The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 30.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD.
(Including Postage.)
PER MONTH ..... 30c.
PER YEAR $3.50

VOL. 30 ..... NO. 10,268

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1307 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—359 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department: 150 EAST 115TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
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VINDICATE YOURSELF, GOVERNOR.

With 400 corpses still hidden somewhere in the Johnstown ruins, Gov. BEAVER has directed that the State work in the removal of debris from the village streets shall cease. As custodian of the relief fund, which a sympathizing people offered to the sufferers, the Governor was endowed with a lofty trust. He seems to have fulfilled it in a fashion not to be excelled for delay and ineffectiveness.

The months since the disaster have been measured by red tape, and while hundreds of thousands of dollars of relief money lay idle in the hands of the slow-going Governor, the stricken people of Johnstown have been helped by Heaven and themselves. Now Winter is near at hand, and still every day or two a corpse is dragged to light. Great is "system," and greatly to be feared.

Gov. BEAVER had better give ear to the cry of Johnstown's people now, and redouble the State's aid to them instead of withdrawing it altogether.

WAIT, M'MANES, WAIT.

A Philadelphia man with the name of McMANES and the ambition of JULIUS CESAR has mapped out for himself the task of eliminating MATT QUAY from American politics. He may do it, but not until the "reform" influence shall first have eliminated the boodle system of campaign. QUAY "fills a long felt want" in the moral party of which he not the Sunday-school end. His political role is that of the "mammon of unrighteousness," and the g. o. p. is just religious enough to follow the command of scripture and "make unto itself a friend" of him.

McMANES, you're on a dead card.

GET HEALTHY FIRST.

Chicago, if her Health Commissioner can be believed, is ripe for a cholera epidemic. The rotten "river" which stagnates in the very heart of town, is a mass of liquid corruption, and filth is scattered through the streets and alleys. Even Chicago will hardly find wind enough to blow away the vapors of disease that overhang that sort of place. But it might be well to try, and stop blowing about the World's Fair.

Do you want to get everybody out there and kill 'em?

HOLD YOUR BREATH.

Nobody has cause to be hilarious over the baseball situation. New York is five points ahead and Ewing's thumb is well. Aside from those two facts the chances are even. Both the leaders ought to win every game between now and Saturday, and if—and if—and if. But you never can tell what will happen.

ATLAS, the ancients said, carried the world on his shoulders. BUCK EWING has it on his thumb. If he carries it now, to the end of the race, he will have won the prettiest up-hill fight that baseball has ever known.

This will be a terrific week.

Despite Mr. C. P. HUNTINGTON's sturdy denials, it appears that opulent gentleman's daughter has some notion of marrying Prince HATZFELDT and his princely debts, after all.

Go to, Cupid. You are a worn-out myth. You look well on valentines, but your armor is too primitive, and the bankers who nowadays are entrusted with making marriage arrangements do not find you quoted at anything at all.

And now the sealers up in British Columbia are making ready to "smash" the captain and crew of the revenue cutter Rush, if that vessel shows herself in Victoria. The gallant Captain had better protect himself from those bellicose Britons as best he can. There seems to be no clause in the "vigorous foreign policy" to provide for protection in such cases.

One of SULLIVAN's political pushers says JOHN L. "is more of a gentleman and more of a scholar than MORRISSEY ever was." He omitted the climax from that eulogy: "Good judge of whiskey" belongs in there somewhere, and it would have been the truest tribute of the lot.

An effort is to be made to transfer the Revenue Marine Service from the control of the Treasury to the Navy Department. May be, then, the revenue cutters will come in for a share of the general bracing up, and British tramp steamers won't be able to give them the laugh inside New York Harbor.

BOULANGER is being stripped of his glories at a great rate. Nothing is left him now save the right of manifesto. He still indulges that, even if he has nothing more to manifest than that he has been beautifully licked.

Mayor GRANT is chasing deer in the Adirondacks. He had better "get his gun" and hunt up that Finance Committee. The game law will not protect them much longer.

CHIPS.

The pennant see-saw—New York and Boston.

Chicago has discovered a new use for the telephone. One of her thieves rang up a cashier while he was counting money, and then his pal made off with $2,800.

