The World

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NO CIVIL PENSION LIST.

However charitably disposed one may be in mind towards the Department clerks at Washington who have toiled at their desks for salaries and their country for terms of thirty years or more he will scarcely feel impelled to indorse at once the proposal for a civil pension list. This proposal is being considered at Washington. In one form it contemplates the retirement on three-quarters pay of all clerks over sixty-five years of age. Postmaster-General WANAMAKER gives a most singular reason for favoring the plan. He says:

We already have in effect a civil pension list. That is to say, persons are borne upon the rolls of the Department who, from motives of humanity, can neither be removed nor excusted to do the work that is required to be done in their places. They cannot be removed, because it would be brutal to remove them. They cannot do the work that is required of them, because they are incapacitated by old age.

If this statement is true it stands evident that very queer business principles control the conduct of affairs in the Post-Office Department. Does Mr. WANAMAKER conduct his own business on so extremely sentimental a basis as this? As matter of fact, Government clerks as a rule do a minimum of work for a maximum of pay. They are no more entitled to pensions than the employees of any private office, shop, factory or store. This is an affair of business, not of sentiment, gratitude nor patriotism. Paternal as the Government has become in many respects, it cannot go to this proposed extent in paternalism.

AGAIN, THE WEATHER.

The weather, at any rate, is safe from the backbiters. Whatever talking is done about it must be done to its face. This observation applies equally in all seasons. It borrows additional force to-day from the fact that the weather is so hot as to be actually visible, not to say tangible.

All over the city and the bay and the rivers there gathered early this morning a sort of quivering semi-bare which increased in density as the forenoon wore on. This demonstration of the day's torridity was brought about of course by the presence of old Sol's most dangerous ally, facetiously known to the world as General Humidity.

The present hot spell is another and rather successful effort at record-breaking, and when it is over probably what old high mercury marks were left after previous attacks of this year's Spring and Summer will have been changed. As to getting along with the spell, why, there's only one thing for sweltering humanity to do. THE EVENING WORLD has mentioned this thing before. It now repeats the advice. Keep as cool as you can, in all sensible ways, without getting into a mental strain because of the seemingly inevitable physical stew. Also, avoid making yourself a tank for the reception of untold quantities of alleged cooling drinks.

ANOTHER SAM IN THE PAVILION.

Another revivalist SAM is afflicting New York's vicinity, having come in quite coincidently with the very warm weather. A little while ago the SAM that was with us had a SMALL attached to it. In the present case it has a JONES. The new SAM administered his doubtful brand of revivalism to rather large and perspiring audiences yesterday in a Staten Island pavilion. The price to the recipients was ten cents a head, which made the entertainment nearly as cheap as any of the other Sunday performances at neighborhood resorts.

But though a JONES stood where a SMALL had been in the pavilion there was no change in the character of the "gospel" libation which was poured forth. There was the same loud and vulgar treatment of topics which no man who really cares for his religion should note without a twinge of real pain. If any earnest seeker for truth held out a glass yesterday to what he believed to be a fountain, he drew it back empty and went away disappointed. People will presently begin to understand that the world is not to be saved by vulgarizing its religion.

An Eastern District man, going to take his regular nightcap in the dark, got it out of the wrong bottle. It was eye liniment he drank, and a spoonful of it opened his eyes to his mistake. He got to a doctor before the atropia in the medicine got to his vitals. Not to make light of this man's peril, it may be remarked that it's safer to make light on the scene when going after one's nightcap if there are any other bottles on the same shelf.

It was a bad Sunday for the three year-olds. One little tot was lost from Newark, one was found drowned in the Narrows and one is missing from an uptown tenement. In whose heart is there not the hope that the lost may be found alive and well? The World and its homes have uses for the little ones.

Serious charges are made this morning against Capt. BROGAN. It is stated that unmoral houses of the lowest character openly flourish in Wooster street, and that passers-by are shocked and annoyed by their inmates. How is it, Inspector STEERS?

Each man coins his own money in Chili. He carries along a lot of blank cards on which he writes the amount charged for his purchases and signs his name on the back. The extent of his purchases must be regulated by the confidence of the seller.

Many of the recent murders are traceable to married women who have encouraged attentions of men, and who knew that, if found out, tragedy would follow. They afterwards realized, perhaps, that it was not worth while.

