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FREE Messenger SERVICE. EVERY OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANT" Advertisements for THE WORLD.

EVERY National District Call Box can be used for this purpose, and no charge will be made for messenger service. ALL MESSENGER BOYS OF THE NATIONAL DISTRICT COMPANY are provided with White Cards and will take "WORLD" Ads. AT OFFICE RATES.

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SOUTH AMERICAN METHODS. The last dispatches from San Salvador report that Gen. RIVAS, the leader in the revolt against the Government, has been captured, promptly shot, and that his headless corpse is exposed in the Plaza Armas as a moral to the tale of revolutionary treason.

REASONABLE DELEGATES. The Walking Delegate has great authority. He bids this man go, and he goeth; he bids him back, and he returns. Nothing is more solemn than the soundest reason should go with this absolute power.

BUREAU FOR THE VOLUNTEER. The gallant snow skimmer of the east, the redoubtable Gen. FAIRBANKS, has scored another triumph. Gen. FAIRBANKS' incomparable sloop forged past the Brenton Reef lightship under a perfect cloud of tart white smoke, winning the \$500 cup which OODS GOZZLER presents every year for the yacht race.

DUFFY GET BACK. However much one may sympathize with poor Mr. DUFFY for not getting the share in the "boodle" which he thinks he earned by his action in that little deal which JAKE SHARP worked with the Alderman, he must admit that Judge DUFFY has done well in denying DUFFY's demand that JAKE SHARP should before a trial be put on the stand and the thumb-screw of justice applied to make him tell what he did with the "trust" money.

A gentleman who was saved from being killed by a railroad train through the efforts of a popcorn man presented the popcorner with \$5,000. It is gratifying to find a man who, after his rescue from a peril of this kind, retains as good an estimate of his life as he does of his deuce. If a man has got an income that permits his life to be certain worth \$5,000 to him, though as a rule it isn't worth a tithing of that to anybody else.

And became an American citizen. Now all he wants is to get a good American blow at knicker.

Those gallant souls, the Grenadier Guards, have been recalled. So it would seem that their exile was only a bluff, and Her Imperial Majesty, having placated the wound to her sensitive heart which their want of loyalty inflicted by this simulated redress, wants the dear boys back again. They have only had a nice, healthy sea trip to Halifax and will go back looking better than ever.

Street-Cleaning Commissioner BEATTIE escorted a visiting delegation from Minneapolis around the city yesterday. That settles New York's reputation with Minneapolis. Why didn't the Commissioner take them to Coney Island?

A little boy and girl have eloped and got married. Poor little thoughtless children! Yet they do this sort of thing even when they grow up, so what matters it?

A warm wave is due from Montana. A Montana warm wave may mean comparative coolness.

SPOTLETS. There was such a "blip" when these "blip" crabs, the Grenadier Guards, "went off," that now they are recalled.

Why is the optimist so often "blip" in the reformer's "blip"? The optimist is the reformer's "blip". The reformer is the optimist's "blip".

STOLEN RHYMES. Summering on a Farm. I'm living in the country now upon a quiet farm. I'm free from city noise and safe from the noise of the city.

Papa's Lullaby. Papa asks permission to sing his little boy to sleep. I don't want to go to bed, papa. I don't want to go to bed, papa.

Worldlings. When the construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad was begun in 1846 George Roberts, the present President of the road, was a railroad man.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR. Fads and Fancies of the Gentler Sex Briefly Told. A Word for Serge Dresses—Mime. Recamer on Beauty.

Miss Mary B. Whiton, A. B., of Smith College, and for the past seven years instructor in Greek and Latin, in Parker Institute is arranging classes for admission to the Harvard Annex. Preparatory to this work she has gone to the Berkshire Hills for the summer.

Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, who is recognized as one of the best authorities on the subject of infant culture and diseases of children, writes as follows in favor of special or class training for girls: "Many girls whose health must break down in a large college class can easily accomplish the same mental work when conducted in a small class without worry or excitement."

Celia Parker Woolley, of Chicago, is regarded as the Abigail of that city. She is a sweet, gentle, modest little woman, with golden brown hair, a very fair face, the manners of an unaffected girl and more brain power than the average man knows what to do of.

Serge Dresses in medium checks are nice for climbing or exercise generally. A serge dress adapts itself to all the exigencies of traveling or roughing. The skirts are belted, trimmed with soft suede leather.

