that they should be allowed to have their say.

Mr. Delany read the petition and Warden Hayes made a speech in which he strongly denounced what he characterized the treachery of Senator McCarren. He said that it was in the power of the Committee to expel a member or any number of members for disloyalty to the ticket and instanced the case of Henry D. Purroy in 1895.

McCarren Attacks Hearst.

McCarren made a speech in his own defense. He did not deny that he knifed Hearst, but said he would do it over again.

"The head of the Democratic ticket forfeited the support of the Democracy of Brooklyn," said Senator McCarren, "when he put a judiciary ticket in the field in Kings County in opposition to the regular ticket nominated by the Democratic organization. Under similar circumstances, the Executive Committee of the Democracy of Kings would take the same action it took prior to and during the last election."

Then a motion was made to investigate the charges made by the Brooklyn delegation. The motion was carried.

After the meeting adjourned it was learned from those who participated that Senator McCarren was the star performer of the occasion. He sailed out roasts right and left and was in his best form of sarcastic humor.

Hot Ones From McCarren.

"One of the men who appears here with this petition," declared Senator McCarren, "never voted a Democratic ticket in his life. I refer to Warden Hayes. Here's a fine man to come before this committee and talk about Democracy.

"Some of these days an enterprising playwright will get up an opera bouffe based upon the antics of the Democratic State Committee of New York in the campaign of 1906. It won't have to be exaggerated to be the funniest thing ever seen or heard.

"I stand by what I said at the meeting of the Executive Committee of Kings about the head of the ticket. I'd say it again under like circumstances. I'm not one of these fellows that will take a smash on the jaw and then turn the other jaw to let my enemy knock me out."

The resolution to investigate McCarren was introduced by Mr. Slattery, of Erie, a "pinkey" Connors man. McCarren grimly moved to amend the resolution by making it call for the investigation of every county in the State.

Featherson Upholds McCarren.

In the argument upon the resolution several speeches were made. A happening that created considerable surprise was the speech of Maurice Featherson, the Tammany district leader, against the resolution. This indicates that there is a breach between Featherson and Murphy that is wide, for Murphy wants McCarren disciplined. Featherson voted against the adoption of the resolution.

Perry Belmont handed in his resignation as a member of the State Committee. William Bailey of Patchogue, L. I., was appointed to succeed him.

The committee passed a resolution calling upon the members to keep a sharp lookout at the official canvass of the vote next week, commiserating William R. Hearst upon his defeat, and taking a pessimistic view of the outlook in the State and the country.

William J. Conners presided at the meeting. He had a whole basketful of telegrams from up-State complaining of the methods of the Republican machine and made a speech in which he advocated taking drastic measures to protect the interests of the Democratic candidates in the official canvass of the votes which begins next Tuesday.

Senator McCarren did not appear to be disturbed over the attempt to slide him off the State Committee. When asked what he thought about the movement he said:

"Why should they try to discipline me? It is true that I expected to carry my district by 10,000, and I got only 2,000 plurality, but Brooklyn is a strange place when it comes to figuring on the result of elections."

He refused to admit or deny that he had worked against the election of Hearst. The Brooklyn men who are looking for his scalp say they have plenty of evidence to present to the State Committee showing that McCarren worked openly to defeat the Democratic nominee.

LOST IN CITY WITH HER TWO CHILDREN

Mrs. Wilson Took Furnished Room for Visit Here Then Forgot Where It Was.

It will probably be a long time before her first visit to New York will be forgotten by Mrs. Mary Wilson, of Poughkeepsie. She is searching to-day for the house in which she rented a furnished room and her two small children are weeping in the rooms of the Children's Society. On Wednesday Mrs. Wilson with her two children, Ethel, aged six, and Johnny, aged three, came to New York intending to remain until Saturday and then return home.

From an "ad" read several Sunday's ago she had learned an address and there she took a furnished room. Then the three went out to see the stores.

She forgot the address and so with the children in her arms she was in Jefferson Market Police Court to-day tired out after having walked the streets all night. Neither mother nor babes had had a bite to eat for twenty-four hours when they came before Magistrate Whitman.

Between her sobs Mrs. Wilson told her story.

"I left all my money in the room," she said, "and everywhere I turned for shelter for the night I was sent away."

Magistrate Whitman sent the children to the Children's Society and two agents went with Mrs. Wilson to try and help her find her temporary home.

ROOSEVELT HITS AT MEN WHO MISQUOTE HIM.

President Not Responsible for the Talk of Others, Is White House Announcement.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—The following statement touching quoted conversations with the President was made public at the White House to-day:

"For many years it has been the invariable practice never to attempt to quote a private conversation with the President. It has been found that as a matter of fact the man who quotes such a conversation usually misquotes it, whether consciously or unconsciously, and such an alleged conversation is under no circumstances to be held as calling for either explanation or denial by the President.

"The President is responsible only for what he himself says in public, for what he writes. Anything he expressly authorizes the proper Government officials to state in his behalf."

"HOW MANY ARE KILLED?" ASKS BOY FIREBUG

Youth Crazed by Cigarettes Endangered Scores of Lives

FIRED FIVE HOUSES.

Wanted to See if Department in This City Was Like Boston's.

HELD IN POLICE COURT.

Incoherent When Arraigned, and Police Believe His Mind Is Affected.

Frank Morris, a cigarette crazed, drugged youth of nineteen, with a slack chin, a shifty eye and a pair of nimble feet, apparently had only one other ambition besides a desire to break into the theatrical business. He wanted to see if the firemen of New York were faster about coming to a fire than the firemen in his home town of Boston.

