

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 31.

ETPSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION

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Unimpeachable Testimony!

After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and newsdealers' accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD also the receipted bills from the varieus paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indersed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUN-DRED AND NINE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709,-

530) COMPLETE COPIES OF " THE D."
W. A. CAMP,
Manager of the New York
Clearing-House.
O. D. BALDWIN,
Pros. of the American Loan
and Trust Company.
THOS. L. JAMES,
Pres. of the Lincoln
National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM.

31) 10,709,520(345,468 The average No. of WORLDS printed daily during the Month of March Last

345,468. Average daily Circulation during

350.526 Copies!

THE PREEDOM OFFCONSCIENCE.

While the Government is putting forth efforts to stamp out polygamy in Utah the Mormon Elders are foraging about in foreign lands for new converts to the faith, which, when found, they bring over here in droves Only the other day over a hundred converts arrived at Castle Garden from Norway, and immediately left for Utah.

At first thought it would seem very absurd to allow the landing of this cargo of fuel for a flame which the Government is seeking to extinguish, but it is in reality, under our laws, impossible to inquire into the religious beliefs of immigrants.

It is not what pernicious beliefs are inthey commit which brings people within the clutches of the law. These Mormons may snjoy to the fullest extent the belief that they are entitled to have dozens of wives, but so long as they content themselves with one they are all right—that is, sare.

WOT YET OUT OF DANGER dulged in, but what overt acts of lawlesanesa

NOT YET OUT OF DANGER. The doctors who held the BISHOP autopsy

are not yet entirely out of danger, notwithstanding the handsome treatment accorded them by the Coroner's jury. They are yet liable to be brought to book by the Grand Jury for their infraction of the statute prescribing the limitations under which autopsies shall be held.

The District-Attorney says that they are liable to indictment if the autopsy was held without permission of the relatives or Coroner or within the time specified by statute, twelve hours after death. This coat seems to fit the doctors very closely, in fact, "just like the paper on the wall."

Those who dissect in haste repent at

THE SUPPERERS BY CRIME.

The suicide of Mrs. HENRY GREEL, of Brooklyn, because of the arrest of her husoand for stealing, is a reminder of the fact that the worst sufferers by crime are not the perpetrators thereof, but generally their fam-ilies. If the consequences of wrong-doing could fall with full force upon the guilty one aloue, the administration of the criminal law

sults thangit is. The law-breaker finds a refuge from the scoffs and jeers of the public behind prison bars, and he at least is freed from the struggie for maintanance. Not so with his wife, children and parents. They are left to face the freezing blast of public scorn and neglect. From the taint of being a convict's family they cannot escape. Crushing sor-

would be much more satisfactory in its re-

you. despuir and penury is their lot. When a man, with a loving, trusting wife

and innecent children, commits a crime which must not only destroy him but those whom he has sworn to cherish and defend his crime is doubly atrocious. Would that here was some way to shield the innocent victims; and heap punishment upon the guilty. But it cannot be.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

The United States Illuminating Company, which so boldly brought suit for \$250,000 trol for cutting down their wires, has coneluded to back down and sue rather for peace. This is indeed a wise conclusion. In the vernacular of the rustic "they had bit off more than they could chew."

The fact is, these electric companies had outraged the good fnature of a forbearing public and defiantly resisted the orders of the officials to obey the law. Finally forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and down came their poles. They squealed lustily, but without avail, and now they come around with wry faces and want to wipe out the ugly past. Under the circumstances we presume that the Board of Control will not insist upon being sued.

Nellie Bly Visits the Famous Oneida Community—See the SUNDAY WORLD.

BRAWLING IN A GRAVEYARD.

The unseemly wrangle of rival factions among war veterans at Oakwood Cemetery in Chicago yesterday was disgraceful in the extreme. No words of reprobation are sufficiently strong with which to characterize the conduct of the brawling men who dishonored the graves of their fallen comrades.

