The World.

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Evening World's

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

In the biblical metaphor of the Rev. Mr. Washburn, of Oyster Bay, President Roosevelt is a David come to save the country from the depredations of that Goliath of industry, the Trust. The minister did not elaborate on his figure of speech, but the memory of his congregation, familiar with scriptural references, completed the image.

It pictured the President moving quickly across the field of contest, armed with a sling and prepared to hurl the fatal missile with characteristically accurate marksmanship against the swollen giant of oppression, standing insolent and contemptuous before him. Within a moment of reflection the instantaneous processes of the brain displayed the whole pleasing panoramagraph—the giant, the champion, the fatal cast of the missile, the fall of the lifeless and inert body of the oppressor, the wail of the Philistines, the hilarious joy of their conquering foe.

The complaint has been made that we read the Bible so much less than our forefathers that ordinary terms of scriptural allusion in speech and writing are lost on us. The David episode, at least, is understandable to the least learned intellect. Its use by the Oyster Bay minister was in bad taste and caused annoyance to his chief auditor, the President. He realizes, doubtless, that modern methods of warfare do not permit of so great a conquest by so little effort. It takes many batteries of ten-inch guns to represent a latter-day David's sling.

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK.

The remarks of Mr. Peter De Lacy on gambling, printed in yesterday's Sunday World, must have made cheerful reading for Commissioner Partridge. Mr. De Lacy, after a green-cloth career of forty years, says that there is little gambling in New York now—"much less than in times past, in spite of all stories in circulation." Furthermore, according to the same experienced authority, "there are not nearly so many gambling-houses in New York as there were a year ago, and there is not much in it from a business point of view."

Capt. Sheehan himself could not make a more positive statement. Mr. Canfield might challenge the last assertion; and regarding the other allegations Mr. Devery is competent to speak. He said yesterday: "There was never so much gambling in New York as there is to-day, and it is done in the open."

The inference may be that since he closed his poolroom Mr. De Lacy is not so closely in touch with the situation. The rate of "assessment" is said to be no higher than under the Van Wyck administration—$500 a month. Money is more plentiful and the possibility of profits much greater.

THE SHOOTING INSTINCT.

A man in East Orange, N. J., shot his friend fatally Saturday night by mistake for a burglar, and yesterday in Great Barrington a New York manufacturer shot and killed his eloping wife.

Neither of these deaths was deserved. The possession of a pistol does not give a man lying in bed in a dark room the right to make a target of a moving figure seen dimly. Even at the risk of harm to the shooter an inquiry as to the intruder's identity should precede the shooting. Nor has a slighted husband the power of life and death over a wife who has preferred another to him. The question may be a vexed and debatable one in some sections of the land, but opinion here is emphatically against it.

The American with a revolver in his hand is too much inclined to constitute himself judge, jury and executioner for his wrongs, fancied or real. He should be suppressed.

MOVING UPTOWN.

It seems likely that Police Headquarters will follow the general uptown movement. Commissioner Partridge favors Long Acre Square as a site for the new building. When the Headquarters were established in Mulberry street, forty years ago, they were in near neighborhood with the criminal district. Five Points was a few blocks south. Harry Hill's, in Crosby street, almost around the corner, was the centre of the Tenderloin of the times, and lower Broadway and the Bowery with their gambling-houses and places of resort were within earshot. Bond street and Bleecker just north were the scenes of the most noted bank robbery, and, except for the Nathan tragedy, the most sensational murder of the day. The Headquarters were then in the very midst of a criminal environment.

Now with the Tenderloin forced uptown by the encroachments of trade, Five Points a park and the Bowery a safe thoroughfare by night, the procession may be said to have passed Headquarters by. There are even those who think that while a change of building is well it is not all that is demanded of the inadequate Mulberry street establishment for the suppression of crime.

FATE OF THE PANAMA.

There has been anxious speculation in some quarters as to the future of the panama hat. It has done great service and added a charm to the silly season that no other article of human bedizenment, not even the fair sex's bombazine raglan, could produce. Whether regarded as a work of art or as a useful invention it has earned a right to claim a niche in that portion of our memory where things of beauty are a joy forever.

