

THE MEN.

Moroney and McDonald Released by Order of Judge Andrews.

The Promised Identification of Cronin's Murderers a Fizzle.

Scene in the Corridor of Murderers' Row at the Tombs.

Hatfield, Martensen and Throckmorton All Baffled.

Martin Burke, Another Cronin Suspect, Arrested To-Day at Winnipeg.

The three Chicagoans who came to this city yesterday for the purpose of identifying John Moroney and Charles McDonald, the two suspects in the Cronin case, went through the performance at the Tombs this morning and failed utterly to pick out the men.

Their names are William E. Hatfield, who sold the furniture for the Clark street apartment to J. B. Simons; E. G. Throckmorton, the real estate agent off whom the Clark street flat was rented, and Hamak Martensen, the Swedish truckman, who carried the furniture from the same flat to the Cronin cottage.

With them was T. J. Farrell, a Pinkerton detective, who represents the office of State's Attorney Longenecker of Chicago.

They all remained at an up-town hotel yesterday morning after their arrival, and under the guidance of Detective Von Gerichten, of the Central Office, were piloted to the Tombs in the afternoon, where they asked to see the prisoners.

Acting Warden Finley told them that they should come around at 10 o'clock this morning and they would be given an opportunity of seeing the prisoners and identifying them.

Notice of this arrangement was sent to either the District Attorney's office or to Lawyer Newberger, who represents Moroney and McDonald.

A few minutes before 10 o'clock this morning when the party arrived at the Tombs, Detective Von Gerichten still had them in hand, but refused to say where they had spent the previous twenty-four hours.

Detective Farrell, however, thought they had been somewhere down at Coney Island or Rockaway Beach, and he was sure that there was lots of mystery about the whole thing.

Warden Finley received his visitors cordially and asked them to wait a few minutes while he arranged the line in which Moroney and McDonald were to be stationed when the men came in to identify them.

When the men had waited so long that there might be some one there to see how the thing worked and to have everything square and above board.

Twenty men had been selected to form the line, and they were stationed in the second tier of the new prison, in the same corridor which includes the "murders' row," only it is not at the end of the building.

These twenty men included, besides the two suspects, a number of prisoners and keepers. Among the former were Liverpool Jack, the notorious burglar, and the two Halesd "loas," of Electric-Sugar fame.

All the men wore their hats, and Moroney and McDonald, in the line, were in the line, and they were looking down into the corridor below, where the group of reporters stood with the warden, and the witness gallery on the opposite side of the corridor, not more than ten feet distant, and given all the time they wanted to scan the features of the men opposite.

The light which came in the end window was not very bright, but it was sufficient to bring out the features of each man clearly. The men were dressed in the ordinary dress of the Tombs, and they were all looking down into the corridor below, where the group of reporters stood with the warden, and the witness gallery on the opposite side of the corridor, not more than ten feet distant, and given all the time they wanted to scan the features of the men opposite.

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for the identification proceedings, and said it was entirely unoffensive and would wait and see what decision Judge Andrews would make in the habeas corpus proceedings.

Meanwhile Judge Andrews came to court and taken his seat on the bench at Chambers.

The corridors of the Court-House were filled with spectators, and the little Lawyer Newberger was there in all his glory.

Lawyer Newberger, Moroney's counsel, is very indignant that the attempted identification should have taken place without his knowledge.

He threatens to make it hot for Moroney's counsel in this city and hints that he is going to make some attempt to get into the Tombs.

After reciting the fact of the arrest and detention of the men on the despatch from Chicago, Judge Andrews says:

The question is, was any competent legal evidence presented to the police magistrate that Patrick Cronin had been murdered, and which reasonable person would believe, or from which it appeared probable, that Moroney or McDonald committed the crime.

It appears that no competent legal evidence whatever was produced before the magistrate, either of the fact of the murder or that Moroney or McDonald were the murderers.

Even if the telegram were to be regarded as some sort of hearsay evidence, that telegram is not admissible in evidence, and Moroney and McDonald shall be arrested.