On a day when the hearts of the people are mellowed by the memory of the heroic deeds of the Nation's defenders, and vie with each other in showing reverence for the patriot dead, what could be more shocking than a show of angry resentment and petty feuds among those whose graves, all too soon, will call for the garlands of Springtime, as they shall sleep beside those who stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the fire-fringed front of battle.

It is to be hoped that there will never again occur such an unpleasant episode.

Mme. Carnot's Delightful Regime at the Palace Elysee-SUNDAY'S WORLD.

WONG CHIN FOO HITS BACK.

HE ASSAILS CHEW, AND DEPENDS HIS OWN AND HIS FATHER'S NAME.

In regard to Wong Chin Foo, I desire to inform the American public that he is the son of a Chimese pirate whose head was cut off at Foo Chow by order of the Imperial Court of China, he baving been caught while engaged in his piratical excursions. Wong Chin Foo has a warrant hanging over his head at the present time issued by the Chinese Court, and should he go to China his head would be cut off.

The above is taken from an article in the Philadelphia Times, by S. E. Chew, In a letter to THE WORLD Wong says his assistant is a notorious Chinese crack line" and that S. E. Chew is not his real name at all. Chew's true name, he alleges, is Ju Shi Jung, and when he

first came to New York he called himself Sow Mun Jop, under which name he was arrested for blackmailing Mott street gamblers.

Having thus disposed of his alleged traducer, Wong goes on to say that his father was not a pirate, but a Christian, and was not beheaded, but died of old age at ninety-six. This happened at Ting Chow, in the province of San Tung. 2,400 miles from where Chew says he was be-headed.

headed.
For the rest Wong Chin Foo says he left Columbia College in 1889 at the age of sixteen and returned to China, where, until 1873, he was linguist in the Imperial Custom-House at Shanghai and Shun King. In 1874 he was discovered in a plot to overthrow the present Tartar dynasty and came back to New York.

Men Whom You Can Hire to Murder-Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

THE WHITE HOUSE BABIES.

Comes in for a Romp.

[Philadelphia Times, Washington Letter, The strongest, sternest men frequently love babies. President Harrison, who is nothing if not stern and determined, is very fond of his grandchildren. There's Benjamin Harrison McKee, full of romp. When the President gets tired of the office-seekers he often slips out of his office, puts on his dressinggown and slippers and steals off to the nursery, where Benjamin Harrison McKee im-

There are great times in the nursery when Grandpapa Harrison breaks in. Cries are stifled and turned to laughter, and with Benjamin Harrison McKee crawling up his back and Mary Dodge McKee on one knee and Marthena Harrison on the other, the President has his hands full. He sings, dances the babies and yells at young Benjamin when he pulls his grandpapa's whiskers. he pulls his grandpapa's whiskers.

It's a great transformation to see the Presi-

It's a great transformation to see the Fresi-dent at 10 clock, shaking hands with a crowd of strange people, and then to see him two hours later, in dressing-gown and slippers, with the babies pulling his whiskers and crawling between his legs, while young Ben-jamin was making his grandfather shake hands. The little man who has been so hard to fathem and whom nobody is able to hands. The little man who has been so hard to fathom and whom nobody is able to handle is a slave to the babies. He does whatever they want him to do. Last Summer, when the President was receiving delegates and others at his Indianapoits home, if he did not begin to shake hands at once, little Benjamin Harrison McKee would seize his grandpapa's hand and motion for him to go through that ceremony with his visitors. Grandpapa Harrison always takes Benjamin's part and helps him fight his battles. Little Benjamin is indulged by his grand-Little Benjamin is induiged by his grand-father in every way, while Grandmamma Harrison is very indulgent with little Mary Dodge McKee and Marthens Harrison.

Mme. Carnot's Delightful Regime at the Palace Elysee-SUNDAY'S WORLD.

Hood's Saisaparilla 89800 us slock sno

All Tired Out from the depressing effect of the changing season, or by hard work and worry—you need the toning, building-up, nerve-strengthening effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla to give you a feeling of health and

Mites Coming in to Provide that Corps of Free Physicians.

Hearts Touched by the Needs of the Suffering Babes of the Poor.

Many More Little Lives May He Saved if You Will Help.

