



MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 31.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

BEATIE BUT AN INCIDENT.

Why is the EVENING WORLD attacking Commissioner Beattie so bitterly? He is a fine fellow, and is doing the best he knows how with the appropriation of the city funds.

This letter, one of the many received in THE EVENING WORLD's crusade against New York's dirty streets, merits a reply. THE EVENING WORLD is not attacking Mr. Beattie. Its fight is against the Street-Cleaning Department, which fails to do its duty.

That Mr. Beattie is a fine fellow has nothing to do with the case. He is unequal to the duties of the office that he has taken.

He is not "hard-working." EVENING World reporters, who occupied five days in trying to find him, failed to discover that he did anything at all.

The "appropriation" is ample. If it were properly used there would be no just cause for complaint.

Mr. Beattie is to blame for not doing better, but there are others equally responsible. There was no good reason for his appointment. He knew nothing about cleaning streets, and his former training was not such that would fit him for such work.

His first public office was that of stenographer in one of our Federal Courts, then he was private secretary to the Corporation Counsel, then Deputy County Clerk under Patrick Kersan, after that Surveyor of the Port.

He was made Commissioner of Street Cleaning not through personal fitness, but purely by political influence, and for those who appointed him are responsible for his shortcomings.

THE EVENING WORLD demands clean streets and does not consider Mr. Beattie's social qualities or political affiliations.

Now the Delaware peach-grower is beginning to wish there had been more late frost in the orchards. The peach crop is so big that it can't begin to be all sold or used. Consequently prices threaten to drop out of sight.

Prof. Horns, of the Lick Observatory, does not think favorably of Mr. Edison's plan to put a coil of wire around a mountain of magnetic iron ore and making a telephone to transmit sounds from the sun. And we are told that great minds think alike.

French novelists, now that they have protection, will demand for their works big money in America. The bigger the better. If the price was so high that nobody could buy them, it would be a mercy to decency.

Mr. Champ, the shipwright, says that we can build "Tentacles" as cheaply in America as in Great Britain. Mr. Champ's shipyards are on the Delaware River at Chester, Pa. No charge.

Jenny Simpson is giving his views on people with great frequency. Why doesn't he buy a mirror and take a view of J. Simpson at short range.

Col. Elliott F. Shepard is mentioned in connection with the office of Secretary of War. Who was it that compared him with Cromwell?

The movements of the insurgents' army were directed by a German, which may account for the victory.

When Kaiser William's whiskers grow "might be worked into a National song for Germany.

There are now published 1,174 magazines. Would that they were fewer and better.

Speaking of Chili, in the words of a great General, now "let us have peace."

Bismarck is losing his memory. Time is pitiless.

Ohio's war cloud has a silver lining.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

What is Mayor Grant going to do about the dirty streets?

Why does the present President Harrison doesn't like Bar Harbor?

Why doesn't Crispian put more men on the Broadway cable work?

Will the Park place investigation be the means of preventing similar accidents?

Will the disgrace of Mrs. Mallus have no influence on the willful women who have strayed from the path of duty and decency?

Isn't it about time Mrs. Foster Palmer considered the name of the Board of Lady Managers? Is there a sweeter or a better word in the language than woman?



Wanted an Emblem.

"I see you make emblems here," he observed as he entered a shop on Grand street where a gilded bee-hive was displayed in the window.

"Yes, sir."

"I've been thinking for some time that I'd like an emblem. I think everybody ought to have one. I believe a man can do four times as much with an emblem as without one."

"Yes, sir."

"An emblem is like a motto, you know," continued the caller. "My motto has always been 'Excelsior.' If I hadn't adopted it I don't know what would have become of me. It has sustained me through many trials and tribulations."

"That's what bothers me," replied the other. "I did think at first of getting a bee-hive, but I don't. A bee-hive is an emblem of industry, if I remember right?"

"Certainly, sir."

"But they only work in the Summer, you know, while I work all the year 'round; indeed, most of my work is done in the Winter. The bee-hive, therefore, wouldn't be quite the thing. I shouldn't want to receive the public by displaying a false emblem. No one ever makes any thing by deception."

"I had also thought of the beaver. They say the beaver is a powerful worker, but I don't see how he works at night, while I am working both night and day. If I should get a beaver it would be deceiving the public. I suppose that a blacksmith's half-arm holding a hammer is also a sign of industry?"

"But it hardly fills the bill. The blacksmith works only nine hours a day, you know, and sometimes he is out of work for weeks at a time."

