

THE CHICAGO CORN GAMBLE.

There's money in corn at present for those lucky enough to be on the bull side of the market. Chicago is repeating history with a corner that has sent the price of the cereal up to 84 cents a bushel, made a number of men millionaires over night and added millions to the fortunes of others—on paper. It is a bigger deal than any of its predecessors, and if a crash comes the collapse will exceed anything of which the Board of Trade has record. But at present there are no clouds in sight, and the confident speculators indulge the halcyon expectation that corn will go to \$1.50 a bushel and make multi-millionaires of them all. In a similar corner just ten years ago the bubble burst at \$1.

The farmer gets none of these profits. He sold his corn long ago, glad in some instances that he was not under the necessity of saving it for fuel. It is safe in warehouse and elevator, the exact quantity known and each carload lot representing a "chip" in the Chicago game. Draw poker may be un-American, as Mr. Morgan says, but it suggests itself for comparison when one thinks of this Board of Trade gambling. The players are not gathered around a green table in the act of opening a jack pot, "filling" and "raising" and "calling," but the difference in the game-of-chance features of the process is not obvious to the man who indulges in an occasional evening of penny ante.

A Divorce Court.—It is proposed to establish a court exclusively for the hearing of divorce cases. The fact that domestic infidelity has become so frequent as to warrant it is not one in which the community can take great pride.

AN AUTOMOBILE BLOCK SYSTEM.

An effective means of holding the automobile search in check has been devised by District-Attorney Niemann, of Freeport. His method is to station time-keepers at the beginning and end of a quarter-mile stretch, and to stop and arrest the chauffeur who does the distance in less than the speed permitted by law. A signal informs the man at the finish of the suspected vehicle's start, and the offender has no recourse against the testimony of the stop-watch. Seven automobilists were thus held up on Sunday and five of them fined.

The interesting feature of this scheme is the suggestion involved of a block-system. Such a check on high speed will be a legitimate development of reckless automobilism. Where cumbersome road locomotives are dashing down highways with express train velocity the use of railroad appliances for safety is indicated as both proper and necessary. In addition to the block system we may eventually have a county official corresponding to the train dispatcher, and it cannot be said that he would find his place a secure one certainly not on a main travelled road on a holiday.

An Abstemious Speculator.—It is said of George H. Phillips, the corn speculator, that "when he was \$100,000 he does not think it necessary to open a case of champagne." Sometimes the speculator who lets a little of it go for wine is that much "to the good" at the end of the month.

THE PASSING OF THE NORTFIELD.

The Northfield has gone into a Raritan River junk yard to be dismantled! They might have left her to the god of battle and of storms, which is to say a collision or a gale, but they have torn her tattered ensign down and doomed her to an ignominious fate. And thus the proud duenna of the Staten Island ferry fleet passes into oblivion. The commuter who once knew her shall know her no more.

This ancient craft has had an honorable career. When men now the fathers of flourishing families were prattling babies the Northfield was in her prime, a stanch vessel of beautiful lines, swan-like in her nautical grace and one to excite the envious admiration of the original Staten Island ferryman—the Vanderbilt founder. Breasting the zephyrs of summer time and crushing the ice floes of winter, she carried two generations of commuters to town on her broad maternal breast and returned them safe at night—provided no other boat came along to jolt a few into midstream. In course of time she became endeared to all Staten Islanders, long and intimate association establishing her firmly in their affections. What they will do without her is sad to think upon. Some bear their losses lightly; catastrophes unman them not. But to part with the Northfield will tear heart strings innumerable in the borough of Richmond.

The Vanderbilt Gift to Yale.—Frederick W. Vanderbilt's gift of land and a new dormitory to Yale, to cost about \$500,000, is most generous. Perhaps the University might have preferred the sum in ready cash to use as the corporation saw fit. Colleges, like men, may become "land poor."

THE PEARYS AND THE POLE.

Another Peary expedition to the Arctic Circle is to be cut loose this week. On Thursday the good ship Windward will sail for the Polar region to bring back Lieut. Peary, who went there a year or so ago to look for the long-sought but elusive North Pole. Mrs. Peary and her daughter and a maid will go on the Windward and help bring back the ice-defying Lieutenant.

There has not been much else doing in the North Pole line of recent years outside of the Peary expeditions; but the Lieutenant and his family manage to keep the Pole pretty well in the public eye by their exploring and relieving exploits. One year the Lieutenant ascends the side of the globe to look for the Pole, and next year a Peary relief boat follows to look for him. Occasionally there is a domestic diversion like the birth of a Peary baby among the eternal snows or hurrying of Mrs. Peary to the Arctic to accompany her high-latitude hubby home. There appears to be nothing but Peary and Pearys in the race for the North Pole, and if it is never discovered it will not be Lieut. Peary's fault.