Even the Most Modest Subscriptions Will Swell the Popular Total.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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1	N. and C	2.0
	Result of Penny Contribution	
	To the Editor of The Evening World:	
	To the Entier of the Eventag World?	

Inclosed find 56 cents, being the result of penny contributions dropped in boxes by our customers, to help the sick baby fund. BRILL BROS., 45 Cortlandt street,

Mites from a Savings Bank.

To the Editor of The Econing World:

I think every one should want to help the

sick little babies and if I was grown up I would give a lot of money to THE EVENING Wonln's fund. I am ten years old and go to school. This afternoon I opened my savings bank and took out this 10 cents. Mamma said I could send it.

From a Workingman.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Here is 25 cents for your fund for the sick babies. It is all I can afford just now. I have not had very good times this Summer, but wish I had more, as I know THE EVENING WORLD'S cause is a good one.

Children's Hearts Touched. To the Editor of the Evening World:

We go to the same school and have all heard

of THE EVENING WORLD's kindness in thinking of the little ones who are sick and whose mothers cannot afford to pay a doctor. We want you to put our 13 cents with the rest.

THEFE SCHOOLGIBLS.

From Seven in Ose Store. Inclosed please find \$2.75 from the en ployees of L. Hersfield & Brother for the benefit of the Children's Free Doctor Fund.

It is from the following: 

B. SEEGULL. Yours truly. 532 Broadway, May 30.

Poor, but Tender Hearted.

Although I am a poor man, you will find inclosed \$1 for the Free Doctors' Fund. God bless THE EVENING WORLD for the interest it takes in relieving the sick children of New

York City.

Trenton, N. J., May 30. Given by a Newsboy and His Sister.

Please find inclosed 10 cents for the Free Babies' Fund. I am a newsboy and am selling THE WORLD, and find it sells better than any other paper. My tittle sister Elvie, who is only six years old, says she wants to send some money also, as she says she wants to help the sick babies in New York. From yours respectfully.

ABLE AND ELVIE DOBEMUS.

One Dollar Each.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Inclosed find \$2, which please add to the Free Doctors' Fund.

In the Editor of The Evening World Inclosed find \$2 for the Sick Children's

Fund. Hoping you have success. Respect-

From a Young Girl.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

1 am a young girl, but when I can see that a thing is right I will help to make it look more so. I can give you only 25 cents, with my best wishes of success. Would Not Leave His Name.

A gentleman warked hastily to the cashier's window of THE WORLD office to-day and handed in 50 cents for THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund. He would not leave his

Strange Religious Worship in the Ganges River See the SUNDAY WORLD.

The Ricard Post Canes. The George Ricard Post, No. 362, G. A. R., The George Ricard Post, No. 362, G. A. R., of Brooklyn, numbering about eighty members, made a fine showing in the parade resterday. Each member carried a silver-mounted rosewood cane, on the band of which is inscribed the letters tr. A. R. Above the band is a shield surmounted by an American eagle with his wings spread. The shield's lanked on each side with an American flag, and the horizontal part of the handle has a pair of cannon crossed on one side and a pair of swords on the other, surmounted by the regulation G. A. R. button.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL at 25 cents a bottle

STRAWBERRIES IN PLENTY. GOOD

OVER A MILLION QUARTS ON THEIR WAY HERE FROM THE SOUTH.

The Jersey and New York Crops Also Arriv ing and the Price Will Become Very Cheap-Raspberries, Tee, Will Soon Bo In Abundance-The Cherry Crop said to Be Almost a Total Fallure.

Let every boarder rejoice. Let him sing pmans of joy! Bound the loud timbrel, toot the horn, twang the harp of rejoicing, for the hour of his discontent is passing, passing.

There will be more strawberries under the sugar island in his sea of cream at to-mor row's eventide meal, and the shortcake will blush at its own honesty.

Strawberries? More than a million quarts of the luscious fruit will be put where they will do the most

fruit will be put where they will do the most good in this town during the next twenty-tour hours.