"You think you want industry, eh?" queried the manufacturer.

"Well, mostly, but not altogether. It ought to be a combination of industry, sorrow, grief and truth. Do you think you could invent something to stand for that?"

"Hardly. Emblems are supposed to represent a business. What particular business are you engaged in?"

"Do you remember the great Chicago fire which took place a number of years ago?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I lost my grocery in that fire; also my wife and children. I have not yet recovered from the blow. I never expect to."

"But your business?"

"Well, I had to walk up and down the streets last night because I had no money to pay for a bed, and I haven't had a thing to eat for—"

"I know what sort of an emblem you want," interrupted the other—"here it is!"

He led him to the door and gave him a kick. There was no resistance no protestation. The emblem-wanter never even turned his head as he walked stiffly out into the cold and cruel world to tackle somebody else. He had figured and lost, and he was a philosopher. M. QUAD.

THE CLEANER.

A tramp called at the house of a friend of mine the other day and begged for something to eat. The lady of the house generously gave him a good meal, which he ate and then departed with an effusion of thanks. A few days later the same fellow put in an appearance, but this time there was nothing for him to eat, so the kind-hearted woman gave him a dime instead. The fellow took the coin, saying: "Thanks, ma'am, this will get me a package of cigarettes."

I am told by a friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes that the author attributes his wonderful vigor to the excellent care which he takes of himself. His dressing and sleeping rooms are kept at an even temperature, and even his bath is regulated by a thermometer.

While not a regular legislator, ex-Congressman Pitkin, of New Jersey, has a large interest in the peach crop of his State. He has lent money to farmers to set out orchards, taking contracts for a division of the profits.

I saw that Robert S. McCormick has resigned as an attaché of the American Legation in London to accept the position of World's Fair Commissioner in that city. He is energetic and capable and will make a success if he can carry out his duties. Just now he is visiting his home in Chicago.

Comparing the list of school inspectors in this city with the Tammany Hall membership list issued by that organization I find that eighteen of the twenty-four inspectors are members of the Wigwag.

John Ernest McCann, the well-known poet and journalist, has joined the ranks of beneficiaries. He was married last Tuesday to Maria Anna Purber Jones. The wedding took place at Bonaventure, Dublin, N. H. His bride is the only daughter of Mrs. Sydney A. Jones, of Cambridge, Mass.

I am told that the friends of William Padon, the President of the Central Association of Liquor Dealers, will not abide by the rule adopted in various by the New York city delegates to the State Convention, to be held at Lexington Avenue, opposite House No. 10, tomorrow. They say that petition should not enter into the election of officers of the State Association, and that an independent man like Padon should be elected President instead of Tekulsky, the avowed candidate of Tammany Hall.

Miss Annie Perry's Funeral.

The funeral of Miss Annie Perry, sister of Dr. Charles J. Perry, took place this forenoon from her late home, 74 Orange street, Brooklyn, at ten o'clock. The interment was at the cemetery in the afternoon, and was not quite twenty-five years old.

POOR AND AILING.

Sick Babes of the Metropolis Want Your Help.

Every Little Swells the Fund to Bring Them Health.

Give What You Can and Save a Little Life.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged \$7,307.74. Charity 28.00, Magd. Lander Show 22.15, Boys of West One Hundred and Fourth 2.25, Little Albert 1.10, S. P. 1.00, R. W. 2.00, Little Albert 1.00, A. and A. 3.00, C. M. V. 2.00.

All contributions sent to "The Evening World" office for the Sick Baby Fund should be directed to Cashier, New York "World," Pulitzer Building, 36 West Thirty-ninth street, New York.

Little Albert's Dollar.

Harlem Boys.

For the Noble Work.

Lillian's Collection.

A Magic Lantern Show.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Many French modistes are rejecting the extremely high sharp-pointed sleeve, drawing the fullest out in the width than in the neck.

Clementine De Vero, who made such a successful debut at the Richter concert in London three weeks ago, has her name in all the weekly papers. She wears a diamond dagger in her hair, and will have a big pocketbook when she gets back to New York.

Broken Alma Polstrom, the well-known Finnish singer, has recently married the Russian Col. von Rodde. Mrs. v. Rodde will, however, not leave the stage, but has accepted an engagement at the Imperial Russian opera at Moscow.

Cotton tapestry is the best kind of covering for a couch that is in general use, being clean, pretty and more durable than many stuffs.

The dresses seen at the Summer resorts are being in a most artistic manner—short in front to display white silk stockings and white kid shoes, and either dipped or trailing behind.

