

The World

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Unimpeachable Testimony!

After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and newsdealer accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipts bills from the various paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the endorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify that these were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

W. A. CAMP, Manager of the New York Clearing-House. O. D. BALDWIN, Pres. of the American Loan and Trust Company. THOS. L. JAMES, Pres. of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM. 3110,709,520 (345,468) The average No. of WORLDS printed daily during the Month of March Last was 345,468.

THE FREEDOM OFFENSIVE. While the Government is putting forth efforts to stamp out polygamy in Utah the Mormon Elders are forging about in foreign lands for new converts to the faith, when found, they bring over here in droves.

THE WHITE HOUSE BABIES. The strongest, sternest men frequently love babies. President Harrison, who is nothing if not stern and determined, is very fond of his grandchildren.

NOT YET OUT OF DANGER. The doctors who held the Bismar autopsy are not yet entirely out of danger, notwithstanding the handsome treatment accorded them by the coroner's jury.

THE SUFFERERS BY CRIME. The suicide of Mrs. HENRY GREENE, of Brooklyn, because of the arrest of her husband for stealing, is a reminder of the fact that the worst sufferers by crime are not the perpetrators thereof, but generally their families.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar. All Tired Out from the depressing effect of the changing season, or by hard work and worry—you need the tonic, invigorating, strengthening effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

and innocent children, commits a crime which must not destroy him but those whom he has sworn to cherish and defend his crime is doubly atrocious. Would that there 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 damages against the Board of Electrical Control for cutting down their wires, has concluded to back down and sue rather for peace. This is indeed a wise conclusion.

Nellie Bly Visits the Famous Onida 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 melted 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.

Mrs. Carnot's Delightful Regime at the Palace Elisee—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

WONG CHIN FOO HITS BACK.

HE ASSAILS CHEW AND DEFENDS 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 Chinese pirate who was cut off at Poo Choo by order of the Imperial Court of China.

For the rest Wong Chin Foo says he left China at the age of 16, and in 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 Tatar dynasty and came back to New York.

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

THE WHITE HOUSE BABIES. Great Times in the Nursery When Grandpa Comes in for a Romp. [Philadelphia Times, Washington Letter.]

THE WHITE HOUSE BABIES. The strongest, sternest men frequently love babies. President Harrison, who is nothing if not stern and determined, is very fond of his grandchildren.

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A GROWING FUND.

Mites Coming in to Provide that Corps of Free Physicians.

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

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

Even the Most Modest Subscriptions Will Swell the Popular Total.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Table of subscriptions: THE EVENING WORLD, \$100.00; Mrs. S. A. Rogers, \$1.00; Mrs. S. A. Rogers, \$1.00; Mrs. S. A. Rogers, \$1.00; Mrs. S. A. Rogers, \$1.00; Mrs. S. A. Rogers, \$1.00.

Result of Penny Contributions.

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

BAILEY BROS., 45 Cortlandt street, May 30.

Mites from a Savings Bank.

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 WORLD'S fund.

From a Workman. Here is 25 cents for your fund for the sick babies. It is all I can afford just now.

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STRAWBERRIES IN PLENTY.

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

The Jersey and New York Crops Also Arriving and the Price Will Become Very Cheap—Raspberries, Too, Will Soon Be in Abundance—The Cherry Crop Said to Be Almost a Total Failure.

Let every boarder rejoice. Let him sing paeans of joy! Sound the loud timbrel, too! for the hour of his discontent is passing, passing.

More than a million quarts of the luscious fruit will be put where they will do the most good in this town during the next twenty-four 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 steamskip is now on its way from Norfolk, and all Virginia, 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 having the juicy red berry for their basic ingredient.

For a couple of weeks at least, there ought to be a plenty of the fruit 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 the State in feeding New York with strawberries and keeping her full for a fortnight.

The marketmen say that there will be 100-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 advertising.

Following close upon the strawberries will come one of the most plentiful raspberry seasons for many years. The Brandywines and the Cuthberts have long been in New Jersey this year, and the yield will be prolific; while the blackberry sections are said to be in prospect of an unusually large crop.

But cherries, those luscious twisters of the youthful stomach, are in excellent fighting condition. In many parts of this State there will be literally no cherries, save of the commoner varieties.

There was a wealth of blossoms 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 torpor of two weeks ago stippled many trees, but in New Jersey the crop will be a good one.

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

The Virginia, Delaware and Maryland fruit began to arrive yesterday, and the Jersey cherries are ripening 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 and envy the market, while the constant 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—about from June 20—there will be a dearth.

All that is needed to bring about this state 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 in the preparation of a brief. So bent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open nor see the curly head that thrust into his office.

Just sit here and wait. What else can I do? "Are you a lawyer?" "Yes, what do you want?" "I want, and there was a resolute ring in her voice, "I want a divorce from my papa and mamma."

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 obtained his education.

At an early age he learned the printers' trade and worked at this during the summer, while he taught school every winter. In the years of 1847 and 1848 he made a very extensive tour through the United States and Canada, roughing it everywhere, and in this way acquired a vast amount of information on the subjects of literature, history, and politics.

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 accoutrements, tropes, imberberities of words, feet 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 irregular length, invariably lawless at first, but, but on closer acquaintance you will find that there is regularity, like the occurrence, for example, of the longer and larger waves on the seashore, rolling in without intermission, and fittingly raising and falling."