Princess Helen Cusa, whose husband died in Madrid lately leaving her a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, has determined to devote her whole income to charitable purposes, she has become a nurse in the Children's Hospital at Jersey.

Remembering Wilson's investigations into the structure of the bird's nest, the orchard oriole, from which it is disentangled a strand of grass only thirteen inches long, but which is made of several hundred times thicker threads and returned in the meshes, the relation of which fact led to an old lady acquaintance of his to ask the birds to learn stock-raising. I was led to test the durability of the bird's nest, which uses the horse-hair in true bird fashion.

With much labor I succeeded in following a single hair through fourteen passages on the outside of the nest, and it was about ten inches, which I was then quite willing to assume as an average as to the total, which would doubtless have reached at least thirty inches.

It was a sad mistake. But for Once the Baggage-Master Handled a Trunk Carefully. I always have an eye out for my trunk when I travel, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. After I have received a check and seen it dumped into the baggage-car I am quite sure it will go a certain distance, but when that distance has been covered my anxiety is again aroused.

BATTLE OF LIFE. Help the Poor Sick Babies in Their Unequal Struggle. A Small Sum Will Make a Little One Happy. The Free Doctors Doing Good Work Among the Poor.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS. Previously acknowledged \$5,477.55. Miss Grace's collection \$100.00. Mrs. A. J. Foster's collection \$100.00. Mrs. A. J. Foster's collection \$100.00.

A King's Daughter's Dollar. Please accept the enclosed \$1 for your Sick Baby's Fund. Nothing you do a greater success in the name of your FACTORS.

Edward Manheim's Collection. Edward Manheim, of 24 Broad street, sends \$0.75 to the Sick Babies' Fund, which he collected from the following: E. Manheim, \$1; Charles McNulty, \$1; M. W. \$1; A. E. G. \$1; J. H. \$1; M. S. \$1; Cash, \$0.75; Total, \$10.00.

A Birthday Offering. I will be fourteen years old Sunday. Instead of buying balls, Ac., I send you \$5 for the Sick Babies' Fund, hoping it will help to make some little one happy.

Wonderful Bird Weavers. The Pendulous Nest of the Oriole a Masterpiece of Art. The skillful nests of the vireos have yet their matchless pattern in the work of that prince of weavers, the "hang-bird," or Baltimore oriole, whose swinging, pendulous nest is a masterpiece, not only of textile art, but equally of constructive skill, whether from an engineering or architectural point of view, says a writer in the Saturday Magazine.

Adipose Tissue Forecasts. Watch Fat Men's Tempers and Forecast the Weather. "You may talk about your barometers and Sigral Service men, but a common ordinary fat man beats them all out of sight," remarked Clerk Gores, of the Grand Pacific Hotel, to a Chicago Post man.

During Dog Days. The oppressive, sultry weather is very delirious and the star-at-bones are deserving of sympathy. Hood's Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for summer weakness, overworking that tired feeling, creating an appetite, toning up the whole system and giving the digestive organs healthy and regular action.

At the Thousand Islands. Mr. Walton—I've just landed this mackerel, and I want my picture taken with it to send round to my friends. Prof. Herbert—Ah, well, sir. Put that mackerel in your pocket and take your pocket of my freshly colored paper machine pictures. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

DIED FROM DRINKING MILK. Mollie Had an Uncontrollable Appetite for It. She Drank So Much that Fat Finally Stiffed Her Heart.

Many warblers have been given milk drinkers against partaking too freely of the chalk and water compound which so frequently finds its way into the New York market, but it has remained for the lively little city of Plainfield, N. J., to produce the first case on record of a death from drinking the pure, unadulterated article.

Dr. W. C. Boone, of Front street and Central avenue, Plainfield, is just now flooded with inquiries from brother physicians and curious citizens regarding the recent death of Mary Goldsmith, a cook at the Holly Grove Dairy, three miles from town.

She was Goldsmith, or "Mollie," as she was familiarly known, was fifty years old, and her good-natured disposition had made her a universal favorite among the other employees of the dairy, during her two years of service there. She was large, healthy-looking woman, and had but one failing—she was passionately fond of milk.

She used to say that she had been fond of milk ever since she was a child, and when she came to work at the Holly Grove dairy she evidently determined to gratify her taste for the lactical fluid to the fullest possible extent.

