The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 14,990.

Evening World

THE FACTS ARE WANTED.

After refusing for four months to discuss the coal strike, President Baer now condescends to present his side of the case—although it is really none of the public's business.

He says that the miners demand an increase of wages which would destroy all the profit of coal mining.

Is this true? If it is nobody wants the increase to be granted. No sensible person would ask or expect the operators to adopt a scale of wages which would mean mining at a loss. The miners themselves would not ask it.

But is it true? Senator Hanna, who has had thirty years' experience in coal mining, says the increase asked for is reasonable. The impression of the stock market is that the mining operation of the coal roads shows a profit amounting to more than 10 per cent. of the miners' wages.

Still President Baer may be right. If he is he has only to prove it. And if he does so we are quite confident that the miners will return to work.

Courteous Virginians.—A Virginia militia officer has been dishonorably discharged for calling a brother officer a "lobster." What would these courteous Virginians think of New York if they should happen to attend a Devery meeting?

"PARTRIDGEISM."

Within the past few days a new word has found its way into the vocabulary of New Yorkers.

The word is "Partridgeism."

It is not pleasant of sound or significance. It has never been defined, but definition is not necessary. Everybody knows just what it means, just as everybody knows just what Deveryism or Crokerism means.

Mayor Low should stop the use of the word by stopping the occasion for its use. Its permanent adoption would be a menace to the cause of reform.

Drawing the Line.—It must have been exceedingly difficult for the police yesterday to draw the line in the political debate between Devery and Goodwin, but why not draw it on both of them?

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

It is one of the ripe fruits of centuries of the common law that no one knows what the law is until the court decides it, and so no one may know whether contempt of court has been committed by Fire Commissioner Sturgis until the court has passed on his appeal.

Among the many arguments put forward by the eminent Corporation Counsel in defense of the Fire Commissioner for having disobeyed a mandamus of the court is that the mandamus was served on Thomas Sturgis the individual while the disobedience was performed by Thomas Sturgis the official.

This may not be contempt of court, but it is contempt of common sense.

Fatal Accuracy.—The city sportsman's aim is never so accurate as when he is shooting at another sportsman by mistake for a deer. At such times he would be eligible for a contest with a Boer sharpshooter.

THE NEW ALDERMAN.

Sentiment prevailed over common sense in the election yesterday of young John J. Bridges to the Board of Aldermen. Bridges is the son of the late James J. Bridges and is elected to fill out his father's unexpired term. He is thirty-five years old and a clerk in the Surrogate's office.

Alderman Stewart says that the election of the youth is "a moral crime" because his sudden plunge into politics will ruin him. Once an Alderman always an Alderman, is the Stewart theory, and to be always an Alderman is not the most desirable of ambitions, not even when there's a rich railroad to be held up.

A Canadian Lord.—An investment of $50,000 has given a New Yorker a vast seignorial estate in Canada, where he will be lord of the manor and exercise authority over numerous tenants who will pay him tithes. It is cheaper than a Madison avenue house and much more interesting.

DEVERY'S LOOSE TONGUE.

"Liar," "thief," "blackmailer," "bum." Lively times and lovely language in the Ninth. Devery's loquacity is running away with his discretion. His cart-tail confessions are a valuable addition to the public's knowledge of where it came from. Even if he wins out the victory may be regarded as worth the price of his revelations of corruption under the old regime in the Police Department.

There have been individuals before Devery who became intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity and suffered the consequences. The ex-best Chief's fondness for invective has led him to make very serious charges. He has apparently not realized that the victims of his wordy venom, writhing under it, are likely to talk back. In these amoebean strains of alternate charges and countercharges the public is getting at the truth. "Now for that snake in the grass, Sheehan," said Devery last night and proceeded once more to bruise him under his heel.

Scotched snakes sometimes retaliate. If this one does so we may pass on from general charges to the slimy details and particulars of the blackmailing system that prevailed "higher up" under the best Mayor.

THE PURSUIT OF THE TAX-DODGER.

Whither shall the tax-dodger flee to escape the pursuit of the fierce and unrelenting assessor? One of the conspicuously wealthy New Yorkers who last year escaped a personal property assessment of a million dollars by pleading residence in New Jersey is now under investigation by the County Board of Assessors, who have asked legal advice as to how far they are empowered by law to aid him in evading his just and equitable taxation.

