A FASCINATING STORY BY 12 NEW YORK GIRL TOILERS

THE OPENING CHAPTER OF THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN BY

MISS LENA E. ROTHSCHILD, a gifted young woman from the West, who is employed in the Hilson Company's factory, this city.

THE TWELVE GIRLS Who Wrote This Story for The Evening World:

LENA E. ROTHSCHILD, Hilson Company's Cigar Factory.
MAY HANNY, Siegel Bros.' Shirt Waist Factory.
HATTIE LOPEZ, Adams Sons & Co.'s Chewing Gum Factory.
THERESE BRANCATI, Ehrich Brothers, Ladies Wrapper Factory.
LIZZIE CUMISKY, Dennett's Restaurant.
JULIA WHITE, The Chelsea Jute Mills.
LENA MEYERS, Star Shirt Company's Factory.
MAY ASHMORE, National Biscuit Co.'s Factory.
LAURA CROSBY, Gair Box Factory.
AGNES FINCH, The Hanan Shoe Factory.
MARIE HILL, L. Halloch & Co.'s Hat Factory.
NORA DOYLE, Tausig & Co.'s Children's Dress Factory.

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CHAPTER I.

In Peril.

"LOOK out!"

The cry came from twenty throats.

A group of cab drivers, expressmen and private coachmen, loafing near the line of vehicles at the Grand Central Station, echoed the shout as they sprang forward.

The 9.15 express was just in. A throng of passengers was filing along the concrete passageway between two tracks, and crossing over to the exit.

Suddenly a team of fiery horses attached to a private brougham, whose coachman and footman had left the box, became restive. The crowd cleared the space in front for them, and the coachman and footman ran toward their heads.

But it was too late. The movement of the crowd only served to excite the already frightened horses, and they plunged forward.

In their track stood two girls, both young, pretty and evidently strangers in New York—one a blonde, the other a brunette. The latter saw the danger and sprang back to the concrete walk. The former, whose back was toward the on-rushing horses, stood looking with big blue eyes full of wonder at the distant crowd that surged along Forty-second street. She had never seen so many people together before in all her life.

"It must be a parade," she was thinking, when she suddenly felt herself lifted bodily from the ground and swung to one side. She alighted unhurt on the pavement, just in time to see the crazed horses thunder past her and crash into a huge girder.

She turned. Standing by her side, his arm still around her, was the man who, at risk of his own life, had leaped in front of the runaways and snatched her from the very jaws of death.

She recognized him at once. He had sat across the aisle from her on the train. She had shyly noted the breadth of his shoulders, the curly chestnut hair and mustache, the honest brown eyes. Then her glance had strayed to the woman who sat by his side; beautiful, haughty, aristocratic.

It was this woman's voice who now recalled her to herself.

"Very prettily done, Van!" the lady was saying with a light, mocking laugh. "Quite a melodramatic rescue! What a pity it is not an heiress you saved instead of a mere working girl!"

The red blood suffused the rescued girl's face at the words and she instinctively drew farther away from the man.

His own face darkened as he turned to her.

"I beg that you will overlook my cousin's rudeness," he said. "She was startled at the accident and hardly knows what she says. I trust you are none the worse for your fright."

"Not at all, thank you," answered the girl, "but I can't thank you enough for"—

"Please don't try!" laughed the man. "As those runaway horses happened to be mine the least I could do was to save you from them. May I introduce myself? I am Van Cortlandt Palmer. This is my cousin, Miss Cruger."

Miss Cruger hardly noted the girl's timid bow. She was busy watching the footman and coachman who, with the help of some station employees and policemen, were putting the upset brougham to rights and examining the horses to see if they had come to harm.

"My name is Elsie Mayburn," said the rescued girl, in reply to an unasked query in Palmer's brown eyes. "This,"

"But we aren't on a visit," corrected Elsie. "We've come to town to earn a living."