As to its future, its fate, its doom, it hasn't any. A hat—even the panoramic panama hat—lives only in the present. It knows no yesterday, no to-morrow. It has no history. It is but the shadow of its owner which disappears at night. Whether the panama, which vanishes to-day, with the summer flies and fireworks, will ever return to crinkle our eyes again, depends upon this marvellous nation's prosperity. If the gay youth has money in his purse next year he may try to do something new and startling with his dome of thought; if he hasn't, he will dig up this summer's panama, give it an oxalic acid shampoo and once again jauntily insert his intellectual peak in it.

Subway Fatalities.—At the present ratio of fatalities forty lives will have been lost in the construction of the Rapid Transit tunnel before its final completion. It is a high price to pay for an engineering work carried on with what should be all possible precautions for safety. The precautions in the Park avenue dynamite explosion showed the relation of the possible to the actual.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

SEVEN ACES; SIX SHOOTERS.

It was a cowboy poker game.
When Pete held aces four
And Ike cinched three more of the same,
Then 'twas a game of "draw."

IT PASSED HIM UP.

Dex—On what day of the week did Sept. 2, 1401 fall?

Si—I'm too old to be asked sich simple questions; besides I'm deaf and couldn't have heard it fall, anyway.

A DOUBLE SHOT.

"It is a better object in life to try to kill time than to try to kill one's fellow men," observed the lazy clubman, tartly, to the General.

"Get an auto," advised the latter, "and you can do both."

LOTS OF CAPITAL.

"Yes, my poor grandfather ran a sawmill; but he failed, and all his remaining wealth consisted of a gigantic pile of sawdust."

"What a pity he died before the days of health foods! He might have been a millionaire."

BORROWED JOKES.

THE CHILD IS FATHER, ETC.

"Gracious, children," cried Mrs. Binks, running out at the sound of strife and breaking crockery, "what on earth are you doing?"

"Playin' we're havin' a harmony dinner, ma," answered Johnny, as he again swatted the little Smith boy.—Toledo Bee.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, "that we'll have to give your son heroic treatment."

"Ma," and the gentleman who had been reading about the operations in the Philippines called downstairs, "bring up the syringe and a pail of water with you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHOICE SOON MADE.

"The only difference between these two automobiles," said the dealer, "is that the green one will cost you about $300 more than the red one. Otherwise"——

"I'll take the green one," said Mr. Muntoburn.—Chicago Tribune.

SOMEBODIES.

DARLING, MAJOR HERBERT—Bloemfontein's Commissioner of Police, is only twenty-three. He managed a mine at eighteen and was a captain at twenty. His extreme youth has led his fellow-officers to christen him "Baby Darling."

KITCHENER, LORD—has been invited by the Kaiser to visit Germany under the plea that the whole German army would delight to welcome him.

KROG, MISS GINA—is the Susan B. Anthony of Norway. She started the first woman's suffrage agitation there eighteen years ago.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA—is a skilled musician, and has composed a gavotte which is about to be published in Leipsig.

SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR—is a seventeen-year-old boy, educated at Harrow, in England. He is named Ali Bin Hamoud.

THE HAPPY DARK.