A Pennsylvania minister is in a dilemma. His salary as preacher is $1,000, and a baseball club offers him $1,400 as pitcher. There is no good reason why he should not do both. Pitch week days and preach on Sundays.

Chief McKANE's new vocation of Sunday-school teacher must have hurt his reputation as a terror to Coney Island wrong-doers. Last night a man was "held up" and robbed directly in front of the police station.

Here is a warning to misses who flirt. A Brooklyn girl made a street acquaintance with two nice young men. They turned out to be burglars, and she is arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice.

Emperor WILLIAM's little attempt to crowd the United States by combining all the European governments against us may be likened to the effort of the man who butted his head against a stone wall.

The friends of the ex-Wicked Ginns who have berths in the Custom-House are said to be in fear and trembling. When PLATT gets hold of the axe they think their heads may fall.

False teeth may have other uses than that of mastication. A set found near Poughkeepsie may be the means of identifying a woman and unravelling a mystery.

Mr. INGALLS was a great disappointment to the Georgians. They expected something more fiery. Where was your adaptability, Senator?

Come, Mr. GILROY, you have authority over New York's streets. Now, use it and make the railroad companies respect the people's comfort.

Now they are discovering caves in Ohio. It is a little early. After election the defeated men might hunt for holes in the ground.

MARY ANDERSON will not please her enemies by writing a book. She was always thoughtful.

Philadelphia is to have a Naval Reserve also. It will be detailed to man the quaker guns.

JAMES G. BLAINE, sick or well, is a mighty popular man with voting Republicans.

There is a rising young newspaper woman out West. She has gone up in a balloon.

DAN LAMONT is as good a railroad man as he was a President's secretary.

Mayor GRANT goes on his latest vacation to-day.

Earthquakes are rumbling in Arizona.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

What will Ingalls do when he gives up the show business?

How long will it be before Emperor William makes a fatal blunder?

Where are all those tin-plate manufacturers we heard so much about?

When will Capt. Brogan close up the Wooster street disorderly houses?

Why doesn't P. S. Gilmore realize that airs and variations are out of date?

When will people recognize the uselessness of inoculation for hydrophobia?

How long will Westchester County keep a Coroner who holds inquests on live men?

Whose duty is it to investigate deaths caused by ill-judged transfers from hospitals?

Why is "Bert" Webster permitted to remain at Jefferson Market when he should be in the Tombs?

What has become of the indictment of Livery-Stableman Gallivan, charged with killing Edward Cummings?

A Good Reason.

[From Brooklyn Life.]

"Why don't you come in?" said his wife mockingly from the second-story window, as he fumbled in his pocket for his latch-key.

"I haven't got openers," he replied sadly.

A Scientific Result.

[From Life.]

She—They say Mrs. Veriplane can hypnotize; do you suppose it's true?

He—Shouldn't wonder; she got Veriplane.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Woman Who Was Looking for Enos.

Just outside the Delaware and Lackawanna Depot, Hoboken, I met a woman about forty years of age, who seemed to be carefully scrutinizing the face of everybody coming down to the ferry-house. She was very plainly dressed, and it didn't take much figuring to decide that she lived out of town and had walked several miles through the mud. We drew closer together after a bit, and when she found I had been hanging around there for an hour previous to her appearance she said:

"Well, I'll tell you what it is. I'm a looking for my man, Enos. I think he headed this way, and mebbe he's already crossed over."

"What sort of a man?"

"He's what they called a sawed-off man, not as tall as me into a head. He's got blue eyes, yallerish hair, and freckles clean back to his ears. You'd know it was Enos ten rods off. If you didn't you'd know it as soon as he got up to you, for he'd ask you for a chaw of tobacco and begin to complain about me. If you give two minits of your valuable time he'd tell you that I made him the most miserable man in New Jersey."

"I don't think I've seen any such man pass this way. Has he left home?"

"Yes; left about daylight this morning. Got up and built a fire and put the teakettle on and then skipped. I couldn't believe it for more'n an hour, for we've been married seventeen years and he's threatened to go about every other day during all that time. I found his tracks in the road, however, and I met a milkman who saw him running with his hat in his hand, and I guess he finally worked himself up to it."