Here is a case of quiet courtship. Mr. Simpson, a deaf mute, of Louisville, was married on Saturday to Miss Pierce, who is also a deaf mute. He proposed and was accepted in the sign language, and the young lady's father, who was in the room all the time, did not know a thing about it.

West Virginia boys are quick of action. A colored man out there caught a lad and held him against a hot stove. The boy's companions tried to release him, and failing shot the negro dead.

The sad news comes from London that Queen Victoria will not be able to go to Dublin this Spring.

AFTER THE VACATION.

Once more he's found the maid unkind,
And though she was a hummer
He doesn't care—he thinks he'll find
A better one next summer. —*Judge.*

A bogus medical diploma mill has been discovered in Portsmouth. It has branches in New York and Boston, and has been doing a flourishing business. This, along with the raft let loose by the authorized colleges, makes one almost afraid to get sick.

Lady (to sea captain)—How do you manage to find your way across the ocean?

Captain—By the compass. The needle always points to the north.

"But suppose you wish to go south?—*Texas Siftings.*

A Leadville miner thought that with a little judgment and nerve a man might be strung up by the neck and not be strangled to death. Some of his friends humored him and swung him off. Although they cut him down almost immediately he is now dangerously low in a hospital.

VANITY FAIR.

Mme. Guilia Valda, Abbey's new prima donna, has to have a quart of Florida water after her bath to take off the scent of soap suds.

Miss Pauline Hall decorates her pretty ears with large diamond hoops, in the centre of which big solitaires sparkle and dash.

All of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's bed linen is made in France. The hems are finished in drawn work, and the great monograms of applique and batiste that embellish pillow slips and top sheets are inserted in the fine linen with delicate stitches of needle work that an expert could not accomplish in less than a week's time. When these beautiful white clothes come up from the laundry they are folded in squares and tied with diagonals of narrow ribbons just as they were when they came from the Parisian shop.

Miss Minnie Gilmore has more than the average amount of æsthetic taste. She designs all her dresses and wears one color through an entire season. During the past Summer her trousseau was pomegranate pink and now she is as brown as a wren in attire, sun shade, shoes, dress, hat, side-bag, belt, card-case, wrap and gloves all being as nearly alike in tint as it is possible to get them.

Isabelle Urquart has seventeen mirrors in her private apartment. There is a panelled glass in each of the seven doors leading from the satin-draped sanctuary; then she has a cheval glass to get the hang of her dress, a pedestal glass to view her bonnet from and a triplicate mirror before which she studies her face while dressing her hair. An oval bevel swings above her toilet table; a square plate ornaments her chiffonniere; an octagon of silvered crystal fills the fireplace, and about her dressing-case is an ivory mouth glass, a small glove mirror bound in enamelled shell, a magnifying glass of cut and steel, a hand glass framed in repousse.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

W. G. Schnyler, Captain of the New York Athletic Club, says he intends to resign from his position after Oct. 5. The Club will endeavor to persuade him to continue in the office which he adorns.

James E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, conducts the athletic department of the *Sporting Times*. He is over medium size and of athletic build. He is President of the Pastime Athletic Club. To have "shook the hand of Sullivan" is an honor

George M. Hendee, the expert bicycler, graduated at Yale College. When but sixteen years of age he had won fame on the cinder-path. He was of precocious development. He is above medium size and unusually muscular.

President Newman, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, works hard in the interests of the Club. He is used to "bossing" things, as he is also Mayor of Bayonne.

OFF THE STAGE.

Nelson Wheatcroft has the silvered hair that is popularly supposed to make a man "distinguished" looking. Mr. Wheatcroft dresses very quietly, but his garments are all well made and of the best material.

Patrice, the soubrette, is a very remarkable looking figure on Broadway. She has her hair cut short, and generally wears a little sailor hat. Patrice has large, dark eyes, and a white, enviable complexion.

Miss Laura Moore is a bright, chubby little lady, and she looks even brighter and chubbier in the street than on the stage. Miss Moore looks very pleasant in a black silk dress and a small, closely-fitting bonnet.

Miss Grace Filkins dresses very charmingly and gaudily. She dazzls diaphanously up Broadway. Miss Filkins generally wears black (which is becoming to nearly everybody), and it contrasts admirably with the bright tint of her hair.