The other girl put out her hand to check Elsie's confidential speech. Palmer noted the action and said hastily:

"May I wish you all success. I trust you will find your position pleasant."

"Oh, we have no positions offered us yet," replied Elsie. "You see, Gladys and I lived next door to each other, up in Margaretville. Our fathers were partners in business. They failed last year, and papa died and Mr. Somers went West to take a position his brother offered him. We were poor, both families. So Gladys and I made up our minds we wouldn't be a drag on our relatives, but would come to New York and earn our own living. They say it's easy to earn good wages here."

Genuine pity shone in the young man's eyes. The girl was so innocent—so pathetically unversed in New York ways. He knew the pitfalls this ruthless, selfish city digs for such girls as she, and he decided that one girl at least should be saved from its horrors.

"Miss Mayburn," he said after a moment's pause, "I speak for my mother and for Miss Cruger, who lives with us, when I ask if you will not make our house your home until you have settled on some ocupation and can find some congenial boarding place."

"Excuse me," broke in Miss Cruger, "but I speak for your mother as well as for myself when I say such a thing is out of the question. Is our home to be made a harbor for every advent"—

"Attilia!" cried Palmer.

"I mean what I say," retorted the angry woman. "If you persist in bringing these women, of whom you know nothing, to your home I shall never cross its threshold again. I must"—

"Miss Cruger," exclaimed Elsie, her slender, girlish form quivering with indignation, "there is no occasion for this. Neither Gladys nor myself will intrude where we are not wanted. You need have no fear, Mr. Palmer," she went on more gently, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind offer. But you see for yourself I cannot accept it. Good morning."

She was turning away when Palmer stepped after her.

"Miss Mayburn," he said contritely, "I can't find words to apologize for my cousin's rudeness. I want to wish you all success in your search for work. And (holding out a bit of pasteboard) if you can find no pleasanter work, won't you send me a line to this address? I can get you an excellent position in my factory."

He was gone, and Elsie stood staring at the card in her hand.

Two policemen passed as she stood there.

One was asking:

"Whose carriage was that that got smashed?"

The other replied:

"Belonged to Van Cortlandt Palmer, the 'Cigarette King.' That man could smash twenty carriages a day and be none the poorer."

Even to distant Margaretville the name of the man who had made millions out of a certain brand of cigarettes and who ran the largest cigarette factory in America had penetrated. But Elsie had not till now associated the Cigarette King's name with that of her rescuer.

She remembered reading his life-story in one of the Sunday newspapers, how he belonged to one of the foremost of New York's Knickerbocker families, and how, tiring of a useless society existence, he had gone into business and had, at the early age of thirty, placed himself at the very head of his own branch of trade.

"What did you want to refuse his offer for?" Gladys Somers asked petulantly. "It might have been a regular godsend to both of us. He'd have got us introduced to the best people, most likely and have given us splendid positions in his factory."

"I wouldn't accept one single favor from him after the way his cousin spoke and looked!" cried Elsie, her soft blue eyes flashing. "That woman shall see that even if I'm poor I can be as proud as she is. I'll earn my own living without any one's help; or else I'll starve.

During the talk neither had noticed a slender furtive-looking man who had stood near by unobserved during Elsie's talk with Palmer, and who still hovered near the girls.

He went to the other end of the walk; then approached the girls.

"Excuse me," he said, smoothly, his eyes fixed on Gladys's somewhat flashy beauty, "but I've just parted from my old friend, Van Cortlandt Palmer, and he asked me to come back here and look you up. You are Miss Somers and Miss Mayburn, I believe? Yes? Well, he asked me to see if I couldn't find a place for one or both of you in my office; and I find I can. Good salary, light work, short hours, chance for rapid promotion"—

"Oh, thank you, so much!" answered Gladys. "That's just the sort of a place I've always dreamed of."

"I fancy it is," muttered the man under his breath. Then aloud:

"I'll call a cab and we can all three drive to my office. It isn't far."

(To Be Continued.)