She filled a clay pipe with tobacco, asked me for a match, and as she puffed away I said:

"It seems as if Enos and you didn't live happily."

"No, we don't, and it's all his fault. There ain't a woman in New Jersey who could live happily with Enos. I've broken a hundred broomsticks over his head, but he's meaner to-day than he was the day I married him."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I s'pose it's what they call want of congeniality. I'm congenial, but Enos isn't. He's just like all other one-story, sawed-off men—got his nose stuck up all the time about something, and always whining and finding fault. You never saw such a man to dispute, and he's too lazy to fall out of bed."

"But you are not happy to get rid of him?"

"Well, you see how it is. I don't want to live there alone and I don't want folks winking around and saying I'm a grass widder and all that. Besides, I'm kinder sorry for Enos. He ain't altogether too blame for being so pizened mean. He's allus having biles, or stepping on tacks, or shaking with the ager, and if he gets $5 ahead some feller comes along with a patent and skins him out of it. And Enos ain't more'n half baked when you come right down to it. He don't know 'nuff to keep turning a grindstone unless you holler at him."

I was thinking of something to say to console her, when she suddenly bit the stem of her pipe in two, uttered a yell and jumped past me. Enos had been hiding around somewhere, probably expecting to be followed, but had come out to see if the coast was clear. It wasn't. He had walked almost up to her, and as I turned she had both hands on his collar. Enos didn't have time to even yell out. She lifted him up, gave him a twist and a shake, and as his feet touched the ground again she said:

"Enos, you can't beat Matilda if we live together a hundred years longer! Now you come along without a word or I'll make you see stars and earthquakes and hurricanes by the million!"

Enos looked at me appealingly, but I couldn't help him. The whole State of New Jersey wouldn't have saved his bacon.

M. QUAD.

WORLDLINGS

Edison is now at work on an electric motor to replace the ordinary locomotive. It is designed to take up electricity from a central rail and to develop at least 1,000 horse power.

Donald G. Mitchell, "Ik Marvel," is now a venerable man with the locks of a patriarch. He leads a quiet and studious life in his country home on the Connecticut hills, devoting his time when out of doors to his beautiful lawns and garden.

Gov. Campbell is an interesting talker. The words come easily to his lips and he expresses himself with great force and fluency. It is said of him that he can read a letter and carry on a conversation at the same time without a particle of confusion or embarrassment.

The venerable mother of the Empress of Austria and the ex-Queen of Naples, the Duchess Louise Wilhelmina, is one of the oldest royal personages in Europe. She is eighty-three, but vigorous and bright.

Mrs. Tom Thumb, who is one of the most popular "freaks" in America, is paid $500 a week by her managers. She has a handsome home in Bridgeport, Conn., and when not under an engagement lives there in luxury and ease.

A Considerate Official.

[From Texas Siftings.]

A stranger on the platform of a New York elevated road was leaning out, looking for the approaching train, when the man who turns the crank of the ticket box called out:

"Hello, there! You'll tumble down into the street, and then there will be another infernal fuss in the papers about it."

Mutual Sympathy.

[From Judge.]

Lawyer—I'm sorry for you, Mr. Short, but Snipps, the tailor, has put his account against you into my hands for collection.

Short—And you are going to try to collect it, eh? Well, I'm sorry for you.

SUFFERING TOTS.

You Can Relieve Them by Contributing to the Fund.

The Hot Weather Brings Them Sickness and Misery.

Nell Nelson Tells of a Child Whose Condition Is Most Pitiable.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	$5,361.43
D. C.	20.00
Children's Fair, Jersey City	17.03
Little Gleaners	15.00
Addie Bouton	5.52
Flora T.	1.00
Rosa Ribbons	1.00
C.	1.00
Bookkeeper	1.00
Arlington Entertainment	5.32
G. W. W.	5.00
Professor	.25
Baby Alice Mathers	5.00
M. D.	.25
A. M. J.	2.00
Mary E.	1.00
Little Rosie	.50
Kingsland	1.00
Hunter, N. Y.	5.00

All contributions sent to "The Evening World" office for the Sick Baby Fund should be directed to Cashier, New York "World," Pulitzer Building.

Packages containing clothes, &c., should be addressed to Mrs. Roberts, 36 West Thirty-fifth street.