A South Pole agitation began a while ago, but that was evidently an attempt to distract attention from the Pole performances of the Pearys, who have worn a deep path between Erie Basin and Cape Sabine. But no other Pole, neither South, East or West, can dim the interest and delight the North Pole has for us while the Pearys are hunting it. There cannot be too many Peary expeditions to please the Pearyites; even a daily Peary expedition between the Battery and the Pole with moonlight Peary relief parties on the side would not be too much for their Pole-chasing inclinations.

The New Aster Baby.—There is something better in prospect for the new Aster baby than a silver spoon. She is expected to be a heritage greater than that of most princesses.

The Funny Side of Life.

THE FILIPINOS ARE A FREE PEOPLE.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

IN PARADISE. "Here is your golden crown," observed St. Peter at the gate. But the late New Yorker answered: "I'd prefer a better fate. It's to realize one longing that I've journeyed here so far. Say! Let me swap that crown for a ten-dollar Panama!"

FOR DRY SUNDAYS. "I wish old Jupiter Pluvius was a haysseed legislator." "Why?" "Then we might have a few dry Sundays overhead."

SHORT RANGE. "I suppose the National Government will be run from Oyster Bay this summer." "Well, that's a great deal shorter range than running the city government from Wantage."

IN BROOKLYN. "The theatre was on fire. We didn't want the audience to find it out, but we wanted to clear the house as quickly as possible." "How did you do it?" "The manager came out and began to repeat some of his three-year-old baby's cute sayings."

RECOGNIZED THE SOUND. It was her first ride in an automobile, and she was deeply interested in the horn that was used to notify people to clear the way. "Papa," she said. "Well," he returned. "Make it snore some more."—Chicago Post.

KISSING ETIQUETTE. "Why," she asked, "do you wish to be engaged to me?" "We've known each other only a few days." "I thought perhaps you were one of those girls," he replied, "who objects to being kissed by fellows that are not engaged to."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HAPPY MEDIUM. Rodrick—So the meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Club has adjourned. Did they decide on bloomers or dresses? Van Albert—Well, they were divided. Rodrick—Hm! Then they should have decided on divided skirts.—Chicago Daily News.

SOMEBODIES. BABB, HENRY MERCER—of Indiana, is the only living Son of the American Revolution, by direct descent, in that State.

BUTTERFIELD, MRS. GEN.—had 103 heirs to her \$1,000,000 fortune.

CANNON, CONGRESSMAN—was Attorney-General of Illinois at the age of twenty-five.

FORBES, CHRISTOPHER—of New York, who by right of his lineal descent from Soldier Van Arsdale, who tore down the British flag at the Battery for years isolated the flag on Evacuation Day, is dead.

HALE, SENATOR—has placed, for his own use, in the Capital at Washington a big and ornate bathtub. Water cure may thus replace choking as a Senatorial diversion.

LAURIE, PROF.—of Edinburgh, is here investigating the American school system.

MADDOX, DR. R. S.—who has just died was the inventor of the "dry plate" used in photography.

A RAINY DAY IN THE CITY. Above the walls the clouds hang thick and black. The lights are dim behind the misty pines. Down through limp awnings the stalled water strains. The smoke sags earthward from the lofty stack. The cars move blindly on the hidden track. A thousand streams dash through the grated drains. And over all the dripping city reigns Oppression that will not be driven back. The songs that rang defiantly before Now sound a weak, half pitiful appeal; There's sadness in the rattle and the roar Produced by iron hoof and heavy wheel. How dim the dismal city ever felt The gladness of ambition any more? —S. E. Kiser in the Chicago Record-Herald.

THE DIFFERENCE. Johnny—Pa, what is the difference between the aqua pura the druggist sell and plain water? Papa—A difference of about \$2 a quart, my son.

WITH THE GOODS ON. She—How dark your lips have grown, here at the seaside! He—I wish you'd make it a case of "darkness that may be felt!"

DISTINCTION. "Aha, Genevieve! Me name is made. I have been invited to go out riding with Chauncey Deput." "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "You may work the air-pump, sir," she said. "By partial vacuum, sir," she said. "Then I'll not join you, my pretty maid!" "Nobody axed you, sir," she said.