THE RESCUE.

ELSIE SUDDENLY FELT HERSELF LIFTED FROM THE GROUND.

CORNISH IS OUT OF CLUB

Molineux's Intended Victim Resigns from the Knickerbocker A. C.

Hary Cornish, physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, has handed in his resignation. According to the best information it will be accepted at the next meeting of the Board of Governors. Cornish, it is said, will sever his connection with athletics altogether and engage in another business.

Cornish intended to resign when the poisoning of Mrs. Kate Adams, who drank the deadly potion intended for him and which case resulted in the conviction for murder of Roland B. Molineux, brought him into notoriety. He consented to remain in his position only at the earnest solicitation of his friends.

Cornish is not being forced out of the club. He is very popular among a large number of the leading spirits of the organization, who say the club will miss him, as he was a great hustler in all kinds of athletics. He assumed the position of physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club in January, 1897. At that time he was considered as being without a peer as a mentor and promoter of athletics.

He had already done great work as the athletic director of the Chicago and Boston athletic associations, and his arrival in Gotham created a great stir in local athletic circles. The Knickerbocker Athletic Club soon began to grow rapidly. Cornish succeeded in organizing such a strong water polo team that it wrested the championship from the New York Athletic Club, and has since held it.

Only the lack of a suitable country home, with up-to-date training quarters, prevented the Knickerbocker Athletic Club from endangering the supremacy of the New York Athletic Club in track athletics.

In order to increase the interest in gymnastics among the club members Cornish conceived the idea of holding the famous "indoor circus," which subsequently led up to his open quarrel with Roland Burnham Molineux. The latter tried to oust Cornish from the club without success.

The details of the death of Mrs. Adams while Cornish was a member of her household are familiar to the public.

BIG BOXING TOURNEY.

Amateurs from Australia, England and America to Compete at 'Frisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20.—The Olympic Club intends to bring off one of the greatest amateur boxing tournaments ever held in America some time this Winter.

It has been decided to bring together, if possible, the champion amateur boxers of Australia, England and America to decide the world's amateur championships in the bantam, feather-weight, light-weight, welter, middle and heavy weight classes.

Amateur athletic associations of Australia and England will be asked to send their best representatives to compete in the tournament.

DIED ON THE GOLF LINKS.

Walter Shoemaker Stricken with Apoplexy While in a Game.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—Walter Shoemaker, former President of the Illinois Club and head of the lumber firm of Walter Shoemaker & Co., was stricken with apoplexy at Glen View Golf Club yesterday and died within a few minutes.

A physician said that death had been practically instantaneous, and that the stroke had probably been hastened by the heat and the exertion attending the game.

Mr. Shoemaker had been in the lumber business for many years. He was born in Montgomery County, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1859.

CUBANS GO TO WEST POINT.

Visiting Teachers Inspect Military Post and See Cadets on Parade.

The entire party of 1,208 Cuban schoolteachers, who are on a visit to this city, were taken aboard the steamer Taurus this morning for a trip to West Point.

The United States Military Academy was inspected and a special dress parade given by the cadets in honor of the teachers.

To-morrow the party will be the guests of this city. They will go up the North River and land at Grant's Tomb, where Acting Mayor Guggenheimer will meet them. All the points of interest will be visited.

On Wednesday the teachers will go to Philadelphia for a day and on Thursday sail for Havana.

FRIENDLESS GIRL SAFE.

Maggie Doonan Will for the Present Live at the Brighton, S. I., Home for Children.

Maggie Doonan, the thirteen-year-old girl who walked the streets all day Saturday, having been abandoned, and who slept at the City Lodging-House on Saturday night, was to-day sent by Supt. Blair to the New York Branch of the Nursery and Children's Home at New Brighton, Staten Island.

Supt. Blair said that there had been several applications from respectable people to care for the girl.

LOST LEGS, DR. BOOTH DIED

Aged Physician of Elmhurst, L. I., Succumbed to His Injuries This Morning.

