread and butter, bacon and eggs, vegetables and groceries were provided for the famishing strangers.

At the bottom of the report was this item over the signature of the attending physician:

"I doubt very much whether I will be able to save this baby."

That is one of the saddest features of this kind of work. So many, many times the help comes too late.

There is not a neater or more industrious housewife in the great apartment-house, 245 West Forty-seventh street, than Mrs. Elietz, German born, whose surroundings attest the best characteristics of her nationality. You might eat your dinner in her kitchen and not lose appetite, you could make an elaborate toilette with any one of her tin pans for a mirror and your own Sunday boots never had a brighter polish than the covers of her cooking stove.

Her children are nice and neat; she is as trim and tidy as a Quakeress, and to all appearances she is comfortably provided.

But this is a case where appearances are deceitful. The woman is so woefully straightened in circumstances that she cannot provide medical care for her sick baby.

Three children under seven years of age are apparently well, but the baby will be a great deal worse before it is better, for he has Summer complaint, complicated by whooping-cough and bronchitis. For two weeks a EVENING WORLD doctor has been helping to fight the three fiends, but the struggle is hard, the small boy is not strong, and it looks as though the victory will be on the wrong side. This is one of the instances where gratuitous skill is a priceless blessing, for in the gradation of poverty there is one phase that is most bitter.

These two cases will suffice to show how sorely are the needs of the unfortunate.

Can't you do a little to promote the interests of the poor sick babies before it is too late? NELL NELSON.

ASBURY PARK BENEFIT.

Miss Frohman's Triple Bill Promises to Be a Great Success.

The note of preparation for the benefit for the Sick Babies' Fund on Tuesday has been warmly welcomed by the visitors and cottagers of Asbury Park, and there should be a goodly crowd assembled to greet Marie Hubert Frohman in the attractive triple bill she will present at the Opera-House.

Manager Patterson promises his active co-operation, and the local press are all in accord in helping the good cause.

The crowd of visitors at the numerous hotels, beginning with Mr. Ralph's Coleman House, are already interested, and Chief Clerk Amer is determined the house shall be well represented on the occasion.

Song Service for the Babes.

To the Editor:

In this sequestered nook by the Hudson, where a house full of guests are enjoying balmy breezes and all the beauties of the country, there are many to spare a thought of pity for the sick babies, the fund for whom THE EVENING WORLD so ably manages. At a song service held on Sunday evening a collection of $8 was taken for that fund, which I have the pleasure of forwarding with this communication. The singing was led by Mrs. Rev. A. Stewart Walsh, of Brooklyn, after which Miss Nellie Stokes played a piano solo, "Nearer, My God, to Thee;" Miss Maisie Martin, of Washington, D. C., sang "Calvary" and "The Palms," and Mrs. Walsh sang "Not a Sparrow Falleth" and "Come Unto Me."

Among the many present were J. B. Bristol, H. C. Logan and family, Miss L. M. Houghton, Miss Anastasia Gordon, Mr. Lawrence Burke, Mr. John Delaney and family, Mr. J. Ullman and family, Mrs. A. J. Darling and son, Mrs. H. J. Hull, Miss Helen Jackson, Miss Driscoll and sister, Miss Kiernan, Miss Burdett, Mrs. M. J. Reese, M. D. Reese, Mrs. C. O. Johanson, Mrs. M. Gilmore, Mrs. N. Warnock, Mrs. Hester Byers, Miss Minnie Byers, Miss Libbie Byers, Mr. W. E. Conklin, Miss J. Gerson, Mr. M. C. Byers, Mr. C. Johanson, Mrs. Alex. Roux, Mrs. C. Pulleyn and Walter R. Sargent.

Glen Ridge House, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Clover Club Fair.

To the Editor:

The Clover Club, consisting of four young ladies ranging from five to twelve years of age, held a fair Wednesday for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund. They inclose a check for the proceeds, $22.60. Their hearts were in the work, and they are more than happy to be able to make this contribution to your beautiful charity. Their names are

ALICE FRANKAU,
RUBY JACOBS,
ELVIRE MICHELSEN,
ETHEL FRANKAU.

218 West Forty-fifth street.

An Echo of Rockland Lake.

To the Editor:

Through showing a copy of your very accurate and full report in THE EVENING WORLD on Monday last of the entertainment for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund by the children stopping at the Grand Rockland Hotel, which I had the pleasure of witnessing, I obtained a donation of $1, and would ask you to acknowledge same as the contribution of Mr. Sig Steinan.