He does not assume to state that Cronin has been murdered or that either Moroney or McDonald had anything to do with the murder.

Detective Von Gerichten does not state in his affidavit that Cronin has been murdered, but merely that he was charged with his murder, and that he is informed and believes that Moroney is guilty of the crime.

He doesn't profess to have any knowledge himself that a murder has been committed, or that Moroney or McDonald are guilty of that crime, or that they are guilty of any crime.

The affidavits of the police are stated to be derived from telegrams and despatches, but the only telegram produced by him, and the only one which contains any information tending to show that Moroney or McDonald is guilty of the crime, is the one which was produced by him.

As there is no legal cause for the imprisonment of either Moroney or McDonald, it is shown before me that they are being held in violation of the law, and I must order their discharge.

Lawyer Newberger took a certified copy of Judge Andrews' order discharging Moroney to the Tombs at 1 o'clock.

Edward T. Rowe and Major Fitzpatrick, Moroney was immediately brought out and his friends followed him to the street, where he was met by his wife and children.

He took possession of as soon as the handshakes were over.

He declined to say anything for publication.

The discharge of McDonald was also signed by Judge Andrews and he was set at liberty as soon as his lawyer got copies of the order.

The three Chicago men have scattered. It is said that they will leave town immediately.

ANOTHER CRONIN MURDER ARREST.

Martin Burke in Custody as One of the Williams Brothers.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, June 17.—The coils which began slowly at first, are now tightening with a fast grip about the murderers of Dr. Cronin, and another of the probable actual perpetrators is in custody.

There was a great and unusual stir at Police Headquarters this morning.

Detective Palmer, who has been Chief Hubbard's right-hand man in the case, was busily engaged in looking up the law on extradition.

He found time, however, to glance over a despatch from Winnipeg, which said that Martin Burke, alias "Doc," had been arrested in that city as concerned in the Cronin murder.

Chief Hubbard had telegraphed to hold the man at all hazards.

When Detective Palmer had finished he was asked: "Is that an important arrest?"

"Very important," said the detective, lowering his eyes.

"Is Burke or Delany, one of the Williams brothers?"

buggy and ordered him to drive up to the Cronin cottage.

He recognized one of them as McDougall, alias Williams, and the other as McViville. He describes the latter as about 5 feet 11 inches in height, heavily built and thick set.

At the cottage they jumped out and went into the building, but came out a few minutes later carrying a trunk. F. O. Sullivan, the man who was helping them.

Then follows a description of the ride with the trunk and of the final disposition of the trunk in the sewer. It differs somewhat in detail from the previous stories told by Woodruff, but in general it is the same.

He says that it was at first the intention to take the trunk into the lake in Lincoln Park, but this was given up.

The men did not go back to the cottage, and Williams did not attend to the rest of the matter, and set about getting rid of the clothes.

They told Woodruff when he asked for his money to "work Alcock Sullivan for it."

State's Attorney Longenecker believes McDougall to be McDonald, and McViville to be Moroney, and is going to have them indicted, he says, on that hypothesis.

THE SUBURBAN TO-MORROW.

FOR THE BEST, MOST INTERESTING AND GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT SUBURBAN RACE AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY READ TO-MORROW'S "EVENING WORLD." THE PRELIMINARIES WILL BE IN THE EARLIER EDITIONS AND THE RESULTS IN THE SPORTING EXTRA.

STARS WHO WERE MENTIONED.

Booth and Barrett taught a little lesson of modesty the other night to those members of their profession who will deign to witness a theatrical performance from a private box only and consider that they have the undoubted right to select this. Messrs. Booth and Barrett appeared at the Broadway Theatre Thursday night, and Manager Frank Sanger was informed of their arrival. Mr. Sanger welcomed the tragedians in his own artless demure manner. They announced their desire to see "The Oolah." Mr. Sanger found that the private boxes were all filled and that the floor was also monopolized. In despair he looked at the balcony—the plebeian balcony—and informed Messrs. Booth and Barrett that the only seats in the house at their disposal were in the balcony.