This is sad news for the fugitive millionaires, not only in Morris County, N. J., but elsewhere—in Newport especially, and in Tarrytown and Lakewood and on Long Island and wherever our millionaires most do congregate.

Why should any New York tax-dodger take the trouble to swear off his residence when the experience of hundreds of others and the testimony of the assessment shows that personal taxation may be sworn off without taking this step?

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

HISTORY TO HER AID.

"No," said the girl. "I will be frank. You are not a Columbus. I have been kissed before."

"Perhaps I am an Amerigo Vespucci," he suggested, hopefully.

"Vespucci? You know he gave his name to the country," she cooed.

And upon that hint he spoke.

SPELLING NEEDLE.

"How do you spell needle, Bobby?" asked the teacher.

"N-e-i-d-l-e, needle," was the reply.

"Wrong," said the teacher, "there's no 'i' in needle."

"Well, then, 'taint a good needle."

HER OBJECTION.

The maiden fair rejected him.
Though he appeared all right.
She said she'd never wed a man
Who couldn't read or write.

Take heed, then, of his ignorance,
Ye men who little reck.
He couldn't read—a title clear,
And couldn't write—a check.

BORROWED JOKES.

IN POLITICS.

This "harmony's" a curious word.
Its purpose is polite;
Yet, every time you mention it
You start another fight.
—Washington Star.

NOT WASTED.

She—You say you couldn't drink the coffee at the hotel. I suppose you threw it away?

Boarder—No, I used it in my fountain pen.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

COUNTING PLAN FAILED.

A—Well, and how did you sleep last night? Did you follow my advice and begin counting?

B—Yes, I counted up to a hundred and eighteen thousand.

A—And then you fell asleep?

B—No, then it was time to get up.—Albany Argus.

SUPERFICIALLY JUDGED.

"What makes you think that young Mr. Gloggs would make a good diplomat? He was never very studious."

"No. But he makes a very creditable appearance in knickerbockers."—Washington Star.

SOMEBODIES.

MARTIN, BRADLEY, JR.—at present in Paris, has sold his three automobiles. He says the numerous recent fatalities, added to his own phenomenal bad luck, have cooled his enthusiasm for the horseless vehicle.

PATTI, MME.—has ordered a number of pictures taken of her childhood home in Wakefield, the Bronx, N. Y.

ROCKEFELLER, JOHN D.—has signs on his Pocantico estate ordering automobiles to keep off. He doesn't like autos. If he had any top hair, the sight of an auto would make it stand on end.

SMITH, REV. WALTER E.—pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, May's Landing, N. J., will go to Korea as a missionary about Oct. 1.

SELFRIDGE, REAR ADMIRDAL THOMAS O.—retired, is the oldest living officer of the American navy. He was appointed from Massachusetts in 1818, many years before the establishment of the Naval Academy.

JOG ALONG.

I.

Never mind the weary way—
Jog along!
Dark is drifting to the day—
Jog along!
Never mind how times may go—
World's the very best we know,
An' the good God made it so—
Jog along!

II.

What our hopes and what our fears?
Jog along!
What our crosses and our cares?
Jog along!
What the thorny crown love wears—
What the falling of love's tears?
There is sunshine for the years—
Jog along!

III.

Time and tide, and earth so wide—
Jog along!
Joy is born where joy has died—
Jog along!
So that love may still abide—
So contentment seeks our side—
Living still, though crucified—
Jog along!
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE "AUTO" ISN'T IN IT NOW.

The haughty chauffeur who's been bumping things
Now finds his record bent
By the chesty trolley motorman
Who's bumped a President.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Mr. Sububs—How do you know that Scribbles loves his wife?

Mr. Newlots—Because she reads everything he writes and he eats everything she cooks.

NERVOUS.

Mr. Stork (to rattlesnake)—I think that you will lose that case.

Rattlesnake—How's that?

Stork—Because you'll get rattled.

INTERPRETED.

Customer — Chicken croquettes, waiter.

Waiter—Fowl ball!

DEAR FATHER.

She—And what did papa say, Reggie?

He—Ah, he was quite nice. He said he'd try to support me in the style to which I've been accustomed.

TOO MANY STOPS.

His Wife—You told me you would only stop at repair shops, and now I find they were liquor shops.