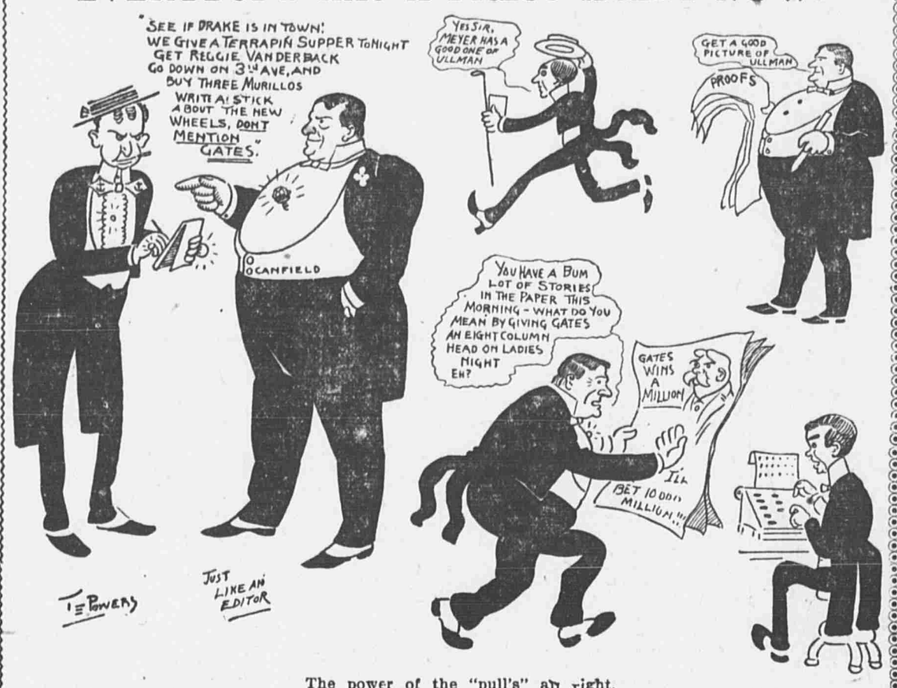
When the happy darkness creeps
From the east across the hill,
Every little birdling sleeps,
Every butterfly is still;
Every little clover head
Folds its leaves and nods in bed,
While the starlight overhead
Through the happy darkness keeps
Watch o'er every bird that sleeps.

Now, my little baby, hark!
Hear the tiny crickets' song;
Through the warm and happy dark
They are crooning all night long.
Happy, quiet dark, that brings
Nest and rest to weary wings,
Rest to all the woodland things—
To my little baby, rest,
Lulled to sleep on mother's breast.

Oh, the happy, quiet dark!
Bringing rest from song and play,
Till the morning wakes the lark,
Joyous, for another day!
Happy dark, that brooding lies,
Warm and soft on fields and skies,
While the frogs sing lullabies—
Happy, quiet dark, that keeps
All things still while baby sleeps!

—Charles Buxton Going, in Good Housekeeping.

EVERYBODY HAS A PRESS AGENT NOW.



The power of the "pull's" all right,
As all the "push" confess.
But even they must now invite
The power of the press.

EXPLICIT.

"Might I ask you who lives here?"
"Certainly, sir."
"Who is it, sir?"
"Blest if I know."

FIRST OFFENSE.

Pizen Pete—I don't think they oughter put Bill in jail.
Limpy Jim—Why not?
Pizen Pete—Why, that feller he shot last night was only the first man he ever killed.

NOT IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Dinks—What? Do you say you lost your whiskers in the revolution?
Binks—Yep; the revolution of the electric fan.

WHAT HE DID.

Mike—You told her youse loved her an' she laffed, eh? Did youse go an' jump in de lake den?
Chake—Naw! I give 'er a slap in de eye!

ANOTHER QUOTATION.

"His love overcame him."

IN THE STONE AGE.

Mr. Skintogs—Why, the Chunkflints must have called while we were out. There's their cards in front of the door.

FROM A THRILLER.

"The sailor, with a gleaming knife between his teeth, leaned over and glared down at them."

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Jaggs (7 A. M.)—Well, here I am at home (hic), but how our house (hic) has shrunk (hic)!

ODDITY CORNER.

METEORITE.

The biggest meteorite ever seen has been found at Ponto Alegre, in Brazil. It is an immense rock mass, 85 feet long and 55 feet thick.

FISH.

There are no less than 3,262 different species of fish inhabiting the waters of America north of the Isthmus of Panama.

BUSY BEES.

The busy bees have to visit 3,000,000 blossoms in order to gather a pound of honey, and do not get it themselves at that.

NO TRUST.

Glasgow has made a profit of $2,170 on the year's working of its municipal telephone system.