WORLDLINGS.

Private Dalzell looks like a typical Yankee. He is tall, bony and auburn-haired. He is noted as an autograph collector.

Miss Yung, the daughter of the new Chinese Minister to this country, is a pretty young girl of sixteen. She has the blackest of hair and eyes and a creamy complexion.

The best known library of Welsh books in this country is owned by Mr. B. Blackwell, of this city. It comprises about six hundred volumes. The next in size and value is the property of Horatio Gates Jones, of Philadelphia.

Ex-Minister Hanna has been ill at his home in Crawfordsville, Ind., since his return from the Argentine Republic, and has recently gone to the French Lick Springs for his health.

Self-Evident.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

Attorney—Now, sir, where did you reside before you came to this place?

Possible Juror—In Boston.

"Allow me to inquire if you have permitted yourself to harbor or to give oral utterances to any impression you may have received or imbibed suggestively anent the peccability or impeccaousness of the accused?"

"Eh, what? I don't understand."

(To the Court)—"Your Honor, I challenge this juror for cause. He is evidently an impostor."

COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.

A Curious Collection of Verses Familiar to the Nursery.

Chambers's Journal presents an interesting and instructive collection of children's counting-out rhymes. According to that authority the best known is:

Onery, twoery, dickery, davy,
Hallabone, crackabone, tenery, navy,
Dix-em, dandum, merry come time,
Humbledy, humbledy, twenty-nine,
O-U-T, out!

Somewhere about one hundred different variations and versions of this rhyme alone are given.

The following is one of several versions from Scotland (Aberdeen):

Eery, twaery, tuckery, tayven,
Hanaba, crackery, ten or elayven,
Peen, pan, mu-ky-dan,
Fedelam, fadelam, twenty-one.

From a work on the gypsies by Mr. Charles G. Leland we have a specimen of a gypsy magic spell. It is as follows:

Ekkeri, akiri, yon kair-ar,
Filisin, fallisin, Nicholas ja'n,
Kiri, kari, Irishman,
Stini, stani, buck.

This, on comparison, will be found to be almost identical with the first example we have given of a counting-out rhyme. "ekkeri, akairi" being equivalent in Romany for "onery, twoery."

Another very peculiar form is that commencing "Eeny, meeny," &c. This is a great favorite among American children, the commonest version being:

Eeny, meeny, miny mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers let him go,
Eeny, meeny, miny, mo.

This example gives evident proof of adaptation to American ideas, but the preliminary and concluding "Eeny, meeny" are of obvious German or Dutch origin. Such as:

Ene, tene, mone, mei,
Pastor, bone, bone, strei,
Ene, fune, berke, berke,
Wer? Wer? Wo? Was?

Some of the transmogrifications of words are very interesting. The "Pastor, bone" of the German rhyme given above we find in Cornwall as "Basca, bora," while in America it is changed into "Pestalony," "Pisky larry," "Barcelona," "Pennsylvania," "Butter latter," "Tuscalona," &c. One of the most amusing transitions is in connection with the rhyme:

One is all, two is all, sick is all man,
Bobtail nanny-goat, tittle, tail, tan;
Barum, scarum, Virgin Mary,
Singlum, sanglum, jolly, on, buck.

Here we have a very good illustration of the evolution theory of modern scientists. The first form of "bobtail nanny-goat" changes to "bobtail billy-goat," "bobtail dominickee," "bobtail vinegar," and, at last, through course of time and altered conditions of existence, the despised "bobtail nanny-goat" ultimately develops into the highly respectable form of "Baptist minister." A curious and exceedingly interesting example comes from England, thus:

Am, tain, fethery, ip;
Arte, slatur, debbery, dick;
Aintie, taintie, fethertie, bumnit;
Ain bumpit, tain bumpit, goe-kit!

And this last is Welsh.

ST. PETER'S WAS NOWHERE.

A Maine General Who Had Rather Read a Paper Than See the Church.

A funny anecdote is related by the Boston *Herald* of a certain General of Maine (probably of the redoubtable militia of that stout State), who was entering the door of St. Peter's Church in Rome, when he encountered a friend from home with a copy of the Bangor *Whig* in his hands.