Any one whose contribution to the Sick Baby Fund is not acknowledged in these columns will confer a favor by notifying the Editor of "The Evening World."

DYING BY INCHES.

Nell Nelson Meets with a Sad Case on Roosevelt Street.

Would you care to see the sickest and most forlorn-looking child in the Fourth Ward?

Then uncork the sympathy of your soul and go to back flat on the fourth floor of No. 12 Roosevelt street.

The parents of this poor little wreck of humanity came from Italy two years ago, and although they are unable to speak a word of English, some of the bright, amber-checked Neapolitan children that you will meet by the dozen on every landing of the Roosevelt street tenement will be only too happy to act as your interpreter.

Last Spring the children of this particular family had the measles and all recovered but a little sister of three, who was left with chronic pneumonia and an inflammation of the ears, from which there is a profuse discharge.

Though barely more than an infant, the poor little creature has the wizen features of an old woman, and her body is so emaciated that she seems to be made entirely of skin and bones. Actually, the little limbs are not any larger round than wax candles. The blood seems to have stopped flowing, for the delicate and mute little lips are colorless and the pulse-beats are too feble to be counted by an unprofessional.

She breathes with one lung and the other is so solid that it would sink in water. The child has the most imploring eyes you ever saw. She is too weak to utter a sound, but if you were to approach her rocking-chair bed those wistful, thoughtful eyes would fasten their gaze on your face and with that conscious expression so often seen in very young children she would silently but longingly supplicate for pity. You would not forget their pathos or their pleading, and the pinched look and the wasted little form would haunt your hours of rest and thought.

With good food and tender, careful nursing, with proper clothing and a convenient little wagon or perambulator to get it into a clean, pure atmosphere, this wee girl, who is dying by inches, might be saved.

She wants the luxuries of a nursery, warm baths, tempting soups, gruels and cordials, served in courses of a teaspoonful at a time, and like a sick, half-drowned kitten she wants transferring to some safe place, warmed by sympathy and love.

In her present condition she is sure to drag out an existence of misery, suffering hourly and growing worse day by day, until her strength is exhausted and death claims her release.

It is hard to get any of the open-air organizations to admit her to their privileges. The manager or matron on the pier will look at her in perfect horror, draw back from the small, sunken face, shake her head and say: "It's no use," or "I am sorry."

You can't blame them. There is no evidence that the child could reach the sanitarium alive. And there is no doubt but one could fan her little life out with a palm leaf.

If your bounty is not already taxed, can't you go and see her?

Or can't you in some way help this one of the many baby sufferers who languish in this big city for sustenance?

Saturday sixty odd tots, more than half the entire number of deaths, yielded up their little lives, and there is not an intelligent person in town who will believe that they could not have been saved.

NELL NELSON.

Addie's Collection.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $3.52 which I have collected among my friends and neighbors. I am a little girl, nine years old. I hope this will benefit some sick baby.

ADDIE BOUTON,
240 Washington street, Peekskill, N. Y.

Collected as follows: Addie Bouton, 5c.; Papa, Mamma, Mrs. Sykes, 10c. each; Katie Reardon, Addie Hamilton, Mrs. Donohue, Mrs. Dedraw, 5c. each; Mrs. A. R. S., 25c.; Aunt Maggie W., Y. W. McCoy, A Friend, 10c. each; Mrs. Robinson, 25c.; Annie Travis, Mrs. Bunting, Hattie, 5c. each; Cash, John Gardeniere, 10c. each; Through a Cousin, $1.22; Dr. E. D. W. Lyon, Fred Lent, 10c. each; A. S., 15c.; Cash, 25c.

She Kept Her Word.

To the Editor:

I am the little girl who promised to send some more money, and here it is.

It is only one dollar, but if I had as much money as some of the rich people in New York I would send as many thousands as I have cents. I hope it will give some fresh air to at least one poor sick baby.

I will send some books and pictures when we come back from the country, where I am going for the fresh air, and I cannot help thinking of how I would like to take some poor baby with me.

FLORA T.,
180 Halsey street, Brooklyn.

Fair in Arlington.

To the Editor:

At an entertainment which we got up, we realized $5.32, which we now gladly turn over to you. We intend having another next week, so you will hear from us again.