And they will be cheap enough for almost anybody, for the receipts from the strawberry country will be more than twice as much to-morrow morning as they have been any other day this season.

A steamship is now on its way from Norfolk, and all Virgina, Maryland, Delaware and the Carolinas are doing their best to satisfy the appetite of this city for shortcake, strawberry puddings, ice-creams and other concoctions

appetite of this city for shortcake, strawberry puddings, ice-creams and other concoctions having the juicy red berry for their basic ingredient.

And, for a couple of weeks at least, there ought to be a pleuty of the truit at reasonable prices and reasonable baskets reasonably well filled, for the New Jersey crop is in good report from Monmouth, Middlesex and other counties, and they will join with the Hudson River counties of this State in feeding New York with strawberries and keeping her full for a fortnight.

The marketmen say that there will be 10-cent berries to morrow, and they will be less

cent berries to morrow, and they will be less than that afterwards for a few days, always excepting the fine, aristocratic strawberries blessed with a new name and good adver-

blessed with a new name and good advertising.
Following close upon the strawberries will come one of the most pleatiful raspberry seasons for many years. The Brandywines and the Cuthberts have done finely in New Jersey this season, and the yield will be prolific; while the blackberry sections are said to be in prospect of an unusually large crop. But cherries, those lusty twisters of the youthful stomach, are not in excellent fighting condition. In many parts of this State there will be literally no cherries, save of the commoner varieties.

of the commoner varieties.

There was a wealth of blessoms at the opening period, but the cold rains which have fallen throughout the State at intervals during the Spring and the slight touches of frost dampened and chilled the energies of the trees, and the incipient cherries have fallen in showers, leaving only a few hardy brothers to ripen on the trees.

In Westchester County and along the valley of the Hudson the tornad of two weeks ago

In Westchester County and along the valley of the Hudson the tornado of two weeks ago stripped many trees, but in New Jersev the crop will be a good one.

Those who "keep cases" on the cherry crop say that there will be a two-thirds crop in the sections supplying this market, which will be better than last year's supply, and the growers will bunch their hits.

The Virginia, Delaware and Maryland fruit begun to arrive yesterday, and the Jersey cherries are ripening fully ten days earlier than usual, so that Jersey and Pennsylvania will compete with their Southern sisters for a week or ten days, and New York will look on judicially and eat the oyster, while the contestants get the shells; for though competition is the life of trade, it is death to high prices, and cherries will be cheap for a brief season and then—from about June 20—there will be no cherries at all.

All that is needed to bring about this state of plenty is a few warm, sunny days, and no

of plenty is a few warm, sunny days, and no more cold rains and chilly nights,

A Peculiar Divorce.

The lawyer was sitting at his desk absorbed n the preparation of a brief. So bent was be on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office. A little sob attracted his notice, and turning he saw a face that was streaked with recent tears, and told plainly that the little one's feelings had

Well, my little one, did you want to see

me?"
"Are you a lawyer?"
"Yes. What do you want?"
"I want." and there was a resolute ring m her voice, "I want a divorce from my papa and mamma."

Nellie Bly in the Oneida Community-See

SUNDAY'S WORLD. Phil Sheridan's Monument.

The foundation for a monument over the grave of Gen. Sheridan in Arlington Ceme tery is completed. The monument, which will be a simple monolith of granite 13 feet high, will probably be in place before Decoration Day. It will have on it the word "Sheridan" in raised letters and a bronze medallion bust of the General in has relief resting on the headquarters flag. Mrs. Sheridan pays all the cost of the monument and its erection and has declined assistance. The family and friends of the late General have whill the ground grout state in seven busted grout series and product as the series and a ser exhibited good sense and good taste in con-nection with the place of his burial, his funeral and his menument.

A Windfall for Veterans Who Fought on the Gunboat Unding-SUNDAY'S WORLD The Difference.

Gentleman-And what are you in for, my good man ? Convict IIII—Fer takin' pictures, sir.
"Mercy, I didn't know that photography

It isn't sir; but takin' ile pictures is." A Specimen New York Thug-See the

SUNDAY WORLD. "Love Me, Love My Dog." 1 Props Trans Stftings, 1

He-Why, Miss Jones, do you refuse to Miss Jones - Because Fido doesn't seem to like you, if you must know.