The balcony's good enough for me, said Booth with a smile. The tragedians took the places and stayed through the performance. Later in the evening a notable, well-known star, who shall be nameless, presented himself at the Broadway, with his star-eyes, and asked for a box. Mr. Sanger offered a balcony seat as the best possible. "No, Frank," was the reply. "I am not so crazily anxious to see your show as all that. I don't mind staying through the whole thing, but I'll be hanged if I'll make an exhibition of myself in the gallery." Mr. Sanger let him go.

By Rial, who managed Miss Lydia Thompson last season, goes to California this week on a managerial enterprise, particulars of which he will divulge anon.

Frank Courier, who three weeks ago married Miss Dow, the aunt of Julia Marlowe, was in town yesterday. He seems to feel rather keenly the altered condition of things in the Courier's company, though he will not say so much, and was very non-committal. Miss Dow, it will be remembered, is the lady who gave Miss Marlowe her name. He was asked to whom she was married. "The actress is indebted for every little bit of dramatic business, and nearly all the graces that she has made known. Miss Dow married her day after day, and after four hours. This is well known in the profession."

"It would be a bitter blow to Miss Marlowe if her aunt died," said a manager at the time when Miss Dow was present at her accident in Chicago. "It would end Julia. She is not strong enough yet to go alone."

Miss Dow brought out Miss Marlowe at the New Theatre, with the aid of Mr. Courier. She was assisted by Frank Courier. Miss Marlowe made a hit, and soon found a manager in Ariel N. Barney. Mr. Courier's latest season, he will not be with Miss Marlowe, even though he has just married her aunt. He does not deny that the actress and her aunt have been troublesome in business, but he says he asserts that Miss Dow will remain with her niece during the coming season, because her contract calls for it. But it is pretty evident that Mr. Courier considers that both he and his wife are being ousted from an organization headed by the little lady whom they dramatically mate.

Gus Williams's season at Tony Pastor's was not a success, financially speaking. It had the privilege of remaining at that house as long as it made money, but the engagement came to an end Saturday night.

A benefit for Henry Liphart and James Adams, of Adams, Casey & Howard, will be given at Tony Pastor's Saturday night. The following people will appear: Pat Rooney, James F. Hoey, Stuart Ware, and Kaye and Henry Sherman and Morrison, Lester and Eddie French, Katie Hart and Casey and Howard.

The three sets to be used in the four acts of "The Lion and the Lamb," the new comedy by Walter and Lewis to be presented at the Bijou Theatre, Aug. 5, represent a bachelor's apartments, a widow's apartments and a forest glade in New Jersey, where a bloodless duel is fought.

Robert Frazer, who has been superintending the arrangements for "The Last Days of Pompeii," does not seem to have enjoyed his task. The task of instructing 300 or 400 young men and women in the open air cannot be one of the most delightful missions on earth.

The actors and actresses who appeared in Sedley Brown's play "Fine Meadow" at the Madison Square Theatre, Friday afternoon are all said to have volunteered their services.

Niblo's is closed for the season, to be opened with infinite pomp and circumstance by spectacular Kirlaff.

A Literary Novelty. (From the New Haven Journal.)

Under the above caption the New York World of Monday speaks of a New Haven gentleman whose very meritorious poetic contributions to the Courier and other New Haven dailies in the past few years has been so favorably received by the public.

The story in verse entitled "A Tanker Lucille," by Mr. William Edward Penney, THE EVENING WORLD poet, began in these columns to-day is a unique and original newspaper feature. The like has never appeared to our knowledge in any newspaper ever published.

Mr. Penney's poetical ability has attracted widespread attention and much hearty praise. It is of the sort that appeals to the common people, and will interest thousands of readers who care nothing for poetry as a general thing.

The work of Will Carleton in his "Farm Ballads" will naturally be compared with Mr. Penney's latest effort. But the latter is not as likely to suffer by such comparison.