This he offered to the General, who eagerly took it and relieved a bad case of homesickness by perusing its columns.

He did not wait to get away from St. Peter's for this purpose, but sat him down at once upon its steps, and allowed his wife and daughters to "do" the edifice while he lost himself in the absorbing delight of his home paper.

The press thus beat St. Peter's. He will never know much about the most classic edifice in the world from personal observation, but he will always remember this relief from the pangs of nostalgia.

STOLEN RHYMES.

To an Old Dress-Coat.

Old coat, farewell! it must be so;
The best of friends have parted.
Decrepit, faded, you must go,
Poor! how your seams have started.

'Twas in my nineteenth year I bought,
One bright day in September,
The tailor's shop where you were wrought—
Ah! well do I remember.

Long years have gone by since that day
When you and I were fitted,
With you my evenings have been gay,
My griefs have been omitted.

Upon your shiny silk lapel
How many heads have rested!
Old coat, 'tis you alone can tell
How this poor heart has been tested.

And you were with me that night when
By foolish love directed
I stammed late. As I was then
So you are now—rejected.
—*Tom Masson in the Cobbler and Finisher.*

What Is Flirtation?

What is flirtation? Really,
How can I tell you that?
But wasn't she a flirt, I see its wiles,
And when he lifts his hat.

'Tis walking in the moonlight,
'Tis nuzzling on a glove,
'Tis lips that speak of plays next week,
While eyes are talking love.

'Tis meeting in the ballroom,
'Tis whirling in the dance,
'Tis something hid beneath the lid,
More than a simple glance.

'Tis lingering in the hallway,
'Tis sitting on the stair,
'Tis loaded lids on finger tips,
If mamma isn't there.

'Tis tickling in the carriage,
'Tis sinking in a seat,
'Tis long-drawn sighs in tender lights,
And that is—not all!

'Tis parting when it's over,
And sighing home to sleep;
Best boys trust each, for la, my friend,
But one goes home to weep! —*London Figaro.*

The Thoughts We Sometimes Speak.

A man of quiet, poised mind
Followed to pay—no day
As a human pedestrian
Fell on the pavement lay.

Unconscious he fell it, and
The assault shook his mind;
And oh! he was a wicked man,
For this—this is what he said.

A person in the gloaming strolled
Along the garden path
The while—for he was one who had rolled
Rolled in the sweet Spring—
His corns were very badly hurted
He rose the earth had picked up,
These things
Which he straightway remarked,
Would sound but in a crowd.

It happened in a ballroom once,
Midst music's merry strain,
The ever-present bumptious dunce
Trod on a lady's train
And oh! her temper it was riled
To see the rent wrought;
And as she pardoned him and smiled
'Twas this—
I know she thought.

Society is full of lies
And artful, subtle ways,
And nothing but a quick surprise
Will bring them to our gaze.
'Tis policy to thus deceive
With smile and hand clasped cord,
When all the while just underneath
These thoughts—
—be all unheard. —*Omaha World-Herald.*

No Sooner Said Than Done.

[*From Time.*]

Juliet—Swear not, George; or if thou wouldst swear, swear by thyself who art the god of my idolatry.

George—By George! I will.

Nervous People

Who take Hood's Sarsaparilla earnestly declare "It gives us complete and permanent control of our nerves." By regulating the digestion it also overcomes dyspepsia and disagreeable feelings in the stomach, cures headache and heartburn. By its action on the blood impurities are expelled and the whole body is benefited.

Hood's Sarsaparilla resolvent all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

CUTE AND CUNNING.

More Candidates for "The Evening World's" Beauty Prize.

Little Charmers Who Are in the Race for the Double Eagle.

Walter B. Miller Has His Photograph Taken in a Big Washbowl.

Michael Francis Riley is the name of the young gentleman whose photo leads the pictorial display in to-day's EVENING WORLD. His father writes:

M. F. RILEY.

To the Editor:

Herewith please find photo of our baby boy, taken when he was seventeen months old. He has blue eyes, light-brown lashes and weighs about thirty-eight pounds. His father's name is William H., occupation, marble stone works. His mother's name is Annie E. Both are American born. Reference, Dr. Sweeny, North Fifth and Driggs streets. Respectfully, WILLIAM H. RILEY,
454 Humboldt st., Brooklyn, E. D.