Dr. Franklin Booth, of Elmhurst, L. I., who lost both legs in a trolley-car accident on Saturday night, died early this morning in St. John's Hospital, at Long Island City.

One of the doctor's legs was amputated under his own direction while he lay on the sidewalk immediately after the accident and the other was taken off at the hospital.

Dr. Booth was a member of the Queens Borough Board of Health. He was sixty-three years old.

WOMEN'S POKER CLUB RAIDED BY POLICE.

Why a Jack-Pot Was Never Opened by a Fair Player in Robinson's Snug and Cozy Lair of the Tiger and the "Happy Club" Became Unhappy.

Detective Promised Fair Members a Ride in the Patrol Wagon, but Let Them Off with a Roll-Call and a Bit of Moral Lecture.

Women's Poker Club Raided.

"I open it."

The speaker was a stout, handsome woman, who, with six others of her sex, was playing "jack pots" in Eugene Robinson's "poker room for ladies," known as the "Happy Club," at 243 West Forty-fourth street.

It was Saturday night and the hands of the clock pointed to 11.30.

"No, madam, you won't. Pardon me, but I'll take this pot and save you the trouble."

The door had opened and three smiling detective from the West Forty-seventh street station stood in the brilliantly lighted room. It was one of them who spoke.

It was a dramatic scene.

The woman who had opened the pot sat as if stricken dumb. Her eyes, dilated with terror, were fixed on the detectives. One hand was frozen in the attitude of putting chips in the centre of the table. The other gripped the five fateful cards.

The other players, with blanched faces and riveted eyes, sat as if transfixed. The proprietor, stopped in the act of raking off a chip for the "kitty," also sat paralyzed.

The silence was awful.

SLEUTH TOOK THE POT.

The chief of the detectives advanced to the table and laid his hand on the pile of chips in the centre.

"Search the room," he ordered. It broke the spell, and a babble of hysterical shrieks and lamentations succeeded the silence that had been semi-tragic.

"My God! The police!" came in a shrill scream from the stout woman who had opened the pot.

"Pinched!" growled Robinson, springing to his feet with a smothered curse.

One woman fainted dead away in her chair and rolled, limp, under the table. Another fell to weeping and sobbing.

The rest, too much frightened to minister to or comfort the fallen, all began talking at once.

"For God's sake, don't take us to the station-house!" implored one.

"My husband will kill me!" wailed another.

"You brute! this is your fault!" screamed a third, with a threatening movement in the direction of the ill-fated proprietor.

SAVED FROM ARREST.

Too crestfallen to protest even, Robinson walked aside with the chief of detectives. One of the others stood with his back to the door, while the third made an inventory of the money and gambling paraphernalia.

Robinson talked for several minutes with the detective, but what he said could not be heard in the universal hubbub. His gestures were unmistakably pleading. Finally the detective turned.

"Ladies," he said, "if you'll be quiet just one moment I have something to say to you."

A hush fell upon them.

"I don't want to take you to the station-house," resumed the officer, "but I will take your names as witnesses if it becomes necessary ever to prove this case in court.

"I want to warn you also that you had better keep away from this place in future. The next time will mean a drive with me in a patrol wagon.

"I am well acquainted with you, so I will just ask you to say 'here,' as we do at roll-call over in the station-house, while I call you off and my friend here takes down the names."

HE KNEW THEIR NAMES.

"Mrs. B——," began the detective, speaking the name of a highly respected and well-to-do matron in the neighborhood.

"Mrs. B——," relieved of the fear of arrest, stared at him haughtily.

The names of six other women, equally well known in the vicinity, dropped from the detective's tongue in rapid succession and were jotted down by his assistant. None of the women questioned the accuracy of the detective's information as to her identity.

The one who had fainted awoke to her senses and the situation at this time and came out from under the table. One of the detectives opened the door and bowed courteously as the poker players passed out in single file.