ROWENA TAYLOR, age 12.
VIRGIE POWELL, age 12.
PEARLIE POWELL, age 10.
Arlington, N. J.

Rosa's Dollar.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Sick Baby Fund. I hope it will do the children lots of good.

ROSA RIBBONS.

It Will Help Them.

To the Editor:

Please find inclosed $2 for the Sick Baby Fund, and may it help the little tots.

A. M. J.

Profits of a Fair.

To the Editor:

A children's fair was held at 60 Brinkerhoff street, Jersey City Heights, under the auspices of Katie Brown, Minnie Burbank and Mamie Duncan. The proceeds, $17, are for the Sick Baby Fund.

Thanks for Money and Praise.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find check for $20 as a contribution to your Sick Babies' Fund, which I consider one of the finest charities of the day.

D. C.

A Good Wish.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the little babies. I wish I had more to give.

C.

Presentation to Miss Eisenman.

Miss Lina Eisenman, the young lady who got up the entertainment for the Sick Babies Fund at Avon Beach Hotel, was on Wednesday presented with a handsome diamond pendant by the ladies of the hotel. Mrs. Henry Goldberg presided.

Fair on Varick Street.

Children on King street, between Varick and Macdougal streets, will hold a fair for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund at 103½ Varick street Aug. 11 and 12, a Mr. Duncan having kindly offered them the use of his store for the two evenings. From present indications the fair promises to be a great success.

She Hated to Trouble Him.

[From Puck.]

Miss Breckinridge (of Virginia, to her best young man)—John, I'm afraid you will have to drive me back home. I—I—I've left my ball dress there.

Her Best Young Man (who is driving her to the county ball)—The—The mischief you have! My dear little girl! Why didn't you find it out before we came five miles through the Virginia mud?

Miss Breckinridge—Oh, I did, John! I knew it two hours ago, but I hated so much to trouble you.

A Musical Note.

[From Puck.]

Ethel—What would you advise me to do with my voice?

Maud—I shouldn't spend much on it just now; when the man comes around you might have it tuned.

A Severe Twist.

[From Judge.]

Miley—What th'—how'd yer—

Greeley—A bloke just kicked me down them spiral stairs in th' shot tower!

A Better Scheme.

[From the Epoch.]

Minister—Tommy, if a bad boy should dare you to, would you knock the chip offn his shoulder?

Tommy—Nop; I'd knock the head offen his shoulder.

Rates Invariable.

[From the Epoch.]

"Would you marry for money?"

"I take nothing else," replied the minister.

Not an All-Round World, After All.

[From Puck.]

First Deadly Enemy—The world is wide enough for us both.

Second Deadly Enemy—Yes; but it is not deep enough for you.

Quite Different.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"The gentleman you were talking to just now—is he a friend of yours?"

"No, sir—he's my brother."

A Photographer's Progress.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Jones—I saw your son in the country yesterday.

Brown—Yes, he went out to try his new camera. How was he getting along with it?

Jones—At a very rapid pace, when I saw him. A farmer who objected to being photographed had set the dogs on him.

REDUCED from $1.50 to 50c., nobby MACKINAW HATS. KENNEDY, 12 Cortlandt st.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Black Chip Hats Are much Worn—To Make a Simple Skirt Look Costly—Champagne Color the Latest — Single Darts in French Bodices.

Black chip hats are prettily decorated with black feathers in the back, six in number, with a band of pink and black velvet around the crown held by a jet buckle in front. A stylish combination shows a black hat faced with cigale, a new green velvet, a low bow of the same in front and a bunch of yellow and pink chrysanthemums at the back. Velvet ribbon ties are seen on all of the bonnets worth quoting.

Mrs. Lucinda B. Crane, who died recently in Boston, received the medal of the Humane Society a number of years ago for rescuing from drowning a young son of Prof. Phelps, of Andover, and another boy. They were overturned in a boat near the shore at Nahant, in full view of Mrs. Crane, who sprang into the water to save them. It was in the days of full crinoline, and her outspread skirts sustained Mrs. Crane, who could not swim, and enabled her to support the boys until other aid came. Mrs. Crane was extremely patriotic and did much for the aid and equipment of troops during the war.

Striped goods have the sleeves and corselet cut on the bias, with a full bodice and skirt on the straight. Serpentine stripes of velvet ribbon trim challie gowns on the sleeves and skirts.