PRICE DAKING POWDER CO.

Walt Whitman's Seventieth Birthday Is Celebrated To-Day.

Delegations of His Admirers at Camden to Do Him Honor.

He Lies Stricken in His Humble Home.

CAMDEN. N. J., May 31.—This is Walt Whitman's seventieth birthday and the good people of Camden have prepared to do honor to the occasion in a befitting manner. It is to be celebrated by a dinner in Mor-

PEPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.



gan's Hall, at which more than two hundred persons are expected to be present, and delegations of the poet's friends and admirers are

arriving from all parts of the country. The "good gray" poet is now a venerable personage, and his growing feebleness in consequence of his last illness will not permit him to take an active part in the fea-tivities.

For months past he has been confined to

For months past he has been confined to his room in the modest little cottage which he occupies in one of the by-streets of the town, and in these dingy—one might almost say squalid—quarters he has been waiting patiently for the end, for he never expects again to recover his physical powers.

The little parlor which he occupies is furnished in the plainest style. The table and floor, which was once littered with his books and papers when he was still able to move around and devote himself to his literary work, are now kept spruce and tidy, and the few books which he can now read, although they are handy to his chair, are kept in good order by his honsekeeper.

He is accustomed to sit in his chair, wrapped in blankets, although on the mild Spring days he throws the covering from his shoulders. Then the wide open shirt-collar which is so familiar to all those who know him falls aside and lays here the brown, hairy throat and upper chest.

upper chest.

But it is the noble head, so massive and full-proportioned, with its halo of silvery, silken hair falling in long, soft locks from the high, rounded coronal, instict with life and

night, rounded coronal, instict with life and thought, that most impresses the visitor.

The white beard so singularly clear, and pure and silken in aspect and texture makes nobly venerable the strongly masculine moulded features. The arched eye-brows are also white like bows of driven snow, and beneath them smoulder the wondrous gray eyes.

eyes.

Although in his present enfeebled and crippled condition he can do but little work, he cannot completely abandon his habits of industry, and when he is feeling brighter than usual he will sometimes take up the old tasks. He feels, however that his working days are over, and as he himself pathetically

says: "I just sit here and wait. What else can I do?"

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, Suffolk County, L. I., May 31, 1819. During his boyhood he attended the public schools in Brooklyn and New York, and there obtained his education.

At an early age he learned the printers' traile and worked at this during the Summer, while he taught school every Winter. In the

while he taught school every Winter. In the years of 1847 and 1848 he made a very exten-sive tour through the United States and Can-

ada, roughing it everywhere, and in this way acquired a vast amount of information and experience, which he afterwards utilized in editing newspapers in New Orleans and Huntington, L. I.

He tired of this, however, although he was always writing, and davoted himself to the carpenter's trade in Brooklyn. In 1855 he published the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," which created such a sensation in literary circles. literary circles

Grasa," which created such a sensation in literary circles.

Five editions of this work have been published, to each of which numerous additions were made by the poet. His "barbaric yawp," as it was called at first, excited only ridicule, but he afterwards found a host of friends and admirers among the shining lights of the literary world.

He claimed to inaugurate "an original modern style," and announced himself as the poet of the Democracy. He says: "We must found our own imaginative literature and poetry, and nothing merely copied from and following the feudal world will do. I dismiss without ceremony all the orthodox account mements, tropes, haberda-hery of words, feet measures that form the entire stock in trade measures that form the entire stock in trade measures that form the entire stock in trade of the rhyme talking heroes and heroines. My metre is loose and free, the lines are of irreg-ular length, apparently lawless at first perusal, but on closer acquaintence you will ind that there is regularity, like the occur-ance, for example, of the lesser and larger waves on the seashore, rolling in without intermission, and fitfully raising and fail-ing."