SANDERS B. ALTMAYER.

Thanks, King's Daughters.

To the Editor:

At our last meeting we agreed to give $4 to the Sick Babies' Fund. Please accept our small gift, with best wishes of the Golden Rule Circle of King's Daughters, of Eighteenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn.

Alpha Circle's Gift.

To the Editor:

The Alpha Circle, King's Daughters of the East Baptist Church, have just started a society. Have not much in the treasury, but will send you a dollar gladly if you will accept for the Baby Fund.

Miss E. GALE, Secretary, 669 Water street.

Fair at Stapleton.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $5 for the little tots, proceeds of a children's fair, hoping it will go a long way. Conducted by Daisy Michel, Minnie Michel, Crissie Schmidt, Rosie Potthoff, Edith Illig.

Stapleton, S. I.

George's Collection.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1.81, which I have collected for the sick babies.

GEORGE H. KEYES,
330 Bay street, Clifton, S. I.

More Than Acceptable.

To the Editor:

We send to you to-day for the Sick Baby Fund four cases malted milk, prepaid.

MALTED MILK COMPANY.

Packages Received.

Mrs. Roberts acknowledges donations from the following: Mrs. A. Charles, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street; bottle baby food, Brooklyn Mother; one dozen fans and clothing from "A Friend at Port Richmond," S. I.; four dozen malted milk from Racine, Wis., value $24; Mrs. C. F. Kelly, Ramapo, N. J.; "Baby Corlotta;" "King's Sons and Daughters of Cheering Circle No. 2," of Fordham; Mrs. Montfort, Glen Cove, L. I.; Harlem and Mrs. Willard W. Cutler.

OUT OF THE MAIL BAG.

Dirt Swept, but Not Carted Away.

To the Editor:

The good people of this badly governed city cannot thank you enough for the great efforts you are making to give us clean streets. And yet the half has not been published. As you truly put it, it's the poor people and their streets that suffer the most. Personally Mr. Beattie is a nice man, but he lacks the brains for the big job of keeping our streets clean, and there is too much politics at his back. What we need is a man of brains and no politics, and until we have that kind of a man we will never have clean streets. The fault with Mr. Beattie and all those before him is that they never take up the dirt after it is swept up in heaps. That plan I have never seen adopted. It is the fault of all of them. They sweep the dirt up, then it's all scattered over the streets again, and so on day after day. I hope for the good of this city you will keep hammering away, for they would not notice an humble taxpayer like myself, but such a paper as yours can accomplish wonders, as you have done in other matters in the past. Don't let up until we have what we never have had—clean streets—and you will have the thanks of every man, woman and child, and of your humble servant.

JAMES B. SMITH, 509 Eight avenue.

Captain or Engineer?

To the Editor:

I see that all the credit for the Teutonic's fast run is given to Capt. Irving, he being so determined to break all previous records. Now I, as an engineer, don't think that any credit is due Capt. Irving any more than keeping the ship on her course. If the passengers had gone below to the engine and fire room, they would see at which end of the ship the hard work is done. Suppose the engineers should have had a hot crank pin and could not drive one engine. Could Capt. Irving have made the fast run he is given the credit of doing? I say no, and think there are thousands of engineers who will say the same thing. The engineers only want a share of the credit. A YANKEE ENGINEER.

Her Photograph Misplaced.

To the Editor:

I have been keeping company with a young man for two years. Recently, while on a visit to his house, I saw my picture by itself in the back of the album, and the picture of the girl he courted three years ago, was next to his. Kindly tell me your opinion.

AGNES PHILLIPS.

It would have been better taste for him to have placed your picture next to his own.

As to the Letters "M. D."

To the Editor:

Is it allowable, according to law, for a professor of music to put on a card or sign the letters "M. D." after his name, which are to mean musical director?

F. D. LAWSON, M. D.,
104 East Tenth street.

We know of no law regulating the case in question.

A Question of Age.

To the Editor:

G. M. says that as he was born on July 7, 1851, at the present date he is thirty-nine years old. Please tell us his age up to July 7, 1891. LOUIS BLEAKLEY, 47 Jay street.

He is forty years old.

His View of It.

[From Life.]

She—So you are engaged to four girls at once? How are you going to get out of it?

He—I don't want to get out of it. How the deuce am I going to stay in? That's what's bothering me!

Crowded Out.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"I like this dress very much," said Ethel. "It is just too delightfully tight. But where are the pockets?"