Certainly the opportunity was not lacking. Gen. Samuel Schwenk, proprietor of the dairy, allowed his employees to have all the milk they want. And it is not ordinary milk that has lost all its nutriment and excellent properties through being jolted about in tin cans over miles of pavement.

The milk that Mollie and the other employees got at the dairy was not of this kind. All cows at the Holly Grove farm are registered Jerseys, and their milk is of the finest quality. The milk that Mollie drank was 120 per cent. cream, and this was the cream that rose from it that you could almost cut it with a knife.

Most of the employees contented themselves with a glass of cream, but Mollie drank two or three times a day. Her companion at first laughed at her, then actually feared she would make her bed of straw, but none of them anticipated fatal results.

Mrs. Schwenk, the mistress of the household, used to say to her: "Mollie, if you don't stop drinking that milk, you will die." Mollie, however, would not listen to her. She would not stop drinking that milk, and she died.

A CHANCE FOR THE JOKERS. THE EVENING WORLD will give a roid eagle to the person sending in the best joke for the accompanying illustration. No further contributions will be received in this contest.



It Was Loud Enough. She—Do you play the "Dude's March"? He—No, why? She—I thought you did—with the band around your hat. F. H. D.

Where She Would Seek Consolation. Bob by Snob—Mabel, darling, I am afraid our engagement will have to be broken off, now, do not take it to heart. Mabel Darling—Oh, I shan't, Bobby dear. I'll take it to heart for five thousand dollars. W. J. HOBSON, Jr.

Wrung a Reluctant Compliment. He—Apology! For what? She—I gave you credit for your mind being a perfect blank, but I see your head is capable of supporting one eye—clear. LILLIAN.

Had No Choice of Costume Then. Miss Grace—Peculiar costume for a man to wear, isn't it? George—Aw—yes, but don't you know that at one time the men of the United States wore dresses? Miss Grace—Why, no, when was that? George—When they were infants. LILLIAN.

Saw His Loneliness. Mr. R.—Yes, Miss Lillian, until you came I was alone with my thoughts. Lillian—That's what I thought—entirely alone. ALLAN.

He Knows the Size of Her Hand Now. Miss Gertie, I love you a present, said he, timidly; "may I ask the size of your glove hand?" Gertie—"Six is my real size, but—but—it will bear squeezing." ALLAN.

WATCHMAN TEXTER'S SUPPLEMENT. JUST THINK OF BEING A VICTIM OF CATARRH FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS.



CHARLES G. TEXTER, 143 PRINCE ST. "Thirty-six years ago I contracted a severe cold, which I have been suffering from the effects of it ever since. I have been treated by the best of doctors, but I have never been cured. I have been a victim of catarrh for thirty-six years. I have been a victim of catarrh for thirty-six years. I have been a victim of catarrh for thirty-six years.

DOCTORS BLAIR & COPELAND, NEW YORK OFFICES: 92 5TH AVE., NEAR 14TH ST.; 147 W. 42D ST., NEAR BROADWAY; BROOKLYN OFFICE: 140 PIERREPOINT STREET.

Last month THE WORLD published 56,608 "Wants," during July last year 47,160. July, as everybody knows, is the duldest advertising month in the year; yet in spite of this THE WORLD published the enormous number of "Wants" given above, gained 9,448 over the corresponding month of the previous year and led its only would-be rival 23,476. And hereby hangs a tale!

To the reader who has watched the rapid and enormous growth of THE WORLD in circulation and in popular favor the tale is familiar and the moral plain. To others (if there be any) the figures quoted above are certainly sufficient.

WOMEN AND STREET CARS. Three Inflexible Rules Which a Conductor Says They Have. "I have made a study of people for several years," said a South Side cable conductor to the "Sautterer" of the Chicago Post, "especially of women, and I notice that, with comparatively few exceptions, they stick closely to three all-inflexible rules."

"The first rule is this: They will not get off the car when it is in motion. She generally jumps in an opposite direction to that in which she is going. She jumps backward, and in three cases out of five, if the car is making any speed, she lands upon her back, with her parcels scattered all about her."

"The second rule is that when a woman wishes to get off a car, if the conductor is near enough, she always pushes him in the back of the ribs with her parasol, if it is parasol time. "A man signals to the conductor if he wishes to get off, but the conductor has no regard for signals. She will not respond to them."

On an Ostrich Farm. There is one in America and it will be described and illustrated in THE SUNDAY WORLD.