Tipsy Chauffeur—They were repair shops, Mardo; shops to repair your thirst, hic!

WHY SHOUBD HE RUN?

Musical Passer-By—More movement, more go! Can't you accelerate your time?

Performer—Why shoot I do dat? Nobody is t'rowin' anyt'ing.

ODDITY CORNER.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN CARICATURES.

Take a piece of soft, white, elastic cloth, such as an old table napkin, and draw a figure in the centre of same with a very soft lead pencil.

If you cannot draw a tracing can be made by taking a print and placing same under the cloth, hold both up against a window pane and trace the picture. Figure 1 in illustration shows the picture on the cloth, the other illustrations show a few of the many caricatures that can be made from the one drawing. The distortions are made by stretching the cloth and tacking same on a wooden board. The small black circles shown in illustrations designate where the tacks were placed to get the above results.

WHAT "CHICAGO" MEANS.

The Miami tribe of Indians, who once inhabited Illinois called a skunk Se-kaw-kaw, and Chicago was named after the word Se-kaw-kaw or Sikag or Chigag—all meaning the same thing—which shows what the word Chicago means.

All of this is going to be set down in a dictionary of American names that the Geological Survey will print soon, and here is the official language:

Chicago: City and river in Illinois. The origin of the word is from the Indian, being a derivation by elision and French annotation from the word Chi-Kang-ong. Col. Samuel A. Starrow used the name in a letter to Gen. Jacob Brown, in 1816, as follows: "The river Chicago (or in the English, 'Wild Onion River')." Schoolcraft in 1820 said: "Its banks * * * stated to produce abundantly * * * the wild species of cepa or leek."

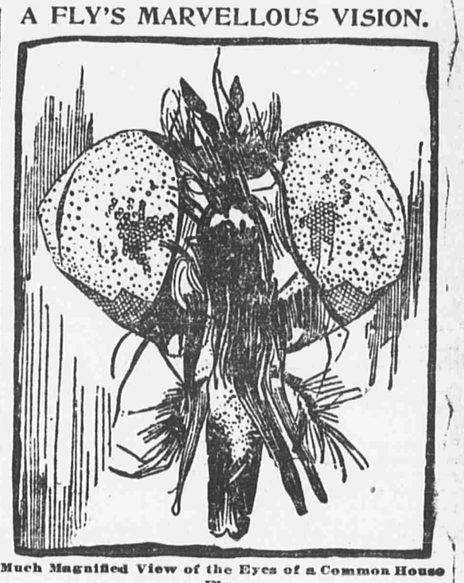
Bishop Baraga gives: "From Chigag, or Sikag, 'skunk,' a kind of wild cat." John Turner defines skunk as "she-gahg;" onion, she-ganga-winzhe, "skunk weed."

When the word first appeared the country was inhabited by a tribe of Miamis, in whose dialect the word for skunk was "Se-Kaw-Kaw." It is said that the wild cat, or skunk, was named from the plant.

AN INFANT MARKET.

The orphanage at Temesvan, in Hungary, holds an "infant market" once a month, at which all the children at the orphanage are on view, and at which persons desirous of adopting one or more of them can inspect them and take their choice. The first of these markets passed off very successfully, says Pearson's Weekly. Thirty children were on view—boys and girls between the ages of one and ten years. Nineteen of them were adopted, five boys and fourteen girls. Most of them were adopted by fairly well-to-do people, and one foster-mother went straight to a lawyer's office and made her newly-adopted child heiress to her fortune of $100,000.

A FLY'S MARVELLOUS VISION.



Much Magnified View of the Eyes of a Common House Fly.

It is often said that the fly has two eyes, each containing a thousand eyes; this statement is only partially true, since the compound eye of insects is really one, though it has many facets, each of which is capable of receiving a perfect image and transmitting it to the animal's perception. The remarkable thing about these compound insect eyes is this:

While in the human being only a small portion of the light rays can enter the eye at one time and only a few of these are in focus so as to make a perfect image, the fly can see nearly all around the horizon at any given time, and all the rays that fall upon the eye, or nearly all of them, are constantly in focus. This means that the fly can see as well on top of him and to the rear as he can in front. It also explains why his flyship is so hard to catch.

TO BECOME A DRUGGIST.