There is a decided moral, too, in "A Tanker Lucille," that American girls will do well to remember and apply.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Heroic Struggle with a Drop-a-Nickel Electric Shock Machine.

Among the many drop-a-nickel devices is the one with an electric battery attachment, which by dropping a coin and pulling a handle administers an electric shock which the recipient can intensify at will, a dial registering the strength of the current.

A party of four gentlemen tried one of these machines recently at a suburban summer resort. Three of the party tested their nerves with various success.

Then the fourth gentleman, who, from his business, (telegraphing), was generally supposed to have a greater knowledge of electricity than the others, approached the machine, dropped in his nickel and seized the handles.

The others eyed the dial, expecting to see the needle indicate a higher record than any of the others.

Nor were they disappointed. The hands seemed to be caught in some way, and the electric current gave a smart jolt, which brought the needle around to about 60. The only effect upon him was a slight start, caused by the electric shock.

Slowly the needle travelled around to 400; then it took a sudden jump up to the highest number on the dial, 600, while the gentleman sank into the handle, presumably to get more electric current.

"He's beaten us all to pieces," said one of the party, gazing meanwhile at the register, "and he's accustomed to it," said another.

Two or three similar remarks followed, until one of the party noticing the frantic nature of the contest about the dial, turned around, saying: "That's as high as you can."

His remarks were cut short by the sight that met his eyes of the rest of the party. The electrified individual's hat had fallen from his head; his eyes were protruding, his face red and a series of spasmodic convulsions shook his body. He was hopped, first on one foot then the other.

"Let go!" yelled one of his companions. A struggle was the result, followed by a semi-hysterical which could be faintly distinguished as "C-o-u-n-t."

Just then he managed to free his left hand, which he raised and pulled the landing out further and quit it a darning right word.

The ludicrous side of the situation was apparent when the individual, who had been laughing, which was accelerated by the victim's explanation:

"I wanted to quit at 60 and tried to pull my hand away, but I couldn't get it out further and quit it a darning right word."

Many Valuable Keepsakes Come Into the Possession of the Evening World.

The little shops and stores along upper Park Row and the Bowery are receptacles for all sorts of things, and many a keepsake that has fallen into their keepers' hands has been better days.

These shops are pretty much all alike. They are generally stuffy, ill-ventilated, creaky rooms, lined on either side with a row of shelves reaching up to the ceiling and laden with all sorts of things.

A showcase that stands on the counter is generally filled with medals, guns, pistols, swords, watches, sieve-buttons and, in fact, everything that is likely to command the attention of a purchaser.

The proprietor of one of these quaint establishments is an old man who has been in New York for nearly thirty years, and during that time he has handled some of the most precious keepsakes.

He has attended receptions where sovereigns have been presented with some prize, and then in after years the medal, watch or cane, or whatever it might be, has fallen into his hands to be sold to the first bidder.

"Oh, yes," he sighed, when spoken to by an EVENING WORLD reporter. "I have seen many a man rise and fall in his town."

Some People Who Can Always Find an Excuse for Not Going.

The man who goes about growling and grumbling can always find something to kick about in the Elevated railroads of this city.

If he can't find a lamp on the train from which oil is leaking, or if he is not carried past his station through his own carelessness, he can always discover something which he can kick about.

There are some "kickers" who think that the guards are responsible for everything that goes wrong, and they vent their feelings on the conductors.

An EVENING WORLD reporter, who stood on the platform of the Chatham Square station awaiting the arrival of a City Hall train, overheard an old fellow muttering to himself.

"Mean, unmanly, impolite fellows. Let 'em off first, eh? How dare they yell and kick about the Elevated railroads, when the passengers were a lot of animals who were being removed from their exhibition cages."

"There should be a stop to this. Col. Main should make them speak properly."

Just then a train came along and the old man was swallowed up in the crowd that pushed and jugged and crushed in the rush for the gates.

THE CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

Table with columns for American Cotton Oil, Atch., Top. & Santa Fe, B. & O., etc.

GOSSIP OF TRACK AND RING.