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 1873.

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

During the last year his absence has 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 You. Where They Go. The Rev. Dr. Hightshrub—James, do you know where good little boys go when they grow up? Sam James Brownstone—Yes, sir. They get in the Four Hundred.

No Cause for Worriement. He—I wonder whether old Pitkins will be there this evening. She—You needn't take any notice of him if he is, dear. We don't owe him anything, do we?

Advertisement for D. PRICES' Cream Baking Powder. FULL WEIGHT PURE D. PRICES' CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE

GOOD GRAY POET.

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

Delegations of His Admirers at Camden to Do Him Honor.

They Will Dine and Toast Him While 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-



WALT WHITMAN. His 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 festivities.

For months past he has been confined to his room in the modest little cottage which he occupies in one of the by-roads 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.

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, is drawn up and laced before the brown, hairy throat and upper chest.

But it is the noble head, so massive and full-proportioned, with its halo of silvery, thick, wavy hair, which has been turned into high, rounded coronal, instilled with life and thought, that most impresses the visitor.

The white beard so singularly clear, and pure and shaven 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.

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:

Just sit here and wait. What else can I do? "Are you a lawyer?" "Yes, what do you want?" "I want, and there was a resolute ring in her voice, "I want a divorce from my papa and mamma."

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LIKE A DERELICT VILLAGE.

THE POLO GROUNDS IN THEIR STATE OF RUIN AND DESOLATION.

Tramps Adorn the Grand Stand and Bleaching Boards and Closets Occupy the Base—Storekeepers Talk of Closing Their Shops for Lack of Trade—Little Wonder that Harlem Complained.

The handsome Harlem turn-outs which used to stand at the One Hundred and Sixth street station of the Third Avenue Elevated 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-car, without even the passing compliment of a red-haired girl. He was a faded relic of the hack line.

No merry jingling of glasses came from the saloon which used to do business on the corner. 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 occasional hack, and a young man who was being piloted by a whimsical and eccentric dog.

The reporter walked through the once busy street, somewhat awed by its desolation. He crossed 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 a buckshot. 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 ants were playing baseball on the card tables with crumbs of pumpkinseed. The slate over the counter looked like a faded 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 subsided, and no one to be seen when he might take the score as it were, from the wires. No keen-eyed urchin was trying to look through the double-board fence.

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 Commissioner 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 stand were left standing.

Tramps were quietly asleep on the bleaching-boards and Harlem goals 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 face of the umpire, and a goat was 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 feeding 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 hitting the congress of professional on 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 grounds it was a smart, beautiful sport and popular enthusiasm for two or three hours a day. Now it is a place of quarrelling, profanity and vagabondage from morning till night. Some people are said to go to the grounds after dark. The place has become a public nuisance."

Where the ragged urchins were playing ball once played the great Edwin, the incomparable Taylor, and the great Tom, the learned Judge Ward, the astute Counselor O'Rourke, the great masters of baseball.

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

Where all was comparative silence and desolation ten thousand willing hands used to be ready to mop the umptire, 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 a smutty boarder, sprinkled here and there with a tomato can and a tramp.

The abandonment of the Polo Grounds had almost destroyed business from One Hundred and Sixth to One Hundred and Sixty-second street and from Third to Eighth avenue.

Saloon-keepers and shopkeepers, paying little more than their lease when they were still "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.

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

Frank M. Slevin, who will manage the nine-day race at the Sea Beach, Coney Island, in reply to applications for entrance, has already received the \$25 entrance fee from a score of feet-footed men of America and Europe.

A Fortune in a Feather Bed. Every housekeeper knows what it is to have the feather renovator come around to get the feather beds and pillows, and then through the steaming process and return them in new, tickling, clean and good as new. There is an old colored man in Annapolis who concluded that renovators were not honest, 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 said to the man, "Look your bow, dis vore ain't my bed, dese all my feathers." The man said, "Ain't, eh? All right, but is this yours?" and he hauled from his pocket a roll of greenbacks containing \$3.00, which he had found in the bed. The sickly paralyzed old colored man, who had been the owner of the renovated bed, was cleaned it and found the \$3.00 in hesitating now whether he will give up the money or not. The old colored man will have to prove ownership, which he can hardly do.

Confidence of the Public. Last Wednesday there were a few lines in this paper stating that the following advertisement had been published in the Standard: "The Standard is pleased to announce that a reliable concern advertised to do this month to the public more than an ordinary advertisement, and such has proved to be the case. Every day about the great sale commenced their large establishment, and all invited attention to the following: 'We are selling some elegant goods at extraordinarily low prices. Among the many great bargains they are: a pair of fine quality trousers, latest design, perfect fitting, \$7.75 in cheap and stripes, only \$4.00; a pair of fine quality trousers, latest design, perfect fitting, \$11.50, sold before for \$16; extra fine quality trousers, \$11.50, sold before for \$25. This sale is in wide aisle, cheap, stripes and other designs. It is held with silk and satin, and is without doubt the best bargain in a fine suit in New York. 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 Onida Community—See SUNDAY'S WORLD.

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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' two-piece Suits at \$1.98; Boys' three-piece Suits, \$3.50, and Boys' Trousers, 25c., 50c. and 75c.