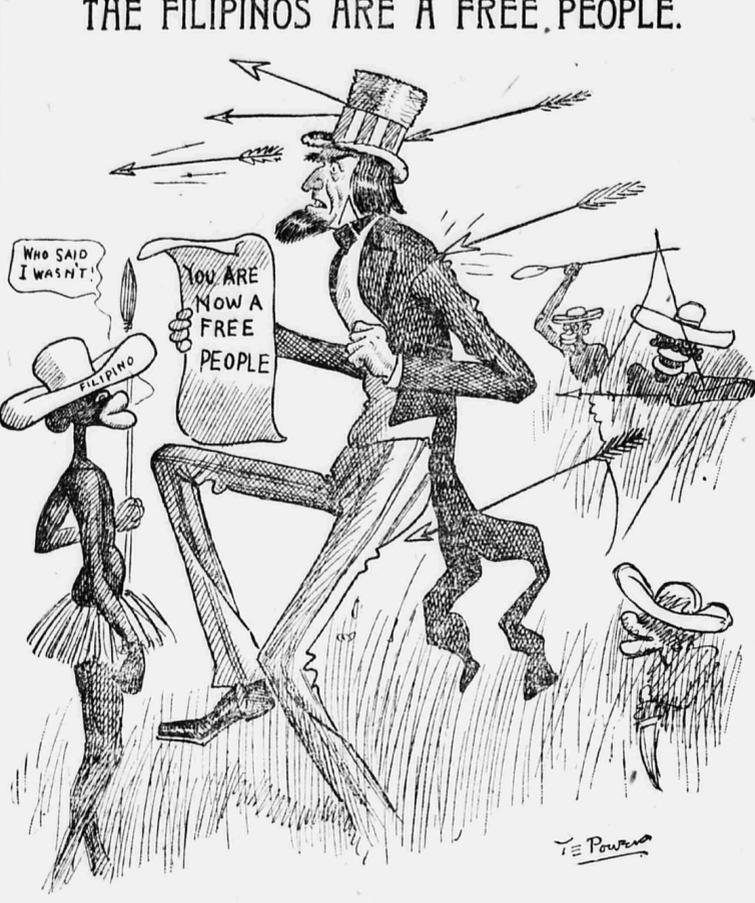
MILK BY MACHINE. In the colonies cows are often milked by machinery. The practice is spreading, and in a little while the milkmaid will be no more, says the London Express. The contrivance consists of a can with an air-pump attachment. It has suggested this revision of the old rhyme: "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "You may work the air-pump, sir," she said. "By partial vacuum, sir," she said. "Then I'll not join you, my pretty maid!" "Nobody axed you, sir," she said.

ORIGINAL TOM TRADDLES. Lieut.-Col. Talfourd, late Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs in the Dominion of Canada, has died at Wandsworth Common at the advanced age of ninety-four. He was the original of Tom Traddles in Dickens's "David Copperfield." The deceased, who at one time was stipendiary with Capt. Murray, the novelist, went to Canada in 1852, and for twenty years was in charge of Indian affairs in Ottawa.

\$5 FOR HALF A LIMERICK. There was a young man of Herat, Who purchased a Panama hat—

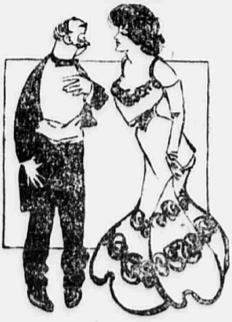
After the first two lines the poet's ideas gave out. The Evening World will give a prize of \$5 for the cleverest and most amusing three lines written by any of its readers to complete this limerick. Send verses to "Limerick Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1984, New York City."

A BELATED BULLET. While fighting in the Franco-Prussian war Pierre Barnale, now a shoemaker at Carnac, Aveyron, had his jaw broken by a Prussian bullet. For thirty-two years he has suffered great pain without knowing the real cause until the other day, when a fit of coughing caused him to vomit a piece of lead, which he must have swallowed when he was wounded.



By amnesty we're setting free each brunette Filipino. But still they don't acclaim good Uncle Sam a peacherino. The bolomen are trundling home their amnesty in barrows. But poor old Uncle Sam is busy dodging errant arrows.

A NEW DANGER.



He—I'm in no hurry to marry. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. She—But aren't you afraid the bait may get stale?

WHAT WORRIED HER.



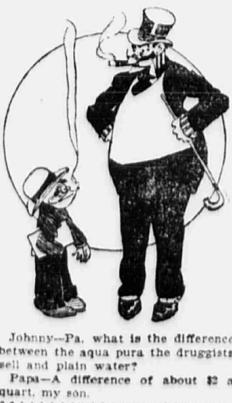
She—I'm so anxious to be loved for my mind alone, Clarence, and I fear my beauty may have drawn you.

OLD PHRASE APPLIED.



She—How dark your lips have grown, here at the seaside! He—I wish you'd make it a case of "darkness that may be felt!"

THE DIFFERENCE.



Johnny—Pa, what is the difference between the aqua pura the druggist sell and plain water? Papa—A difference of about \$2 a quart, my son.

WITH THE GOODS ON.



She—How dark your lips have grown, here at the seaside! He—I wish you'd make it a case of "darkness that may be felt!"

DISTINCTION.