Robinson was not formally arrested. The police give no reason for their lenity except that the patrons of the place were "eminently respectable," and it would be a pity to have their names made public, as would have been necessary had the case been pushed.

The "Happy Club" has been in existence nearly as long as the Raines law. On its roll are the names of one hundred women which, if published, would make more than a casual sensation in the Tenderloin.

Eugene Robinson was formerly well known as a theatrical manager. He quit that vocation to enter the more profitable one of catering to the gambling propensities of respectable but "sporty" residents of the Tenderloin.

ROBINSON IN A ROW.

Last Monday he figured in a fisticuff bout with John H. Springer, manager and lessee of the Grand Opera-House, in front of the Hotel Marlborough. It was an even scrap up to the time both men were arrested and taken before Magistrate Hogan in Jefferson Market Court.

The case was set down for Aug. 27, the men making counter charges of assault.

It is not known whether or not the raid on Robinson's place was an outcome of that encounter.

There are records of some games for high stakes in the annals of the "Happy Club." The usual limit is $2, but it has been greatly exceeded on occasions.

One woman is known to have lost $1,800 in the place on one night. Another parted with $700 within three hours of the start of a game of "table stakes" in which every woman's "pile" was on the table.

Robinson, it is said, did not play, but was contented with the proceeds of the kitty.

Robinson profusely and indignantly denied to an Evening World reporter this morning that gambling was going on in the place. According to him the Happy Club, a chartered organization, rented a back parlor in his house.

The invasion by police, he said, was due to the enmity of Springer, his former business partner, with whom he had trouble.

The party in the place at the time of the police "visit," Robinson explained, had been playing pinochle and had just turned to hearts for a change.

Robinson said that attempts had been made by Detective Lyons, of the West Forty-seventh street station, to get two women members of the club to sign affidavits stating that gambling was permitted.

The police ordered the party to stop playing, and Robinson said this was done. Now he is going to find out if a chartered club is subject to police intrusion and whether it can play cards in its own house or not.

TERRY M'GOVERN, AS FIGHTING BOOTBLACK, IS A REAL ACTOR.

Game-Cock Pugilist Made a Hit in Philadelphia, Where He Opened in a New Play.

Terry McGovern is a real actor, the equal of Jim Corbett or any other member of the hit-and-get-away profession who has tread the boards. He made his debut Saturday night, and the roof of the National Theatre, of Philadelphia, in which he opened, threatened to fall in under the vociferous cheers which greeted the little fellow.

There is no question that the opening was a big success, for as early as 8 o'clock the box-office ceased to sell tickets, evening for standing room. Terry was not used to performing before ladies, but he went through the ordeal in good style. He thrilled his audience with his frequent verbal and fistic denunciations of the villain, and when all was over he was judged a "comer" at the art.

As a bootblack Terry was a wonder. His real hit, though, was made in the third act. It was a scene laid in the Broadway Athletic Club, of this city. A battle for the lightweight championship was to be fought.

Here it was that Announcer Joe Humphries also made his dramatic debut. It was a joke to him. He was just about to introduce the principals when a physician stepped into the ring and announced that one of them had been doped and would be unable to go on. It was Terry's friend.

Here was where Terry came in. Running up to the villain, Terry exclaimed: "This is some of your dirty work, Tom Manly, but rather than disappoint the crowd I will fight the other fellow myself."

The rafters of the building fairly shook, and the fair ones in the velvet-covered seats used their handkerchiefs profusely.

Terry was soon in his fighting togs, and Joe Humphries then did more stage adorning. He introduced Charley White as the referee and the cheering again occupied some minutes, much to the wonderment of the fair ones.

The fight was announced to be for the lightweight championship of the world and $20,000 a side. A small boy nearly fell from the gallery at this point.

But the fight began and ended quickly, as has been Terry's real-life rule. Three rounds was sufficient for the other fellow, and the curtain was rung down amid tremendous cheering.

SHOT AT BRIGHTON TRACK.