"Here they are," said the dress-maker, handing her two small silken bags. "You'll have to carry them in your hands. There's not room in the dress for them."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Tweeds, Cheviots and Homespuns for Autumn Wear—Silk Petticoats the Proper Thing—Mrs. Harrison's China Paintings—A Salad That Is Good and Easily Made.

Tweeds, cheviots and homespuns will be exceedingly fashionable for Autumn wear, and the lighter and softer kinds, more especially in beige, are dyed in such effective tints that they can be fashioned into very smart gowns.

As Mrs. President Harrison, her china painting is lovely, sweet, artistic and exquisite. There isn't a fair, a bazaar or a fancy shop in a cosmopolitan society where a butter patty with a pink rosebud done by the first lady in the land would not bring $50. But as the work of plain Mrs. B. Harrison in 1893 it would not bring the price of the paint.

Here is a hint for the prettiest looking salad and the easiest prepared in the whole list. Select the most perfect tomatoes you can find, one for each member of the family. Put them in a dish of boiling water and when skinned set in the ice-box to cool. Make a rich myonnaise dressing, and over each tomato pour a tablespoonful just before sending to table. Gay color effects are easily obtained, but there is nothing prettier than a plain white china plate for the crimson ball with the golden dressing streaming down the side. This is a nice relish for breakfast and lunch as well as dinner, and at this season of the year costs a mere trifle.

The London Samaritan Society has, in the last year, assisted 3,339 men, women and children to emigrate to Canada and other British colonies; provided 1,696,000 meals for the destitute; fuel as well as bread for the poor, and some 43,207 pairs of boots were distributed among the barefoots of the East End of London.

Miss Bedle, daughter of ex-Gov. Bedle, of New Jersey, who is summering at Spring Lake, N. J., has a wardrobe of forty dresses. She is a very pretty girl, who does not mind confessing that it is a great nuisance to be in the height of fashion.

Silk petticoats are worn almost to the exclusion of any others, and a pretty light blue one, with flounces edged with lace, was also bordered with black lace embroidery, which took the form of small pines.

Besides the street costumes for Autumn, with Louis coat basques, the improved princess dress will prevail. Also for house toilets the princess will be worn with or without a girdle. It is also certain that panniers, fuller draperies and bell shaped skirts will prevail.

Lady Frederick Cavendish has already started her laundry home, and the establishment is doing good work, though on a small scale. Lady Frederick Cavendish urges the three following rules, which experience has proved to be necessary in such institutions: 1. The inmates must be only of the morally deficient class—so classified after at least two years' training in a penitentiary. 2. All who are feeble in body, idiotic or ordinarily depraved must be excluded. 3. Only good, trained washerwomen should be admitted. "It is cruel kindness," says Lady Frederick, "to complicate an experimental scheme by launching into such a home unfit girls. For other types of sin or weakness or misery other remedies must be found."

After the Proposal.

[From Judge.]

She (hesitatingly)—This is very sudden, Mr.—er—er—Smith, is it not? We only met last night, and——

He—But reflect. I've only a week to stay here, and there are forty other girls at the hotel and about two men.

The Virtue of Necessity.

[From Judge.]

Nellie—Boo-hoo! Papa's got May another pin, and I think he might get me one too.

Mamma—You know you lose all your pins, Nellie.

Nellie—I don't care, Boo-hoo! I haven't had any to lose since I lost the last one."

The Birds Told Him.

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

"I am afraid that I was not cut out for a tragedian," acknowledged Mr. J. Roscius Hamme.

"How did you find that out? Did the little birds tell you?"

"They might have been birds if they had been allowed to hatch."

All Soil Alike.

[From the Washington Post.]

"Doesn't it fire your soul and fill your heart with enthusiasm to be on the old Virginia soil?" said the man who brims over with enthusiasm.

"Well, yes," replied the old settler, "I dunno but it does, although Virginia soil is pretty much like any other. It all depends on where yer farm is located."

"DOROTHY'S DILEMMA."

When Miss Coghlan, clad in her regimentals, sees the real Jack Styles, whom she has been impersonating, she bursts into tears and exclaims: "Believe me, I am not a man. I am a girl. I am a real girl," and we cannot help feeling a trifle amazed at the suggestion that a woman can thus conceal her sex by the donning of a pair of trousers. This is the keynote of the play entitled "Dorothy's Dilemma," produced last night at the Park Theatre—and fathered in a very impertinent way by Leopold Jordan, who credits Von Moser with the idea—via parentheses.