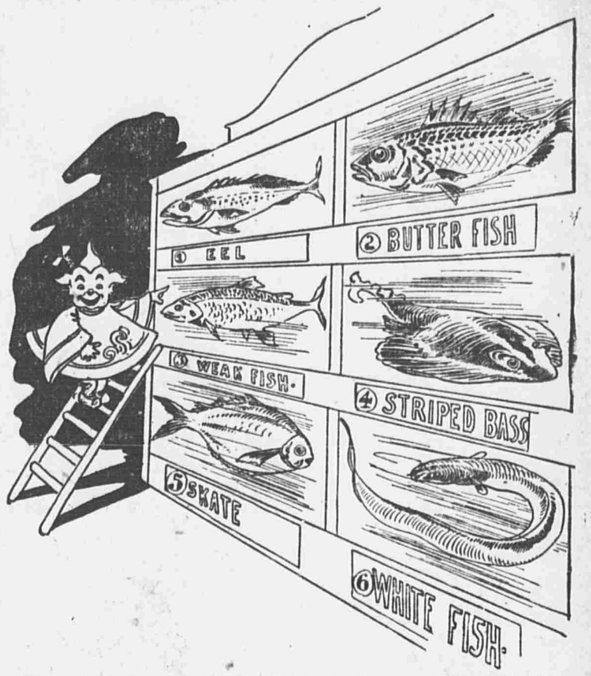
ENGINE POWER.

A railroad engine may roughly be said to be equal in strength to 900 horses.

SMOKES.

Every day 200,000 cigars are smoked in London.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FISH?



That mischievious boy "Trickey Trixie" has been up to his old tricks again. He visited the Aquarium down at the Battery, and when no one was looking changed the signs in front of the fish tanks, making it impossible to tell the real names of the fish. Can you restore the names to the proper tanks? Here is a good opportunity for you to demonstrate your knowledge of fish. The right names will be printed in to-morrow's Evening World.

A FEW REMARKS.

When Teddy grasps 12,000 strenuous hands
He'll forget they are Nassau vote-makers

And imagine, before he's done, that he stands
In a bunch of the sect known as Shakers.

What a big saving of powder, coal and enthusiasm might have been made if last month's naval manoeuvres had been postponed until now and transferred to the Isthmus!

The Connecticut aeronaut who got tangled up in a network of telephone fixtures is praying for the day of wireless ballooning.

Utah promises to support Roosevelt in 1904. Better Salt Lake than Salt River.

The liner Philadelphia
Has won an ocean race.
She beat the rapid Frenchman—
She set a spanking pace.

Oh, speedy Philadelphia!
You've won a slice of fame;
You've also proved the adage:
What is there in a name?"

Newport regrets, in sections, the Russian business it has accomplished of late.

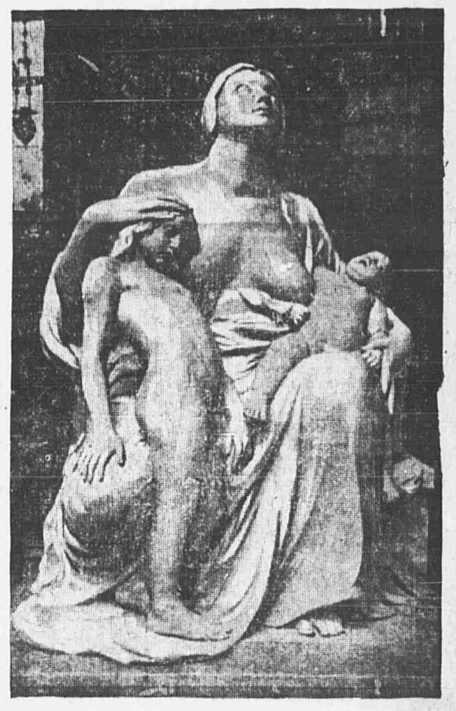
The sovereign remedy for auto accidents will be found by the genius who can invent a millionaire's toy that will cost a few dollars more than the most expensive motor car.

General Merger is Gen. Egan's latest successor in beef notoriety.

Prince Henry may come back here for the unveiling of the Frederick the Great statue. Well, his last American performance was popular enough to warrant an encore.

Although modern jurists consider Roman law good enough to pattern after, New York politicians obviously consider Roman politics all wrong. Rome first captured a district and then colonized it. Here the method is reversed.

A MONUMENT TO PASTEUR.



THE ALLEGORICAL PASTEUR GROUP.