ALLEN G. THURMAN BAHRENBURG.

A father whose proclivities are evidently Democratic, writes:

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find a photograph of our little boy, born Sept. 6, 1888. His name is Allen Grannery Thurman Bahrenburg. He says "Papa" and "Mamma" very plainly. He is as cute a child for his age as I ever saw. His mother was born Jan. 14, 1863, in Germany. His father was born in New York Feb. 11, 1863, and is a truckman. Yours truly,
JOHN M. BAHRENBURG,
47 North Moore street, New York City.

EDITH BRIG.

This contentious communication is penned on the back of a photograph:

Edith Brig—Nine months old!!
Being she is an Italian babe, does she look like all the rest?
I wonder if she does!!
Her mother is an American, however!!
Respectfully, L. BRIG,
Canal street, New York City.

N. B.—I just notice another Italian babe in to-day's EVENING WORLD. I suppose my child is all right among the others.

ROY SHADER.

Writes a Jersey City mother:

I inclose a picture of our baby. He is three months old—was a little over two when his photo was taken. His name is Roy Shader, born June 20, 1886. His father's name is Elmer E. Shader, born at Lisle, County, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1867. His mother's name is Mary Van Buskirk, born in Jersey City, May 5, 1866. His father is employed by the Adams Express Company. We were married Aug. 22, 1888. Enforcing, Sarah Buskirk Ayres, No. 250 Warren street, Jersey City.

Hoping this will meet with your kind approval, I remain yours respectfully, MARY SHADER,
No. 188 Seventh avenue, Jersey City.

SAMUEL LEVIN.

Another mother writes:

To the Editor:

Please find inclosed the picture of our baby. His name is Samuel Levin, and he was born Dec. 10, 1888. His father is Mayer Levin, aged twenty-three, and is a manufacturer of flannel shirts. The maiden name of his mother is Sarah Isopovitz, and her age is twenty.

16 Rutgers place, New York City.
MRS. SARAH LEVIN.
The whole is true. H. RABINOVICH,
33 Canal street.

JOSEPH LENWOOD LEFOLD.

A fond father writes:

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find picture of our child. His mamma says he is the prettiest she ever saw. The father's name is Joe Lepold and mother's name Josie F. Foster. The child's name is Joseph Kenwood Lepold, and he is eight months old. We were married Dec. 10, 1885. I refer you to Dr. Hamilton, 20 East Twenty-ninth street, city. JOSEPH LEPOLD,
223 East Twenty-fourth street, city.

FRANCES C. ALESSI.

Another proud Italian father writes from Bay Ridge, Brooklyn:

To the Editor:

Inclosed you will find a photograph of our baby girl, Frances Cecilia Alessi, born March 15, 1888. Our baby is just too cunning to mention. She is beginning to call "Papa" and "Mamma." My name is Alessandro Alessi, a fruit merchant, born in Italy Sept. 9, 1857. Baby's mother's maiden name is Frances Corcoran, born in this city Jan. 26, 1864. Yours respectfully, ALESSANDRO ALESSI,
sixty-fifth street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

WALTER B. MILLER.

Walter Baldwin Miller is not one of Mother Goose's "Three Wise Men," nor is he going to see, although he is discovered in a bowl. His father writes:

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find another competitor (in a basin) for your generous offer. His name is Walter Baldwin Miller. His father's name is C. W. B. Miller, a trunk-maker. My wife's maiden name is Annie Comstock. Our residence is 669 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, E. D. The child was born Jan. 23, 1889. Yours truly,
WALTER MILLER.

Mrs. Comstock (same address) will vouch for this.

The Prizes.

FIRST PRIZE—*A Golden Double Eagle* ($20) *to the prettiest baby under two years in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken or Long Island City.*

SECOND PRIZE—*A Golden Eagle* ($10) *to next to the prettiest baby in the five cities of this metropolis.*

THIRD PRIZE—*A Five-Dollar Gold piece to the metropolitan baby who has but two superiors in point of baby charms.*

The names and addresses of the children must be written on the backs of the photographs for identification.