The play is a peculiar one, for it is not legitimate farce. A farce is an improbable view of a possible case. The plot must be entirely within reason, but the characters may be so whimsically situated that they cause mirth. "Dorothy's Dilemma" is an improbable view of an impossible case, and, therefore, I say that it is a degree lower in the scale than farce, without descending to the dismal abyss or the reeking depths of farce-comedy. Von Moser, who seems to have been designed to furnish American pirates with "ideas," has been very ingenious. Leopold Jordan in dressing up Von Moser's ideas has been less felicitous. His work is often heavy and draggy. He has put ponderous furs around a gauze-clad sylph. He has tried to paint upon rose leaves with oils.

Miss Helen Barry's version of the play called "A Night's Frolic," and fathered by Augustus Thomas (poor Von Moser, he *is* such a nonentity where his own plays are concerned), was at times brighter and more effervescent. The story of both dealt with the adventures of a young woman, who disguises herself as a man to disgust an old autocrat with his prospective son-in-law. She herself loves this prospective son-in-law, and the autocrat's daughter has given her heart elsewhere, so that the proceeding seems justifiable. The complications are, of course, numerous. The disguised girl finds herself shut up for the night with the object of her love, who, of course, doesn't recognize her. The affair becomes critical. He is about to disrobe, when she utters the plaintive cry quoted above, "I am a girl. I am a real girl."

There are many quaint situations, and to all of them Miss Coghlan herself does full justice. In fact, nothing but praise can be given to the charming Rose. The part fits her like a glove, and she makes a vehement success where Miss Barry fell with the good old time-honored sickening thud. In her regimentals Miss Coghlan was a graceful picture. The people were all good individually. They did not work well together. They were slow and awkward in the ensemble. John T. Sullivan made a capital Lieutenant and Thomas Whiffen a most artistic M. P. Young Mr. Peiper will henceforth be in demand for juvenile roles, for he did well, and Miss Helen Russell—well, she was Miss Helen Russell. Miss Lelia Wolstan was a stick and Miss Adele Palma unnecessarily indistinct.

One word on the subject of Miss Helen Barry's claims to Von Moser's play. I hate to touch the question, for it is humiliating. I have in my desk a long typewritten letter signed by Miss Barry, and talking about law and legal matters and Miss Coghlan, and all the rest of it. Von Moser's play was published in Germany. By a most lamentable condition of affairs it is free to all. Anybody can adapt it. Miss Barry secured the services of Augustus Thomas, who did the work. Miss Coghlan was aided by Leopold Jordan. Why, in the name of all that is right and fair, do these actresses fail to place Von Moser's name in big type at the head of their programmes, and the names of the puny adapters in concealed parentheses—anywhere? It is a shame—a downright shame.

Suppose Sardou should wish to present "Alabama" in Paris—a ridiculous supposition, by the bye. How would Augustus Thomas like to read, "First performance of a new play by Sardou, called 'Alabama,' the idea suggested by one Augustus Thomas?" (in tiny type). How would Gillette (he is as bad as any of the pirates) care to see the announcement in France of a new play called "Held by the Enemy," by Mr. Snooks, aided by a small-typed Gillette?

What a howl would go up here! What talk there would be! *Quel potin, mes freres!* Meetings would be called, resolutions passed, international complications would arise. Hah! it is sickening, this juggling of ideas.

ALAN DALE.

THE CLEVER ABBE.

By a Well-Chosen Sentence He Avoided a Prince's Wrath.

To one of the Princess de Conti's dinners the Prince had invited the Abbe de Voisenon, but the Abbe unluckily forgot the date, and his chair was vacant, says *All the Year Round*. On the morrow one of his friends met him and said:

"Monseigneur, yesterday, was in a rage with you."

Feeling that he was in the wrong, De Voisenon attended the Prince's next reception to make his humble apologies. His Highness, as soon as he perceived his impolite guest, turned his back. Nothing daunted, the abbe exclaimed:

"Ah, monseigneur, you overwhelm me with gratitude. I had been told you would never more have anything to do with me, but, thank heaven, I see I have been misinformed."

"How?" said the Prince.

"Your Highness has turned your back upon me, and I know that that is not your custom before your enemies."

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Old Gate.

I. *First Verse.* 1.

How often I and Seraphine,
That girl of Farmer Sator's,
Upon that rustic gate have hung,
A loving pair of gaters!

II. *Second Verse.* 2.

It was Love's Portal. Never gate
Was loved so by a lover;
The little pigs crawled under it,
But Cupid, he went over.