From 1862 to 1865 Walt Whitman was a From 1862 to 1865 Walt Whitman was a volunteer nurse in the military camps of Washington and Virginia. He filled a government clerkship in Washington from 1865 to 1874, and while he was a Department clerk he lived in the attic chamber of an old-fashioned house opposite the Treasury, where the Corcoran Art Gallery now stands. He was taken there when first stricken with paralysis in 1872.

since 1873.

Since 1874 he has lived here in the plain little frame cottage on Mickle street, and for years the children have been familiar with the big armenair of the poet and his picturesque, kindly face in its framework of flowing white bair at the front window.

During the last year his absences have been During the last year his absences have been numerous, illness confining him to his bed for long intervals; but now during the warm days of the approaching Summer he is seen more regularly at his familiar post.

War Veterans, Read the SUNDAY WORLD'S Story of Unclaimed Money for

Where They Go.

The Rev. Dr. Highchurch—James, do you know where good little boys go when they grow up?
Small James Brownstone—Yes, sir. They get in the Four Hundred.

No Cause for Worriment. [From Judy] He-I wonder whether old Fitkins will be

there this evening. She—You needn't take any notice of him if he is, dear. We don't owe him anything how, do we?

LIKE A DESERTED VILLAGE.

THE POLO GROUNDS IN THEIR STATE OF RUIN AND DESOLATION.

Tramps Adors the Grand Stand and Bleach ing Boards and tionts Occupy the Bases
-Storckcepers Talk of Closing Their Shops from Lack of Trade-Little Wonder that Harlem Complained.

The baudsome liarlem turn-outs which used to stand at the One Hundred and Sixth street station of the Third Avenue Elevated They Will Dine and Toast Him While Railway, and convey the luxurious admirer of baseball to the Polo Grounds for 10 cents, have been out of a job thus far this season. As an Evening World reporter wandered that way on a recent afternoon, a venerable white horse, which had once

exercised daily between the station and the Polo Grounds, supported by the shafts of the hack, stood hitched to an ash-cart, without even the passing compliment of a red-haired girl. He was a faded relie of the lack line. No merry jingling of glasses came from the saloon which used to do business on the

The only people in One Hundred and Sixth street—which was a great thoroughfare when all roads led to the Polo Grounds—were a paralytic who was out for an afternoon stroll in an armchair on wheels, and a blind man who was being piloted by a whimsical and recent ties dog.

who was being protect by the concerning dog.

The reporter walked through the once busy street, somewhat awed by its loneliness. The grass was springing up through the cracks in

grass was springing up through the cracks in the pavement.

Except for the somewhat stony character of the cobblestone pavement, the street itself might be usefully put to raising buckwheat. Travel has little further use for it.

A genial saloon-keeper sat asleep in front of a beer saloon on Fifth avenue, within a stone's throw of the Polo Grounds. The spiders were weaving a web over his bottles. The ants were playing biaseball on the card tables with crumbs of pumpernickel. The slate over the counter looked like a faded score card.

score card.

There were no ticket speculators in front of the Polo Grounds. No clusters of spectators hung breathlessly to the telegraph poles. Interest in the game had spurred no one to sscend where he might take the score, as it were, from the wires. No keen-eyed urchin was trying to look through the double-board

nce. A baseball enthusiast, standing where the thoroughfare cut its way through the grounds from east to west, said: "See what a rent the envious Street Com-

missioner made."

The fence had been torn down on the east and west sides of the grounds. The rest of the fence, the bleaching boards and the grand

and were left standing. The rest of the fence, the bleaching-boards and the grand stand were left standing.

Tramps were quietly asleep on the bleaching-boards and Harlem goats were gambolling about the ball grounds.

There was a tin can on second base, and a goat stole the base. A goat was smiling in the box where smiling Mickey Welch used to send the ball curving and hissing over the home plate. Two or three goats were meandering about the field, and one of them was fielding a tramp in far left field.

Three tramps were "working the growler" in the grand stand. A tramp was sitting in Gov. Hill's box.

A score of urchins were playing ball and holding a congress of profanity in one part of the grounds. About fifty tramps sleep in the grand stand every night.