Stableman Badly Wounded by Boy Refuses to Tell Cause of Quarrel.

James McLaughlin, forty-seven years old, a stableman for Charles Oxx, at the Brighton Beach race track, became involved in a quarrel last night with William Asshar, eighteen years old, during which Asshar shot McLaughlin in the thigh. The wounded man was put to bed and attended by a physician, who decided this morning to send him to the Kings County Hospital, where he now lies.

The boy escaped and the police are searching for him. McLaughlin refused to say why they had quarrelled and the police were unable to obtain any information in regard to it at the track.

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That ordinary treatment fails to relieve painful periods.

They know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will and does and has, more than any other medicine.

Every woman knows about Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.

Every woman knows some woman Mrs. Pinkham has cured.

But nine women out of ten put off getting this reliable remedy until their health is nearly wrecked by experiments or neglect!

Then they write to Mrs. Pinkham and she cures them, but of course it takes longer to do so. Don't delay getting help if you are sick.

She has helped a million women. Why not you?

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NEARLY 1,000 BABES A WEEK

This Number Cared for by The Evening World's Physicians.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$2,270.27
Fair by little girls of the Bay of Naples Inn, Naples, Me.	25.00
Mrs. E. R., Netherland Hotel	5.00
Ivy Wheel Club, Daisy Gurnee, President	3.70
Ralph, New York City	1.20
George, New York City	1.00
Proceeds of a little fair held by Ethel M. Terhune and May M. Smith, 106 Pulaski street, Brooklyn	2.01
M. B. and N. K.	2.00
Arabella A. Norsh, Lillie Bell and Carrie L. Bell, Raymond Bell and John and Lillian R. Norsh, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.	1.40
N. O'Conner, L. and R. Schemank and E. Wichmann	1.00
Ethel Schauwecker and Irene Gottlieb, 112th St. and Madison Avenue, city	1.00
Joseph Crowe, New York	1.00
Hattie V. Duffy, Sarah T. Harrington and Percy G. Barton, 305A 17th Street, Brooklyn	.75
Wallace A. Scott, Jersey City Heights	.50
Loretta May Wood, 37 North Fulton Avenue, Mt. Vernon	.50
Mildred Fitzgerald, Irene Funston and Edith and Hazel Nieas, Greenwich, Conn.	.25
Alice Gillespie, Gertrude and Alice Walsh, Maggie Hearn, Elizabeth O'Farrell, Jennie Farley and Margaret Donovan	5.00
Henrietta Lesler, Ella Spoore, Julia Dalton and Bella Dalton, Port Richmond, S. I.	4.56
Theresa, Emily and Nellie Muller, Bertie and Florence Behr and Maggie Hubner	2.75
Eveline O'Dea, Jennie Seeler and Agnes Byrne, Kingsbridge, N. Y.	2.53
Stelka Sommer, 57 East 121st st., city	2.10
Emanuel Rosenberg, Ethel Brady, Rosie Modkowitz, Elenora Wolkenkowe and Katerina Kerwin, East Seventh st., New York	1.45
Maud Gardener and Emma Metetka, 1266 and 1270 Second ave., New York	1.10
Willie Green	1.00
Seymour and Milton Blow, 122 East 104th st., New York	1.00
Millie and Lillie Kraemer, Lizzie and Lena Wagman and Maggie Hulse, 458 Humboldt st., Brooklyn	1.00
Ethel Johnson, New Rochelle, N. Y.	.50
Loretta Manning and Lucy Gretzer, 1655 First ave.	.13

The free physicians of the Sick Babies' Fund are visiting an average of 6,500 poor families a week and treating 800 to 1,000 ailing children. The tenements are searched every day for sick little ones, and when one is found its needs are immediately ministered to. Often destitution is met with, and starvation. In such cases the Fund physician at once gives relief.

The charity is supported by every World reader and every penny goes to the babies. If you care to help send a contribution to cashier of The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

THE CONTRIBUTORS.