A Registered Pharmacist Tells of the Apprentice's Rough Road.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

If any young man decides on a druggist's career because he thinks it is easy and profitable he will probably be mistaken when he finds out how much hard work it means.

The popular idea that the business can be easily "picked up" in a year or two's work in a drug store is an erroneous one.

The druggist to-day is required to undergo a course of preparation for his work as rigid as that of any professional man. In the first place, on entering a store he is required to do the less agreeable work of the store, such as washing dirty utensils, cleaning bottles, keeping stock clean, &c.

His spare moments, which are very few during the first year, are devoted to the study of the rudiments of the business, usually under the direction of the senior clerk of the store. During the second year he advances a little and becomes familiar with the appearance and major properties of the more common, harmless drugs, and is allowed to handle these under the supervision of a registered pharmacist.

And so it goes on for three or four years, an immense amount of hard work and constant attention to business duties, until at last he is prepared to enter college.

Arriving at the college he enters upon a long and difficult course, lasting from two to four years, embracing a thorough course in pharmacy, analytical and descriptive chemistry, physics, botany, pharmacognosy (a terrible name for a terrible subject), therapeutics, microscopy and crystallography.

Surely this would seem to be a sufficient ordeal, but even when he gets his diploma his troubles are not over, for then the State Board requires him to appear before a committee of expert druggists, to pass an examination and demonstrate his qualifications. If he succeeds in making a showing he is given a certificate allowing him to practise pharmacy within the State.

From this it will be seen that from four to eight years are required for preparation to practise pharmacy, and there is no profession in which the courses of study are more difficult, or the rewards smaller.

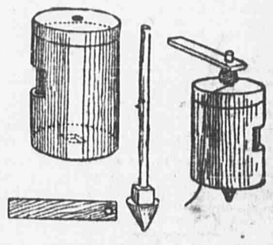
The lazy young man had better steer clear of pharmacy.

S. ERNEST DORN, "Registered Pharmacist,"
No. 644 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A NOISELESS FIREARM.

An apparatus which, when attached to any kind of firearm, does away with all noise, flash or smoke on its discharge has been invented by a French officer.

HOME-MADE HUMMING TOP



A humming top like the one here illustrated may be easily made from a modern baking powder box and a piece of soft pine wood. Make the hole in the bottom of the box square to fit the shoulder on the spindle, and fasten the latter in and the lid of the box on with glue. The square hole cut in the side of the box will make the sound while the top is spinning.

THEN AND NOW.

In days long ago (in the sixties you know) when grandma went walking she held her skirts so.

What would she say if she saw girls to-day with skirts clutched so tightly they all look this way?

—Inland Printer.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Being a reader of your paper and seeing that you give information, I would like you to answer the following questions. I would like to learn engineering. I have to work from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M., and would like to know if there is any school or institution open evenings where I could learn the same. A. E. P., Brooklyn.

No Holiday for City Employees.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I will let you know what I saw on Monday, Labor Day. My trip was out in East New York. I saw the American flag raised, but not twenty-five feet away I saw about six or seven hard-working laborers working. I asked what was the matter; why city employees were working on Labor Day. The answer was, "No work, no pay." How is this possible?

C. A., Brooklyn.

A Delicate Question.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to know whose words are to be depended on the more in the matrimonial case, the man's or the woman's. T. B. and S. W.

Tall Men Versus Short.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a young girl, seventeen, and I am considered the prettiest girl in my district. I am going with two young men. One of them is tall and the other short, and I would like to know how to get rid of the short one, as he has very mean ways. The other night he bought five cents' worth of bananas and offered me one and because I refused he got mad. Please advise me. TESSIE.

Frock Coat and Silk Hat.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you advise me through your paper the proper attire for bridegroom and best man and ushers at a morning wedding? C. R.

Necessity Should Cure Him.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there any cure for a young man of twenty-five who is out of work eight months and is too bashful to ask a boss for a job? If the bosses would only be kind enough to say "Come here, little boy; I'll give you a job," perhaps he would have work.

DISCOURAGED SISTER.

There Are Beginners' Classes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would it be necessary for one wishing to learn architectural drawing and who has no experience in it, at Cooper Union, to take the regular course in the scientific department, or, if not, what class to start? L.

Hohenzollern and Wettin.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly give the family name of Emperor William of Germany, also of Edward VII. of England. C. D. BLAND.

Hoboken, N. J.