On Aug. 3 a monument to Louis Pasteur, the famous bacteriologist and discoverer of the serum treatment for hydrophobia, who died in 1895, was unveiled at his natal town, Dole, in the east of France. An allegorical group forming part of the monument is here reproduced. In this connection the following words of Pasteur's may appropriately be recalled:

"Science should not concern itself with the philosophical consequences of its labors. * * * In each of us there are two men—the man of science, who starts with a blank page and endeavors by observation, experiment and reason to rise to the knowledge of nature, and the man of feeling, of tradition, of faith or doubt, the man who mourns the loss of his children and who hopes and believes that he will see them again, though, alas! he cannot prove that he will; the man who rejects the idea of perishing like a microbe and asserts the existence of an innate force that will revive and transform him. These two domains are distinct, and woe to him who seeks to blend them in the imperfect state of human knowledge!"

FLAGS IN ABUNDANCE.

Think of it! Every year the people of the United States buy 3,000,000 flags. During that same period 1,000,000 flags disappear. Nobody knows where they go to. Like Mr. Isaac and Ram Lal, they go into the "cold, clear light," and that is all that anybody seems to know.

A ROSARY.

I hold no chaplet of blessed beads,
Nor waft fond prayers to realms above,
But with a daisy from the meads
I tell the rosary of love.

Slowly the sleepy white moth settles
To rest in the heart of the yielding rose,
As lightly counting the severed petals
I list the message the leaves disclose.

Yield the secret, O flower of fate!
Tell me now, ere it be too late,
Am I remembered or forgot?
Does he love me or love me not?

Speak! For to you the gift is given
To mar or make the lover's heaven.
Dispel the doubt that moves me!
Tell me my fate in message brief.
See, I have counted your last leaf!
He loves me not! He loves me!

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

OARSMEN IN TRIREME.

Three tiers of oarsmen arranged as shown above propelled the Greek ships known as triremes.

DEPENDS ON EYE.

The varying color of a vacuum tube containing krypton—seen by some as lilac and by others as green—is explained by Prof. W. Ramsey to depend on the size of the yellow spot of the retina.

A HORROR "DEN."

A wealthy Warsaw land-owner sleeps each night in a room draped with black, decorated with skeletons and having in the middle of the floor a catafalque on which is a metal coffin.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Wants Origin of Barber's Pole.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would be very thankful if readers would study up and answer the following question: "When and where did the barber's pole originate?" It may seem foolish, but it is a question that will puzzle many. I've seen these barbers' poles at the barbers' shops so many times that I thought I might inquire. Nobody could answer the question.

DOMINICK L.

She "Gets Blue."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to Eliza, who says that, though capable and clever, she can find no husband, you are not the only one, Eliza. I am older than you, good-looking, can wash, cook, make all my clothes, trim my hats and am called the neatest dressed girl in my district. Like yourself, I find it very hard to get a good husband, and when I see careless girls get good husbands and nice homes I certainly do get blue. I hope some one can solve the problem.

LYDIA.

The Rolled-Up Sleeve Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What disgusts me is to see young ladies walking along with their sleeves to their elbows. I wonder if this is supposed to be some more style. Then there are some who wear low-necked dresses. If they only knew how unbecoming they look, that fad would be dispensed with. Surely there are other ways of keeping cool by donning suitable garb. I say let them wear becoming articles of dress so as not to attract so much attention, which they surely do now.

WILLIAM H.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is Holland under the German flag?

CHARLES W. S.

A Widow's Appeal.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My husband died a few years ago, leaving me a small, unpretentious cottage, unencumbered, and to support me a few thousand dollars invested in mortgages. I have just used the entire six months' interest of one to pay the city tax of $74, an increase of $7 in the tax of last year. This last week I received from the assessors three tax bills on personal property, for the years 1899, $124.24; 1900, $128.72; 1901, $144.86—total, $397.82.

My entire income is derived from the interest on a personality of about $8,000 at about 5 per cent., giving me about $400 to support myself and those depending upon me, pay for coal, water, gas, clothing and provisions. Surely that is not a large income to meet all those requirements, but there seems to be no relief. The assessor tells me I must pay, one of our leading lawyers says there is no escape and that the taxes are a lien upon my house, and his opinion is supported by the president of one of our city banks.

How am I to support myself in my old age? For I am now over seventy and almost helpless from rheumatism.

WIDOW.