Another English woman has come to the front with the end of a question of quondam on a London board of Health. She is Miss Margaret Thomson Scott, and the only woman who has passed the examination in sanitary science and law, and who is thus a qualified health officer.

One inch of pleat velvet sewed along the edge of a walking skirt will wear twenty beds.

Mrs. Boswell's work for the girls' club at the city is well known. Lately one hundred and twenty-five girls were taken for a day in the country to Epping Forest at the cost of \$25, the money being almost entirely collected from members of Harvard's Lodge.

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THE DEPARTMENT SYSTEMATICALLY IGNORES THESE THICKLY POPULATED DISTRICTS, AND WHY?

Diogenes, lantern in hand, roamed the streets of ancient Athens, vainly searching for a honest man.

Factor knock-knocks, with the aid of the modern electric light and the best pair of magnifying spectacles in America, might overcome equal difficulty in finding a clean street in what is proudly styled the "Empire City of the Western World."

McMenue's Tuesday Out.

The Patrick H. McMenue Association of the Seventeenth Assembly District will hold its annual Summer-night festival at Lion Park, one Hundred and Eighth street and Ninth avenue, to-morrow evening.

WEEKS OF NEGLECT.

As a Result Columbia Street is in a Deplorable Condition.

Cutters Full of Mud and the Roadway Littered with Rubbish.

Great Muck Heaps Garnished with Rolling Vegetables.

The Department Systematically Ignores These Thickly Populated Districts, and Why?

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WALL ST.

STOCK REPORTS.

More Than Half a Million Shares Traded in To-Day.

Transactions Made on a Rising Market.

High Prices for Cotton Exchange Seats—The Quotations.

The fight between the Public and the Professional is still going on at the Stock Exchange, and the former is ahead.

It is said that 5,000,000 bushels of wheat, 4,000,000 of corn, and 3,000,000 of soy beans are to be shipped to Chicago today, with the same number predicted for to-morrow, and it is estimated that the roads must make big money.

The professional sets up the plea that a general decline, and it is to make the market heavy, is to be expected.

On trading of nearly 300,000 shares, stocks rose a few points in the morning.

Continued sales to realize profits finally affected the market and prices receded about half a point.

At the Cotton Exchange two memberships were sold for \$45,000, and \$20,000 for one for \$25,000. The last previous sale was at \$40,000.

The total sales at the New York Stock Exchange today were 518,700 shares of listed stocks and 158,000 of silver.

Closing Quotations.

Table with columns: Amer. Sugar Ref., Amer. Express, Amer. Tobacco, etc. Includes various stock prices and exchange rates.

STOCK EXCHANGE FAILURE.

Suspension of Broker William H. Henriques To-Day.

The suspension of Broker W. H. Henriques was announced at the delivery hour at the Stock Exchange this afternoon.

Mr. Henriques was a bear and overvalued his market.

He had desk room with Clement M. Cummings at 110 Wall street, but could not be located by the police.

STANDARD OIL FIRE.

The Big Refineries at Cleveland Reported in a Blaze.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 31.—An alarm of fire has just been called by the Standard Oil Works.

SHIPPING BACK OUR GOLD.

\$850,000 Shipped To-Day from the Continent to New York Bankers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—An announcement was made on the Stock Exchange that the Gold Standard Bank, London, has advised that \$850,000 of gold coin is being shipped to them from the continent this week, and that more is coming.

HARD TO PLEASE.

Rooming-house owner has been invited into going shopping with his wife. This fabric will be a good one for the day.

Her Idea of It.

Mr. Vernon Mount—Yes, darling, we can get along without a piano, but we must have a furnace; and I don't know how we can afford to get a piano.

SAWED HIS WAY OUT OF JAIL.

Ex-Convict O'Hara's Daring Escape from Jefferson Market Prison.

Cut Iron Bars in His Cell Door and a Window—He is Still at Large.

Ex-Convict Eugene O'Hara, who was a prisoner in Jefferson Market Jail awaiting action by the Grand Jury on the charge of attempting to murder Policeman Maguire, of the Twentieth Precinct, escaped from that prison at an early hour this morning, and is still at large.

O'Hara was confined in cell No. 17, on the second tier, on the south side of the prison.

At 5 o'clock this morning, Keeper John Quirk, while going his rounds, discovered that O'Hara was not in his cell, though the iron gate of the cell was securely locked.