The devotees of simplicity have but little fault to find with the present form of the skirt, while those who cannot dispense with elaborateness have found a way to make the simple skirt look more costly by adding strips of costly silk, which run from top to bottom, or by lining the lower border with lace, and they may consider it just the thing if by some accident the skirt rips and shows the costly material underneath.

Miss E. Hughes, of Plas Llanynys, Denbigh, has gained a second prize at the Doncaster Royal Agricultural show for butter making. Miss Hughes has been a pupil at the Flint and Denbigh Dairy School.

E. Nesbit writes poems over her maiden name and stories over the signature of Fabian Bland; her first hit was made with her poem "Absolution," in the pages of *Longman's Magazine*; a perfect stranger, she called one day at the office and read the poem to the editor; it was accepted then and there, and for its appearance in the magazine she received $75.

Single darts are used in French bodices, and these are the second ones, with the fullness between held by a girdle ornament or laid in close plaits. Bodices still fasten invisibly on the left shoulder and under-arm seam.

Champagne color, the last fashionable shade, is neither a cream nor a decided yellow. It is a mixture, showing the pale, golden tints of the exhilarating beverage. It is so much favored that it is used not only for dresses, but also for stylish furniture covering, portieres, curtains, &c. Very nice tissues for dress purposes are made in these favorite champagne colors, in fine wool ribbed grounds, with broche designs of silk representing small roses or white palms.

About thirty-five years ago black or dark cotton stockings were worn by orphan-house children, or by servants, and black silk stockings by ladies in mourning. We can trace this fashion as far back as the pictures of Hogarth. All the fine ladies and actresses in those pictures wear white, rose, or pearl-gray stockings, whereas only women of the lowest classes wear dark-colored stockings. In France, too, white stockings have been held in high esteem. The Empress Josephine was particularly fond of snow-white English stockings, and contrived, with the help of smugglers, to procure them, even when war was raging between the two countries; and when that great carnival of luxury and frivolity, the Second Empire, began, white, or at the most rose-colored stockings, were the ideal of the beauties at the Tuileries.

THE WORLD'S OFFER!
A SPECIAL MIDSUMMER DISCOUNT UNTIL SEPT. 30 ON BOARDERS WANTED.
15 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 1 INSERTION.
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 2 INSERTIONS.
30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

Different Views About It.

[From the Jewellers' Weekly.]

Farmer Closefist—Mariar, what'd yer like ter hev fur yer birthday present?

Maria—A gold breast pin. What yer goin' ter give me?

Farmer Closefist—I haint decided yit 'twixt a pair o' stockins an' the calf I give John last Chris'mas.

Different Kinds of Popularity.

[From Judge.]

Indignant Customer—Look here, you advertise popular prices, and yet you charge me 25 cents for a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich.

Proprietor—You'll find those prices very popular with caterers, sir.

More Likely.

[From Judge.]

Mrs. Snooper (reading)—The longest word in the Winnebago language is Shonkhaterahizanhonikonkctinena. It means "I will give you a horse."

Snooper—It is more likely to give one the lockjaw.

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30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

THE CLEANER.

Passing through Warren street the other day I saw in Tuska's window Gulliver in Japanese. There was the whole story illustrated. The big stranger bound to the ground with threads, the Liliputians about him with all of their implements and engines of war, everything activity and bustle. But something was queer about it. Gulliver was represented as a giant ape and his captors as little apes. It is known that the Japanese trace the descent of man from the ape, but why they represent Gulliver as such is a mystery. Perhaps Swift wrote his story from an old Japanese legend.

* * *

Of course Mrs. James Brown Potter has not married Mr. Curly Bellew, for she says so; but that does not prevent the circulation of stories that she has. Miss Kinnaird, a former member of her company, insists that the wedding took place in Australia. Miss Kinnaird, however, has a grievance. She played Juliet's (Mrs. Potter's) mother, and claims that she did it so well that a newspaper said "that had Romeo fallen in love with his mother-in-law he would have displayed better taste than in throwing himself away on Juliet." This, she asserts, caused Mrs. Potter to discharge her.

* * *

William Winter, I hear, has been elected President of the Board of Trustees of the Staten Island Academy and Latin School. The institution will be helped by this acquisition.