Little Folks Who Help Sustain the Summer Charity.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Inclosed find check of $25 as a contribution to the Sick Babies' Fund. This amount was realized at a fair by the little girls of the Bay of Naples Inn, Naples, Me.

Hulda Schulte, Pres. Elizabeth Milliken, Treas.
Louise Emerson, Sec'y.

Bay of Naples Inn, Naples, Me.

Inclosed find $2.01, proceeds of a little fair held at residence of Ethel M. Terhune, 106 Pulaski street, and May M. Smith.

Inclosed find $2.70, proceeds of an entertainment given by the Mount Ivy Wheel Club.

Daisy Gurnee, President of the Club.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Accept our small offering of $1 for the sick babies, as we worked hard and failed to get any more.

N. O'Conner, R. Wichmann,
L. Schemank, M. Schemank.

Inclosed find $1, contributed to the Sick Babies' Fund by Ethel Schauwecker, eight years, and Irene Gottlieb, nine years, of One Hundred and Twelfth street and Madison avenue.

Inclosed find 75 cents, proceeds of a stand held in front of 205A Seventeenth street, where we sold lemonade and cake. We hope these few cents will benefit some sick babies.

Sarah T. Harrington, Percy G. Barton.
Hattie V. Duffy.

Brooklyn.

Inclosed find 50 cents, the result of a small stand in front of 570 Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights. Wallace A. Scott.

Inclosed find 25 cents that Dorothy Jenkins and I received for selling lemonade. Very truly yours, Loretta May Wood.

37 N. Fulton avenue, Mount Vernon.

Inclosed find 25 cents for the sick babies the proceeds of a little entertainment in the barn.

Mildred Fitzgerald, Edith Nieas,
Irene Funston, Hazel Nieas.

Greenwich, Conn.

Inclosed please find $2.60 for your Sick Baby Fund, the proceeds of a small fair held yesterday in our yard. Oh, I see papa made it $2.10.

Stelka Sommer, 57 East 121st street.

Inclosed find $5, which has been collected in one day by the following girls:

Alice Gillespie, Elizabeth O'Farrell,
Gertrude Walsh, Jennie Farley,
Alice Walsh, Margaret Donovan,
Maggie Hearn,

Please find inclosed $4.56, made at a fair held at the home of Miss H. Lesler, 50 Maple ave., Port Richmond, S. I., with three little friends. We hope it will help some of the poor sick babies, and we will try and send more next time.

Henrietta Lesler, 9; Julia Dalton, 11;
Ella Spoore, 13; Bella Dalton, 9.

Port Richmond, S. I.

Inclosed find $2.75, which we collected in front of our house by having a fair.

Therese Muller, 9; Bertie Behr, 9;
Emily Muller, 8; Florence Behr, 11;
Nellie Muller, 8; Maggie Hubner, 9.

Inclosed find $1, proceeds of a small stand which we had in front of our house. We all live at 458 Humboldt st., Brooklyn.

Millie Kraemer, Lizzie Wagman,
Lena Wagman, Lillie Kraemer.
Maggie Hulse.

Inclosed find $1, collected by us for the Sick Babies' Fund. Hoping that this mite will help some tots.

Seymour Blow, 4, Milton Blow, 8.

122 East One Hundred and Fourth street.

Inclosed please find 50 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund. I have been saving it up for a month, and hope it will help some poor little sick baby.

Ethel Johnson, 9 years old.

97 Winyah ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Inclosed find $2.53 for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund, the receipts of a fair held on Aug. 13, 1900, on Eveline O'Dea's lawn.

Eveline O'Dea, Jennie Seeler,
Agnes Byrne. Kingsbridge, N. Y.

Laricci, the Italian Orator, Dead.

Affonso Laricci, the Italian orator, who was stricken with paralysis while delivering an oration at the memorial funeral service for King Humbert before the United Italian societies in New Haven, died yesterday.