Looking at the transom part of the gate, Quirk saw a glint of light, and he saw that the short bars were cut out altogether. A third bar had been cut at one end and bent.

After crawling through this opening in the transom, O'Hara had evidently made his escape through the window in the southeast corner of the jail.

Heavy iron bars protect the window, but O'Hara had cut one of the bars through with a saw, and another bar he had cut at one end and bent upwards, so that he could get through.

A short sheet had been used by the prisoner to let himself down to the next story below, where he caught on to the window bars, taking care to get his feet on a rope and holding on to the bars with his hands and lowering himself to the story below.

In this way he reached the yard in the rear of the jail, which is never occupied.

There is an eight-foot walk between the yard and Greenwich avenue, and there is no door or gate on that side of the wall, except by scaling a smooth surfaced fence.

He must have had a confederate on the Greenwich avenue side of the wall, who threw over to O'Hara a rope-ladder for him to climb to the top of the wall.

From Sixth avenue to West Tenth street on Greenwich avenue it is usually so quiet that a general alarm was sent out from Police Headquarters giving a description of O'Hara, and Chief Inspector Byrnes has detailed two of his men to look for him.

Tuesday, Aug. 11, Policeman Thomas F. Maguire met O'Hara at Seventh avenue and Twenty-fourth street, O'Hara, who was drunk, was insulting women and upsetting boys. Maguire attempted to arrest him, and O'Hara started in to kill a policeman, as he had threatened to do when he was arrested a week before.

With a penknife he stabbed Maguire three times in the region of the heart. Policeman Maguire was instantly killed, and the ex-convict was landed in a cell.

O'Hara's picture is in Inspector Byrnes's Rogue's gallery. In March, 1878, he was known to the police as Joe Bates, pickpocket.

He was arrested for highway robbery and got seven years in Sing Sing. Soon after his release he was arrested for highway robbery, and was sentenced to five years in the West River, but he was released after a few weeks.

O'Hara's revolver had been stolen by him from a saloon at Seventh avenue and Ninth street, which he had been robbing for years. O'Hara and a pal named McGrath set upon an Englishman on Seventh avenue, near Tenth street, and he was killed.

Ward Detective Carey caught O'Hara and McGrath. O'Hara fought and Carey had to let McGrath go. O'Hara was arrested and sent to the penitentiary for six weeks ago. He had threatened to kill Detective Carey at the first opportunity.

Recently another and larger discrepancy was discovered, amounting to \$1,528.40.

Mr. Bischoff says he learned that Rebers was in the city, and he went to his office, putting a memorandum instead of the cash in the drawer.

Rebers lives with his wife and two children at 277 Park avenue.

MYSTERY OF A BROKEN ANKLE.

Miss Anna Christian Found Injured on a Harlem Street.

Anna Christian, a Bohemian servant girl in the employ of Mrs. Stern, a boarding-house keeper at 332 East Seventy-eighth street, is at the Freshwater Hospital with a fractured ankle, her injury having been sustained in a manner at present unknown to the police or to the hospital authorities.

She was discovered by an Eighty-eighth street policeman at 11 o'clock last night at Eighty-eighth street and Third avenue, and near as could be learned, she had been injured at the First street station of the Second avenue car line, and had come on the train to Eighty-sixth street.

She speaks no English, and until Mrs. Stern visited her this morning, she was in a state of injury is not expected to be learned.

TWO MURDERED, TWO LYNCHED.

Tramps Chased and Shot Down After a Brutal Double Killing.

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—A despatch from Monroe, Mich., says that on Saturday afternoon at a farm-house near there, John Wilkinson and his wife were brutally tortured and murdered by two tramps.

Their two-year-old boy escaped and gave an account of the murders. Wilkinson and his wife were brutally tortured and murdered by two tramps. The bodies were completely riddled with bullets.

FUN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Illustrated Witticisms Culled from Various Sources.

During the Robbery.

Back-Number Sanson—Yes, that's right, go over in the corner an' sulk. Why, a gent like you order me more 'n glad to see an' out-cast enjoy himself once in a while.

Man's Best Friend.

Nervine Streeter—What yer whistlin' for, Jim?

Moderate Jim—I want that towel I come over here 's soon 's you get through usin' it.

The Age of Wonders.

Mr. Stubble (reading his paper)—By gum Maria! If here ain't a fellow got an 'ormous tin-plant, I've heard tell on growin' egg-plants, but never heard of this afore.

Seeking Information.

Tommy—What is the spoils system, Pa? His Father—It's the system practiced when the opposition party gets into power.