* * *

Having met and talked with Mr. Jerry Simpson, I can believe the following story without stretching my conscience. It is told by the St. Joe *Herald*: "The other day Simpson, in one of his speeches, while eulogizing Daniel Webster, referred, in complimentary terms, to his dictionary. A friend on the stage pulled Simpson's coat tail and whispered; 'Noah was the man who made the dictionary.' Simpson gave his friend a scornful look and whispered back: 'Noah built the ark,' and went on with his oration."

* * *

Although Daniel Dougherty has become a New Yorker, he cannot give up his Philadelphia friends. He spends the Summer down on the Jersey coast at one of the popular Quaker City settlements which are so numerous in that locality.

* * *

While walking with a friend recently I noticed that he went out of his way to avoid stepping on one of those marble flagstones which a storekeeper had sunk in front of his shop, bearing his name and business. "Bad luck, sure, to step on one of those stones," was his answer to my query.

* * *

Although the traces of the recent disastrous fire at Seabright are fast disappearing, they have not yet been entirely obliterated by any means. I noticed the other day that a large portion of the blackened ruins was covered with an aggregation of little tents, which are the homes of the burned out fishermen. Only a few of the stores have been replaced, and these only with the flimsiest kind of board structures.

* * *

There is an interesting story behind the recent mortgaging of the Sixth Street Baptist Church. For ten years the Rev. Daniel C. Potter, its pastor, had not received salary. He found it hard to get along without pay, and at a recent meeting of the trustees it was decided that a mortgage on the church property should be given to him for $20,000, the amount due.

* * *

The Coleman House's book purveyor, young Mr. Alexander, had an interesting experience the other day. Business had been a trifle less brisk than usual, and he was wandering about the lobby, deep in meditation. As he approached his bookstand he saw, coyly nestling upon the floor, a brand-new two-dollar bill. He picked it up. Nobody claimed it. He resolved instantly to put it into circulation. To purchase an eight-cent box of candy for his wife and to treat some adjacent boys occupied but little time. Mr. Alexander felt decidedly better. Just before he started home he counted up his money and discovered that the two-dollar bill which had rendered him so festive had merely fallen from his own drawer. Tableau.

VAGRANT VERSES.

His Greeting.

She waits each night till I get home,
And greets me at the door;
But it is not for my sake alone—
She wants to know the score. —*Judge.*

A Probable Solution.

Methinks some elfins masquerade
As Cupid during Summer's reign;
For Summer loves in Autumn fade,
And never leaves a bit of pain.

Does Cupid in the city stay
To cheer the workers' weary hearts,
And send his counterfeits away
To practise with their blunted darts?
—*Flavel Scott Mines in Judge.*

How He Knows It's Summer.

Summer is here! Rose-garlands lay
Over the grave of springtime's muse.
My Angelice walked out to-day
Wearing a pair of russet shoes. —*Judge.*

At Manitou.

I.

They met
By chance,
A stroll,
A dance,
A sigh
Or two;
'Twas quite enough
At Manitou.

II.

He's home
Dead broke,
A reg'lar
Bloke;
The maid
She blew
In all his stuff
At Manitou. —*Colorado Sun.*

THE WORLD'S OFFER!
A SPECIAL MIDSUMMER DISCOUNT UNTIL SEPT. 30 ON BOARDERS WANTED.
15 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 1 INSERTION.
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 2 INSERTIONS.
30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

No Money to Lend.

[From Texas Siftings.]

"Hello, old chappie! Been makin' money lately?"

"I should smile; got m' pockets full."

"Lend me a V, will yer?"

"Oh, I can't, yer know; it's all in $1 bills."

Reassurance.

[From Life.]

"But are your sure, Madeline, that there are not times when you regret our engagement?"

"Haven't I had proposals from many men—handsome, honorable, cultivated, delightful men—and yet (tenderly) didn't I choose you, dear?"

Malice Aforethought.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Witness—He came towards me and wanted ter kick me on de leg six times.

Judge—How do you know he had the intention of kicking you six times?

Witness—Bekase dat's jess de number ob black and blue spots I've got on my leg.

Another Lie Nailed.

[From Life.]

F. Parmenter Pyne, '91—This talk about college graduates not being able to cope with the stern realities of life is all bosh. Why, two of our men are street-car conductors, one is a waiter in a restaurant and one is a letter-carrier, and I could name lots of other cases, too.