A FEW WORDS REGARDING OUR ATHLETES AND FUGITIVES.

Death of "Jim" Keenan, the Famous Sprinter—Recall to Sport Williams at the Beaches To-Night—A "Blacked-Glove" Contest in Newark—Johnny Reagan in Fine Form—Dohm Again Defeats Conneff.

In the death of "Jim" Keenan at his home in Somerville yesterday the sporting fraternity of America has sustained a heavy loss. Mr. Keenan was one of the most prominent sprinting men of the day and he enjoyed a world-wide reputation.

His real and liberal ability as a backer and his custom of banking up his judgment with thousands of dollars were themes of discussion wherever the slightest interest in sporting matters existed. He would frequently wager as high as \$40,000 on a single event and he has been known to lay all he possessed on the result of a contest of some sort.

He was Oarman Hanlan's first backer. He also was Kieran's principal backer in his coming fight with "The Duke" at the Beaches. He backed the champion amateur oarsman of America. He likewise was the first to back Homer and Teemer, Gibson and all of the prominent long distance runners. Among the trotting horses brought into prominence through his money is Emma B. He left \$200,000.

Mr. Frank Stevenson, who, accompanied by Jake Kieran, recently made a flying visit to Mr. Keenan, will lead a delegation of sporting men from this city who will attend his funeral. "Jim" Keenan came to this country from Ireland when but a lad. He first settled in New York. After about fifteen years he went to New Orleans and stayed there ten years.

On the breaking out of the civil war he espoused the Union cause, enlisting in the Northern army as a private. During the progress of the struggle he repeatedly distinguished himself by bravery. He received two medals for special valor, one gained while running the blockade at Island No. 10, aboard Admiral Farragut's flagship, and the other for his daring and effective work during the attack on Fort Hudson. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

At the close of the war he removed to Boston, in which city he lived until last year, when he bought a handsome place in Somerville, one of the Hub's handsome suburbs.

At Jimmy Carroll's benefit to-night at Dubois's Academy Brooklyn, Carroll will spar Dr. Williams, champion middle-weight of Connecticut, before winding up with Jack Ashton.

Mr. John H. Smith's heart has been made glad because Jack Ashton lately walked into his place in Bond street and presented him with a valuable gold-headed cane.

Curley Norton gives a "blacked-glove contest" for a handsome gold medal to-night at Caledonian Park, Newark, open to all amateurs, including 124 pound men. The wind-up will be a four-round boxing bout between two star bantamweights, Cal McCarthy and Chappie Moran. W. E. Hardwicke to referee. A "blacked-glove" part of the entertainment.

The boxing attraction to-morrow evening will be Frank Donovan's benefit at Savoy. The contest will be a four-round boxing bout between two star bantamweights, Cal McCarthy and Chappie Moran. W. E. Hardwicke to referee. A "blacked-glove" part of the entertainment.

The fine form and improvement in skill displayed by Johnny Reagan at the late benefit for the food sufferers, a subject for congratulation among the many friends of the clever, "gritty" and modest middle-weight, will be a four-round boxing bout between two star bantamweights, Cal McCarthy and Chappie Moran. W. E. Hardwicke to referee. A "blacked-glove" part of the entertainment.

Not being discouraged by his defeat at the hands of Billy Murray, Jack Lyman now states that if any club will put up a purse he will fight a ten-round bout with the champion of the world, Billy Murray, at the Troy Club next Monday.

W. C. Dohm's defeat of T. P. Conneff by eight rounds in the half-ton run-off prize fight, Saturday, proves what expert judges of athletes have claimed—that Dohm outranks Conneff at the short distance, and he now admits Dohm's superiority in a longer run. It was very plucky, however, of Tommy to beard the lion in his den, as it were, for Dohm is at his best in the half-ton.

The following has been received: In answer to "Julius Sotak, champion swimmer of France and Austria," I will swim him any distance, and when I say swim I mean swimming and not in a suit of indiarubber. Please let me know if he has deposited any money or if he will come and see me at Mr. Koeg's bath, foot of East Fifty-fourth street, where I arrange a match with him. Yours truly, W. B. JOHNSON.