Aha, Genevieve! Me name is made. I have been invited to go out riding with Chauncey Deput. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "You may work the air-pump, sir," she said. "By partial vacuum, sir," she said. "Then I'll not join you, my pretty maid!" "Nobody axed you, sir," she said.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Emperor's Dinner. To the Editor of The Evening World: Emperor William says that forty-five minutes is time enough for any man to spend in eating. My opinion on the subject is: It is plenty of time for any man who eats to live. It is not time enough for any man who lives to eat. A. M.

As to the Amnesty. To the Editor of The Evening World: I purchased of Spain for \$20,000,000 the Philippines without the knowledge or consent of the Filipinos. Since that time we have been doing what Spain was doing in Cuba, subjugating by force of arms the people we had purchased of the tyrants we said were unfit to govern the Cubans. We have at last, for the time being, subdued them, and we chose the Fourth of July to

make the official announcement of our success to the Christian nations. We, of course, have carried on the contest on high moral grounds, viz: in the name of "benevolent assimilation." ONTARIO. Forty-Five Minutes for a Glutton. To the Editor of The Evening World: In regard to time allowed for eating by Emperor William, I say that very few business men have forty-five minutes to spare for dinner. A man, in my estimation, who sits at the table for forty-five minutes is a glutton. ROBERT WYNE The Open Car. To the Editor of The Evening World: The open car becomes more and more of a nuisance as regards crowding pas-

sengers in between seats. I don't blame the poor creatures who must stand up, wedged between a seat-back and passengers' knees; but I blame the company. If a law is passed forbidding car companies to charge fare to passengers who fail to get a seat, you will find the problem swiftly solved. Miss SULTANA. New Alliments. To the Editor of The Evening World: Twenty years ago there was no disease known as appendicitis. It was discovered at last, and since then thousands have died of it or under the doctors' knives. Now we have a royal invalid whose ailment is paratyphoid. None of us ever heard of it before, but it's safe to bet a whole lot of folks will be crying it before long. E. M. D.

ODDITY CORNER.

A PIN DID IT.

A Paris thief, while picking a lady's pocket recently, pricked himself so severely with a pin that happened to be in her dress that he uttered a cry of pain, which led to his immediate arrest. The sum of \$50 in cash was found upon him.

SALMON TRUST.

There is a Salmon Trust. The idea is to save the by-products, which hitherto have been wasted. The canned product will be, as usual, a portion of fish chucked into a tin of grease. From the scales and bones will be made a fertilizer of guano and glue.

MEAT.

Meat once meant any kind of food. In one old English edition of the Lord's Prayer the well-known petition is rendered, "Give us this day our daily meat."

NEW MANIA.

The extraordinary development of the German mania for picture postcards is attested by the total number of cards which passed through the post in 1900, no fewer than 735,000,000.

MOSQUITO EGGS.

The mosquito eggs are, it is said, hatched in from four to seven days, according to the warmth of the weather.

THE BRONX.

Bronx River derives its name from Jonts Bronx, who settled in that region in 1639.

QUEER THINGS IN YUNNAN.



A FUNERAL IN YUNNAN.

Yunnan is the southernmost and least known province of China. The inhabitants of this province are of a different race from the Chinese, and are akin to the Thibetans. They have straight eyes and look much like Russians. The conquest of Yunnan by China is scarcely complete yet, for some mountain tribes still have their own hereditary chiefs and are practically independent.

The conquest has cost Yunnan half its population—which is now variously estimated at from five to twelve millions. A Chinese general is said to have celebrated his capture of a city by sending to his superiors twelve multi-loads of human ears! Our first picture shows a Yunnan funeral, which is attended with little ceremony. The burial mounds are heaped up pell-mell by the road side with no attempt at order.

The curious garment shown in the other picture is a raincoat. It is made of bamboo, like so many Chinese things, and is said to be as effective as our mackintoshes.

THE MAGIC SLATE.



Clean both sides of a plain slate with a wet sponge, wrap it in a newspaper and give it to somebody of the audience for safekeeping. After going through a short magic rite, take the newspaper package back and open it. A word or number written by magic is plainly readable.

THE STRING AND BALLS.

This is an answer to the string and balls puzzle published in The Evening World of July 3. Draw the loop well down, slipping either ball through it. Push it through the hole at the extremities, pass it over the knot, and draw it through again. The same process must be repeated with the other ball; the loop can then be drawn through the hole in the center, and the ball will slide along the cord until it reaches the other side. The string is then replaced, leaving both balls on the same side. There is another and perhaps a better way of performing this trick. Draw the loop through the central hole, and bring it through far enough to pass one of the balls through. Having done this, draw the string back, and both balls will be found on the same side.

A BELATED BULLET.

While fighting in the Franco-Prussian war Pierre Barnale, now a shoemaker at Carnac, Aveyron, had his jaw broken by a Prussian bullet. For thirty-two years he has suffered great pain without knowing the real cause until the other day, when a fit of coughing caused him to vomit a piece of lead, which he must have swallowed when he was wounded.