III. *Third Verse.* 3.

'Twas hard to open and to close,
As many a gate one sees is,
And stood a squeaking monument
To numerous tight squeezes.

IV. *Fourth Verse.* 4.

No matter how the weather was,
My happiness I sought there;
There was a something in the catch,
Perhaps, for I was caught there.

V. *Fifth Verse.* 5

That gate to me now opes and shuts
Without the least of bother,
Because I married Seraphine,
And live here with her father.—*Puck.*

Oh, for the Touch of a Vanished Hand!

"Where are the men?" the girls all sighed,
In weary, longing tone,
As by the gentle, rippling tide
They wandered all alone.

Then from the open window there,
Above the evergreens,
A voice stole softly on the air:
"A full hand here, on queens."

—*San Antonio Express.*

The Baby Protests.

When papa passed his checklets in,
His flannel shirtlets three
They washed until—oh, horrid sin—
They fitted little me. —*Epoch.*

THE WORLD'S OFFER!

A Special Midsummer Discount Until Sept. 30 on Houses & Apartments.

15 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 1 INSERTION.
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 2 INSERTIONS.
30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

HAS A "SHINING" MONOPOLY.

Vincenzo Says He Pays Tribute to the Police for It.

No Other Bootblacks Allowed to Seek Trade in Union Square.

A gentleman visited Madison Square one hot morning recently to read his newspapers beneath the trees.

While there a stalwart man, equipped for bootblacking, appeared, and the gentleman submitted to his ministrations.

Pending the process a diminutive boy bootblack approached, with his box upon his shoulder. Possibly he was looking for a job, possibly only strolling across the square.

Seeing him, the stalwart man arose in anger and drove him out of the square, warning him not to let a "copper" catch him there again.

Under the impression that Madison Square was a public park, equally open to all the people, the gentleman made curious inquiry as to why it would be dangerous for the diminutive boy to be caught within the precincts by a policeman.

"They don't allow no bootblacks here but me," answered the big one. "Same way in Union Square. One man has the job. It's different at the Battery. There's a swarm of 'em there and the business is all cut up."

"Then you and the man in Union Square pay a license to the city, I suppose?" queried the gentleman.

"No, we don't pay license."

"Then who gives you your monopoly?"

"It's the Sergeant's orders."

"What Sergeant's?"

"The police sergeant's."

"How do you manage to get the job? What do you do for the privilege?"

"We have to keep the coppers' boots blacked without pay; that's all."

"And no other bootblack is allowed to black shoes on the Square?"

"No sirree. They ain't allowed even to come into it."

Exit Bootblack Monopolist, and the gentleman resumed his reading, wondering by just what authority a sergeant of park police creates a monopoly of this kind, and, still more, by what authority he excludes any resident of the city, big or little, from a city park.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at the office of the Park Department and related the above facts to Secretary Burns, who said:

"No policeman has the right to grant exclusive privileges in the public parks to bootblacks, or anybody else. If the matter is brought to the attention of the Commissioners it will be made the subject of inquiry."

The Commissioners will learn something if they call on Park Policeman Owen Delaney, who is stationed in Union Square.

Mr. Delaney protested his statement by saying that he blacked his shoes in the privacy of his own apartments. He never required the services of a bootblack. He remembered, however, that one Vincenzo Succhi had the exclusive privilege of blacking shoes in Union Square—oh, for ever so long.

He couldn't remember that. Succhi held supreme sway as shiner of that domain—Union Square—long before he was on the force.

Mr. Delaney was made a sparrow-chaser in 1880.

He didn't know who Vincenzo's protector was, but Vincenzo evidently had a "pull" somewhere, for after accumulating a snug little sum from his monopoly he was appointed to a fat place in Central Park, which he now holds.

Mr. Delaney promises that hereafter, as long as he swings a club, the field in Union Square shall be free for all bootblacks. He never interfered with Vincenzo because nobody else did, which is only another illustration of how bad precedents may be established, regulations and discipline to the contrary notwithstanding.

At Madison Square, Policemen 200 and 208, who were on duty there, appeared not to understand what was meant by exclusive privileges. Perhaps that would be too much to expect from Nos. 200 and 208.

They didn't allow bootblacks in the park at all. But they were new men from the wilds of Pelham and Van Cortlandt parks, where park policemen never have their boots polished, who were just doing duty on that post during the absence of the regular men on their vacations.

The bootblack monopolist was not around when the reporter was there.

HIS ENGAGEMENT