Quite an exciting race took place yesterday between Bernard Marzay's yacht Eureka and the Heliance. The race was from Fort Lee to a buoy off Fifty-fourth street. The Heliance won after a very close finish. The Eureka was sailed by the popular yachtsman from Paterson, N. J., Mr. Robert Moore.

For New Electric Light Bids. The Gas Commission held an executive meeting in the Mayor's office this morning. The subject of specifications for new electric lighting bids was under discussion.

FANNIE KEMBLE'S OLD AGE. The beautiful Actress Who Became the Wife of a Rich Georgia Planter. (From the Atlanta Constitution.)

Fannie Kemble in her old age has written a novel!

This brief item appeared the other day in a Boston paper. To the older Georgians still lingering among us this announcement will come with a shock of surprise. Many of them remember Fannie Kemble as one of the fairest and most charming women that ever crossed their pathway. She was with us only for a season, but she was a mere bird of passage, and in a short time she fitted away, easily returning to her foreign home.

Fannie Kemble, more than half a century ago, was a beauty and a belle. Throughout all England she was famous as the most beautiful actress on the stage. She belonged to the renowned Kemble family of actors and inherited their talent. She visited this country and received an ovation everywhere.

She was the cold, self-poised Charles Sumner when he saw her, was moved to an enthusiastic admiration which he never felt for any other woman.

But the favorite of the footlights disliked the stage, and when Pierce Butler, the wealthy Georgia planter, fell in love with her, she readily consented to be the mistress of his baronial estate comprising one of the most delightful islands off the coast of Georgia. The plantation was stocked with hundreds of slaves. It was equipped with cannon, and was as large and rich as some of the small duchies in Europe.

The fair Englishwoman, however, did not like plantation life. She hated the work faces around her. In a short time she quarrelled with her husband, left him, resumed her maiden name, and went North, where she wrote a book, learned that she in plantation life and showing up Mr. Pierce Butler and the institution of slavery in no very pleasant light. The book was the sensation of the day.

All that was long before the war, and few of this younger generation ever heard of either the book or its dashing author, who has written a book to learn that she is still living. It is more remarkable that after having survived most of her early contemporaries she should now resume the pen which she handled with so much ability more than a generation ago.

No hint has been given of the character of Fannie Kemble's novel. If it deals with her own life history it cannot fail to be interesting. It is not often that a spectre comes out of the past to tell us a story.

MINUTES WITH THE JOKERS.

LAUGHTER-LOVERS WILL FIND MUCH TO AMUSE THEM HERE.

A Hitch in the Programme. (From Park.)



First Desperate Character—There's a widder lives up there, all alone; I'll go an' scare the life out of 'er, an' make 'er set out the best grub she's got in the house, for the two of us!

II.

Second Desperate Character (in the background)—Poor Dinny, he ain't cut out for der travellin' his, nohow!

It Would Make Him Happy. (From Epkock.)

Stranger—I suppose you have greatly reformed since you entered this prison?

Convict—Oh yes, I've changed man now. I don't drink any more, and I can't spit no more. Convict—Very pretty well corrected, but you don't know what a gratification it would be to me to get a safe now and then.

Artless Innocence. (From Epkock.)

Mother (gazing at her daughter's dressing-cushion)—Why, where did you get so many gentlemen's scarf-pins?

Daughter—I don't know myself. I find one in my hair almost every night after Gus calls and to save me I can't imagine how they get there.

A Last Resort. (From Park.)

Mr. Job Lott—John, send me a boy. Mr. Avredge—The boys are all out, sir. Mr. Lott—Ring for a district messenger. Mr. Avredge—Very sorry, sir, but the messenger call is out of order.

Mr. Lott—I must get a message to Blank & Blank somewhere and I can't spare time to run around and see them. Are the under clerks at dinner?

Mr. Avredge—Yes, sir. Mr. Lott—Very well, then I shall have to use the telephone.