CONDITIONS.

Babies to be eligible for this contest must be two years old or less.

The picture of any baby entering in this competition must be sent to THE EVENING WORLD, *together with the name and occupation of the father; the full maiden name of the mother and their residence; the full name of the baby and the date of birth of baby and its father and mother. Also the name of some responsible person who will vouch for the truth of the statements.*

Letters accompanying an entrance must not exceed 200 words in length and written on one side of the paper only.

If there are two or more pretty babies—so pretty that the Judge is unable to decide between them—then the prize shall go to the one of these babies whose picture was first received.

THE VILLAGE BIG MAN.

His Sudden Unwinding on Entering the Hubbub of the Big City.

While travelling did you ever notice the advent into the train of the village big man? asks the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. Every town has its big man—not generally more than one. That is there is no other man who approaches near in importance the certain big man. He is most always a lawyer, occasionally a doctor.

But about his entering the car. The big man has several modes of communicating the fact of his presence. Generally it is with his nose. Sometimes a resounding "hawk," stamp of cane, or the tremendously loud and solemn tones of his voice in making the simplest, most threadbare expression. Mostly, however, his nose it is which gives no uncertain sound, and by which all are made aware of the presence of an individual of note.

He is immovable and silent, save an occasional bust, as a wayside tree. He poses in the whole seat with a graceful majesty that comes of long years of constant, diligent practice. By and by the city is reached.

Big man becomes conspicuously restless an almost imperceptible interest and even anxiety.

Begins half to realize that he is out of his depths in this great massing of huge buildings and with no fawning awed country neighbors countenance in sight.

Lo, his stupendous air of importance is at a swift ebb. And as he alights from the car and walks off in the crowd his is all the appearance of mingled curiosity, mistrust and general wide-eyed verdancy of the veriest jay.

Verily, how we apples do swim—at home.

FATHER AND MOTHER JUMP.

A Detroit Family Entertained by Their Elderly but Athletic Parents.

There was quite a crowd gathered in front of a house on Fourth avenue last evening watching a rather novel jumping match which was in progress in the front yard, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

A middle-aged man and his gray-haired wife were the participants, and the distance was measured off on the walk that led from the house to the gate.

The family was represented by a number of sons and daughters, who ranged themselves alongside to see fair play and cheer and encourage the jumpers.

"I'd bet on father," cried one of the girls.

"Mother beat that time," shouted a young man.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried the family in chorus.

When it was over "mother" sat down on the doorstep and fanned herself with a newspaper.

"We're getting old, father. I can't begin to jump as I used to," she said pleasantly. "You couldn't have beat me a few years ago."

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One Dollar Weekly.

We want an energetic person in every office, store, factory, warehouse, carroad and workshop to explain our co-operative system of selling watches on the club plan. Any moderate person can readily organize a watch club, at the above price and terms, among his friends, acquaintances or business associates, without interfering with his business or occupation. For compensation, details of organization, &c., call or address

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,
196 Broadway.

THIS PARLOR SUIT $56.00, COVERED IN WILTON RUGS.

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LOOK WHERE YOU WILL, YOU'LL NOT FIND IN THIS CITY, PERHAPS NOT IN THIS COUNTRY, ANOTHER SUCH ASSORTMENT OF PARLOR SUITS AS NOW DISPLAYED AT OUR WAREROOMS. IT EMBRACES THE BEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE BEST MAKERS THE WORLD OVER. THE SHAPES AND STYLES ARE ALL NEW AND MANY ARE NOT TO BE FOUND OUTSIDE OF OUR SHOW-ROOMS.

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AGAINST GIBLIN.

Witnesses for the Prosecution Take the Stand.

The Temper of Valentine Goelz Under Discussion.

An Employe Tells How He Was Frequently Beaten.

The inquiry in the case of Charles Giblin, accused of murdering Madeline Goelz, was continued before Referee Douras, in the Equity part of the Court of Common Pleas this morning.

Solomon Tayman, of 192 West Madison street, the agent of the building, 162 Houston street, was the first witness called by the prosecution, when they began their side of the inquiry.