HOW DOES THE CLOCK MOVE?

Interesting and Puzzling Timepiece in a Jeweller's Window.

Two Glass Globes Without Any Visible Mechanism.

M. Wollman, the jeweller, of Council Bluffs, Ia., has given the curious ample opportunity to test their ingenuity in an endeavor to fathom the mystery of a clock which he has recently completed and placed in one of his show-windows, says the *Jewellers' Weekly*. So far the most persistent have failed to discover the influence that impels the unique timepiece so accurately to record the hours and minutes. A short time ago Mr. Wollman made an electric clock that attracted attention, not only in Council Bluffs, but in expert circles elsewhere.

The mysterious clock is far ahead of the electric apparatus in many respects. In appearance it resembles the colored alcohol signs in a drug-store window, being simply two glass globes placed one above the other.

They are supported by a delicate pedestal which is notched to show that it does not conceal mechanism.

The base is a piece of solid cherry wood turned out eight inches in diameter. From this the slender pedestal rises and supports the first globe, which is about seven inches in diameter. On this globe is a dial marking the minutes.

Screwed to the base is a solid metal hand which points to the minutes as they go by, the globe making one complete revolution in each hour.

Above this is the smaller globe, about four inches in diameter, with a dial around its equator indicating the hours. A piece of silver-plated steel spring bent in the form of the figure 8 is screwed to the base, forming the top support for the two globes and carrying the stationary hand that points out the hours on the smaller globe, which revolves once in twelve hours.

The globes are of very thin and transparent glass and have no apparent connection with each other at the top of the base, except by the delicate pivots that penetrate only a small fraction of an inch into the glass and form the axis upon which the globes revolve.

Another peculiarity that renders the mystery of the mechanism still more profound is the fact that either of the globes can be revolved backward or forward on their delicate pivots with great rapidity and without injury. When the motion ceases they resume their functions, losing only the time occupied in spinning them.

The whole device is set on a mirror in the showcase and can be picked up and examined at will.

The mystery is the force that moves the globe so accurately and continuously, one just twelve times faster than the other, and both in perfect time with the jeweller's regulator, which looks down upon the strange device as much mystified as the mechanical expert who critically examines the novel clock, or the street gamin who gazes upon it through the show window.

It has been intimated that sunlight or heat is the motive power, but Mr. Wollman has disproved this by placing the timepiece in the shadow.

With the exception of the glass globes every part of the mechanism has been made by Mr. Wollman at his bench. It is a strange and remarkable production, and bids fair to remain a puzzle until its maker sees fit to reveal his secret.

THE WORLD'S OFFER!
A SPECIAL MIDSUMMER DISCOUNT UNTIL SEPT. 30 ON FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET.
15 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 1 INSERTION.
25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 2 INSERTIONS.
30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

Two Ways of Viewing the Situation.

[From the Jewellers' Weekly.]

Miss De Suell (angrily)—You told me this horseshoe lace pin would bring me good luck, and now Count De Moneyhunt has proposed to another girl and my poodle is dead.

Jeweller—Madame, what more could heart desire?

Inspiring.

[From the Epoch.]

"That composition of yours is truly Wagnerian. Where did you get the idea?"

"My boy exploded a giant cracker and pack of ordinary crackers in my upright piano last Fourth of July."

DON'T STIMULATE TO-DAY

for it increases the chances of sunstroke. Ride the crest of the hot wave by drinking Root Beer made from

Knapp's ROOT BEER EXTRACT

25 cts. per bottle.

Grocers and Druggists.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

We engage that goods equal in quality and style to ours cannot be procured in the city within 20 per cent. as low.

The largest stock ever before carried by us now in store, but all must be sold at once to make room for the new Fall styles now in process.

Novelties of our own design and make, after the style of the most expensive furniture, at exceedingly moderate prices.

RESIDENCES

can be furnished from our stores at astonishingly low rates, and from an immense stock suitable for the purpose.

GEO. C. FLINT CO.,

Stores, 104, 106 and 108 West 14th St.,

Between 6th and 7th aves.

At our factory, Nos. 154, 156 West 19th st., we execute every description of orders for interior decoration and cabinet work.