A resident of the neighborhood said to the reporter: "When the New York Club played on the ground it was a scene of healthful sport and popular enthusiasm for two or three hours a day. Now it is a place of quarralling, profanity and vagabondage from morning till night. Some people are afraid to go into the grounds after dark. The place has become a public nusance."

Where the ragged urchins were playing ball once played the great Ewing, the incomparable Roger Connor. the subtle Keefe, the learned Judge Ward, the astute Counsellor O'Rourke, the great masters of baseball.

Where the tramps were snoring on the bleaching-boards thousands of voices used to cheer a three-base hit or welcome a home run.

run.
Where all was comparative silence and des-olation ten thousand willing hands used to be oration ten thousand willing hands used to be ready to mob the umpire or do anything that was cheerful and useful.

Where 10,000 New Yorkers used to sit, hot and happy, on the bleaching boards and enjoy life watching the New Yorks win, were then to be seen only the empty boards, sprinkled here and there with a tomato can and a traup.

and a tramp.

The abandonment of the Polo Grounds had almost destroyed business from One dred and Sixth to One Hundred and teenth street and from Third to Eighth ave

teenth street and from Third to Eighth avenue.

Saloon-keepers and shopkeepers, paying high rents under leases made when baseball was "played in Harlem, found their business almost destroyed. Some would soon go out of business and there would be empty stores and falling rents in Harlem.

The abandonment of the Polo Grounds injured more real-estate owners than it helped and it greatly injured hundreds of business men.

men.

It established a congress of tramps in the very neighborhood that it was expected to benefit. It was an incalculable injury baseball and to the popular enthusiasm athletic outdoor sports.

athletic outdoor sports.

In short, it was a most mistaken act, directly opposed to public interest, and the immediate prospect that the grounds will soon be booming again should be sufficient to fill every Harlem heart with joy.

THE COMING NINE-DAY RACE. Guerrero Says He Will Have a Hard Fight

but Expects to Win. Gus Guerrero and his trainer, "Happy 'Greaser " got \$1,561 as his share of the gate receipts in the Pacific coast go-as-you-please of two weeks ago, won by Jimmy Albert.

'The next thing on my programme is the

"The next thing on my programme is the Coney Island nine-day race," said Guerrero,
"That's a new style of race, but I think I can win it, though George Cartwright is entered for it, and you know his strong point is as a speed runner. He holds nearly all the English championships for day races, and has a nerve and asting power to go with his speed.

Then George Connor is a good twelve-houra-day man, and I'ete Hegelman is one of the best sprint runners in this country. These three will make me run to win, but I think I can do it. I am pretty well trained now and that will help fit me for the international champious go-as-yon-please next Fall. Any way, I'm going to try and win first money and the 108-hour championship, you bet."

you bet.

Frank M. Slevin, who will manage the nine-day race at the Sea Beach Palace, Coney Island, is busy replying to applications for entrance. He has a desk at the Police Gazette office and has already received the \$25 entrance fee from a score of fleet-footed men of America and Europe.

A Fortune in a Feather Bed. [From the Baltimore American.]
Every housekeeper knows what it is to have

the feather renovator come around to get the

feather beds and pillows, put them through the steaming process and return them in new ticking, clean and good as new. There is an old colored man in Annapolis who concluded to have his bed renovated, but having heard to have his bed renovated, but having heard that renovators were not honest, he concluded to weigh his bed before turning it over. On its return he weighed it, and found it several pounds short, and raid to the man, "Look yere, boss, dis yere ain't my bed, desse ain't my fedders." The man said: "Ain't, eh? All right, but is this yours?" and he pulled from his pocket a roll of greenbacks containing \$4,000, which he had found in the bed. The sight paralyzed the old colored man, and he was then willing to admit the ownership of the renovated bed. The men who cleaned it and found the \$4,000 is hesitating now whether he will give up the money or not. The colored man will have to prove ownership, which he can hardly do. Agreeably Superland

Yesterday was a day of mutual surprises. Our patrons were delighted to find us open, and availed themselves of the bargains offered in the TEN-DOLLAR SALES. We were pleased to find such appreciation of our sale, and to still more extend its advantages we CONTINUE THE \$10 - SALE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

This is a sacrifice sale of stupendous measure, and economical dressers who delight in well-fitting, stylish garments will not miss seeing these bargains.