He was only called to testify to Valentine Goelz's good character. He had never heard a complaint against him.

John Jonas, the janitor of 160 and 162 West Houston street, said that he knew the Goelzs to be peaceable, quiet people. He once went with Valentine Goelz to the Mercer street station while the latter procured a permit to carry a revolver.

This was after the murder, when Goelz received the threatening "white cap" letter.

George Klauhammel, a boy who worked for Goelz at the time of the murder, was next called. His testimony was comparatively unimportant.

He, Madeline Goelz, Tony Schwab and Valentine Goelz were eating supper together, when Maggie Goelz came in and showed a bill.

Valentine Goelz took the bill and went out into the store with her. Then the shots were fired and Tony Schwab and Madeline Goelz rushed into the bake-shop. He never saw any revolver about the place.

George admitted, under Lawyer Steinhardt's cross-examining, that Goelz often beat him because he was too long on his errands, but he never remembered the Goelzes quarreling among themselves or with any one else.

"MARCY" AT HOME AGAIN.

YOUNG MORAN RETURNED AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TEN DAYS.

Thirteen-year-old Marcy Moran, grandson of ex-Inspector Thorne, has returned to his home at 603 East One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, after his ten days' tramping, not much the worse for wear.

The father of the boy heard that a brakeman had put some one answering to Marcy's description off a train near Stamford. The police there were communicated with and the boy tramp returned.

When he first turned up in Capt. Brooks's room he was anything but cowed. He still had a liking for country life and could hardly be induced to promise to be good and not run away any more.

Mrs. Moran put him in a bath, and then to bed. Marcy said that he met some tramps while he was bathing in the Harlem, and they persuaded him to adopt their career by pictures of its airy freedom from all restraint.

"Red the Bum" constituted the mentor of this young Telemachus and initiated him in professional ways. One canon of the tramp code, he told Marcy, was never to walk when a ride could be stolen.

"The Bum" also showed Marcy how to conceal the absence of a collar, which was regarded in tramp circles as a frivolity.

Marcy was not well fed during his ten days absence. Once "Red" gave him a rattling good meal and then went off and got full.

After this, he wanted Marcy to collect food, but the haughty youth declared he never would beg, so no more attempts were made to break his aristocratic spirit.

The boy got tired after awhile and left the tramps to go fishing. Instead of catching anything he got caught himself by a "copper" and was returned to his home.

Marcy will probably retire from the business, though he loves the country and hates the town.

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ANOTHER STRIKE.

Work Stopped on the Building at Leonard and Baxter Streets.

The Attack on Peck, Martin & Co. Assuming Large Proportions.

Several Other Unfinished Buildings May Come Under the Ban.

The building trades' unions, backed by the Central Labor Union, continued their attack on Peck, Martin & Co. this morning by striking the building at Leonard and Baxter streets, and the walking delegates were reported to be on their way up to the new Plaza building in Fifty-ninth street, opposite Central Park, for the purpose of ordering out all Union hands on that structure.

About one hundred men were employed on the first mentioned building and a like number on the Plaza building.

The Board of Delegates of the Building Trades met at 35 Clinton place this morning, and it is said concluded to order strikes on every building supplied by Peck, Martin & Co. with materials, and wherever Union hands are employed.

The Central Labor Union, at its session in Clarendon Hall yesterday, indorsed the strike on the Union Trust Company's building in lower Broadway. Delegates who opposed the strike were ordered out of the hall.

The strikers mustered on Broadway in front of Trinity Church early this morning in expectation of the coming of the Walking Delegates, who were to meet Builder David H. King, jr., and endeavor to settle the difficulty.

The bricklayers' local unions, with the exception of No. 12, a German organization, are attached to the Bricklayers' International Union, and are not represented in the Building Trades Section, in the Board of Delegates, nor in the Central Labor Union.

There is talk to-day of the Board of Delegates striking the Medical Square Hospital job, but at present Union bricklayers and laborers are employed there, and the Board has no jurisdiction over them.

The strikes against Peck, Martin & Co. are expected to be very serious, and will involve about two thousand Union workmen before they are ended.

The financial loss in delay to builders, wages of workmen, annulling of contracts, lawsuits, &c., will be very large.

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