Men's garments are shown in sack coats, cutaways and Prince Alberts, in all the stylish textures, and a ten-dollar bill takes the choice. Spring Overcoats, silk-faced, in

six fashionable shades, are offered also for Ten Dollars. We stake our twenty years' reputation on the reliability of this sale and the durability of the clothing

offered. Special features are the Boys wo-piece Suits at \$1.98; Boys' three-piece Suits, \$3.50, and Boys' Trousers, 25c., 50c. and 75c.

A. H. KING & CO.,

The Leading American Ciethiere,

627 and 629 Broadway.

Clothing. Boys'

Special Attractions. Thin Cheviot & Cassimere Suits at \$4.75 up. Blue & Black Tricot dress Suits at \$7.50 and \$8.50. Blue & fancy stripe Serge Suits

\$6.75 to \$7.25. \$4.80 to \$5.35. Jersey Suits, Scotch Flannel Blazers \$3.25 Flannel Waists and Blouses, \$1.50, \$1.70 \$2.45.

Straw Hats, 50, 75, 95c. to \$1.35 Tennis Caps, 5oc. Derbys, \$2.00 and \$2.65.

Percale Shirt Waists, 88c., 95c.

Lord & Taylor,
Broadway Store.

Two Travellers.



Farmer Harrer-What yer got that drum on h' dog fer? Splatters (the tramp)-Oh, it kinds

'ncourages the marchin'. All I bey t' say is,
"You gits yer dinner soon, Roger," an' he
drums out "Sherman's March" jest as nat'rel as I heered it in Georgy. Strange Religious Worship in the Ganges River-See the SUNDAY WORLD.

Immorality at the Capital. [From a Washington Special.] children in one year, of whom 121 were born dead, by mothers mostly of the schoolgirl age, unmairies and very often homeless, cal's for more than a passing notice," says Dr. Smith Townshend, Health Officer of the District of Columbia, in his report just published. "The status of the colored race in the United States, and especially the Southern the United States, and especially the Southern portion thereof, assumes growing importance as a social problem as the years go by. The normal proportions between the legitimates and the illegitimates among the whites is maintained, there being six of the former to one of the latter. The returns as to the colored race show a continued growth of illegitimate relations between the sexes, there being only 1.28 legitimate to 1 illegitimates. That is, the latter class equals three-fourths of the former and over 26 per cent, of still-births of every kind. Examinations made by the office, as opportunity occurred, have developed the fact that a large proportion of the mothers of these colored stillborn are unmarried girls, ranging from fourteen to eighteen or twenty years of age. In most cases they either cannot or will not disclose the name of the father of the child, or give any clue by which he can be located.

Nellie Bly in the Oneida Community-See

Conflicence of the Public.

Last Wednesday there were a few lines in this paper stating that H. Bach, 768 Broadway, between 8th and 9th sts., wholesale and retail cicting dealer, would close out his wholesale stock at cost at retail. The fact that such a reliable concern advertised to do this month to the public more than as ordinary advertisement, and such has proved to be the case. Every day since this such has proved to be the case. Every day since this great sale commenced their layer establishment has been crowded with purchaseers. They are certainly offering some elagant spoods at extraordinarily low prices. Among the many great she grain they are offering we call special attention to the following: Man's fine quality Classingers Stille, latest designs, perfect fitting. \$7.70 in checks and stripes, every hardsons: resulir trice \$15. Men's fine Fronci Classingers Stille, \$8.90 in twenty different chades, in checks and slipps, vary atylish, sold heture for \$10; extra fine quality samples with all and still, and still, and still state. The first walls, checks, stripes and exter designs. It is limit with a state also of a wholesale stock at retail. If first, 166 Broadway, between 5th and 5th sae, leav 1768. Broadway, between 5th and 5th sae, Confidence of the Public.