This ambition the police ascribe as the only possible or probable explanation they have been able to find for the five blazes that occurred inside of one hour in one closely settled tenement district late last night and early to-day—fires that caused the death of one old woman by fright and injuries to many others. On the charge of being a suspicious character Morris has been held in heavy bonds for further examination to-morrow. In the mean time the police are trying to draw from their thin-chested, erratic young prisoner a confession.

Seen at All the Fires.

In making their investigations the police learned that an undersized youth, with a bad complexion, stoop-shouldered and dressed in black clothes, was among the first at every fire. When he saw the engines working and men and women being rescued he was ecstatic.

To Henry Riger, of No. 109 West Sixty-first street, he said in front of the most dangerous fire:

"I have seen every one of them. Do you know how many people have died?"

Riger was not slow in communicating with Detective Dresnan. The detective traced the youth to No. 103 West Sixty-third street. His face was black with smoke. His clothes were singed and part of one sleeve was burned away. Morris was taken to the station house. There he said:

Called Our Firemen Slow.

"I come from Fall River. I was born there, but went to Boston and two weeks ago came here. These firemen here are slow. You ought to see the Boston fire department work."

Just at this time the boy pulled out a package of cigarettes which were made from stromonium leaves.

"These are dope, but my doctor told me to smoke them," he said.

A still more important witness was found in the person of James Shields, fifteen years old, of No. 215 West Sixty-first street, who works for a maker of surgical instruments. Shields told Roundsman O'Connor that he was standing in the crowd watching the first of the fires when a man in a green checked cap said to him:

"Don't go away yet—you'll see some more fun. There are going to be some more fires around here."

"Then he told me," said young Shields, "that he was working at the Colonial Theatre and intended to be an actor."

O'Connor at once took the boy to the West Side Court, where Morris was standing with half a dozen other prisoners. Shields picked out Morris without any hesitation.

"That's the man who talked to me in the crowd," he said readily.

Morris was perceptibly unnerved by the identification. He admitted having spoken to Shields, but insisted that he merely told the boy that there "would be other engines coming."

His Talk Incoherent.

During his arraignment before Magistrate Steinert the suspect stood most of the time with his thin chest caved in and his drooping lower lip resting almost upon his breast. He denied having started the fire, but could not explain how his clothing came to be scorched and impregnated with the odor of coal oil.

From his incoherent mumbling the Magistrate made out that his home was at No. 159 Harrison avenue, Boston, and that his father, William, was a compositor on a Boston newspaper. He said he came here with Harry Tate, who is giving a sketch called "The Village Idiot" in vaudeville.

"When were you born?" asked the Magistrate.

"In 1776," said Morris.

"And that makes you how old?"

"Nineteen, my last birthday," was the answer and Morris stuck to it.

Wanted Bellevue Examination.

Benjamin Greenstal, who appeared for the boy, wanted him sent to Bellevue for a mental examination, but Magistrate Steinert agreed with Deputy Fire Marshall John P. Prial that the charge was serious enough to warrant further court proceedings, and he held Morris in bonds of $2,000 for examination to-morrow. Greenstal said he had been informed that Morris had had an attack of spinal meningitis when he was nine years old and never entirely recovered from it. In his cell in the station house the boy did a few dancing steps every few minutes. It seemed impossible for him to keep his feet still.

The first fire was at 11.55 o'clock last night, at No. 165 West Sixtieth street. Michael F. Alwell, a plumber, living on the ground floor in the rear of his shop, with his wife and children, was reading in the front room of his apartment when there came a burst of flame and smoke up the airshaft.

Alwell had hardly time to see his wife and children to the street before the hallway was seething with flames. The tenants on the four upper floors of the apartments were hemmed in.

Hemmed In by Flames.

On the second floor lived Frank Studor, his wife and his wife's mother, Mrs. Carolina Swain, seventy-nine years old. The halls were so filled with smoke and so hot from flames that no one could live in them. The Studors and the old woman were hemmed in.

Mrs. Studor carried her mother to a front window. She hoped the firemen would soon come and rescue them. The old woman suddenly gasped and died.

"She died from fright," a doctor said when he made his way up the fire ladders to respond to the cries of Mrs. Studor.

Chief Croker gave orders for a search to be made for the incendiary. He was discussing the fire when a man came screaming down the street.

"There's a fire at No. 127 West Sixtieth street," he said.

At the same instant flames burst from the first floor windows of a five-story tenement-house. This fire was discovered at 12.27, and was also lighted in the basement under the airshaft.

The twenty families in the house rushed to the street in their nightclothes. The fire was put out before it had communicated to the adjoining buildings.

The firemen were reeling up their hose and the police reserves were giving permission to the half-clad men, women and children to go back into those homes that had not been practically wiped out, when, at 1.50 A. M., there came a cry from No. 215 West Sixtieth street, and flames shot out from the basement and first floor windows of a five-story tenement-house.

Fourth Fire Soon After.

At 2.49 o'clock the fourth fire started at No. 249 West Sixty-first street, in a tenement occupied by twenty-five negro families. This fire was also lighted under the airshaft and dumbwaiter shaft. It was discovered by William Bryce, of No. 247 West Sixty-first street, but before the firemen, working half a block away, could throw water on the blaze it had jumped up to the roof.

The fifth fire started at No. 110 West Sixty-first street, at 3.05 o'clock, in the basement of a brownstone house, in which lived eight families.

REPUBLICANS WIN IN NEW JUDICIAL DISTRICT

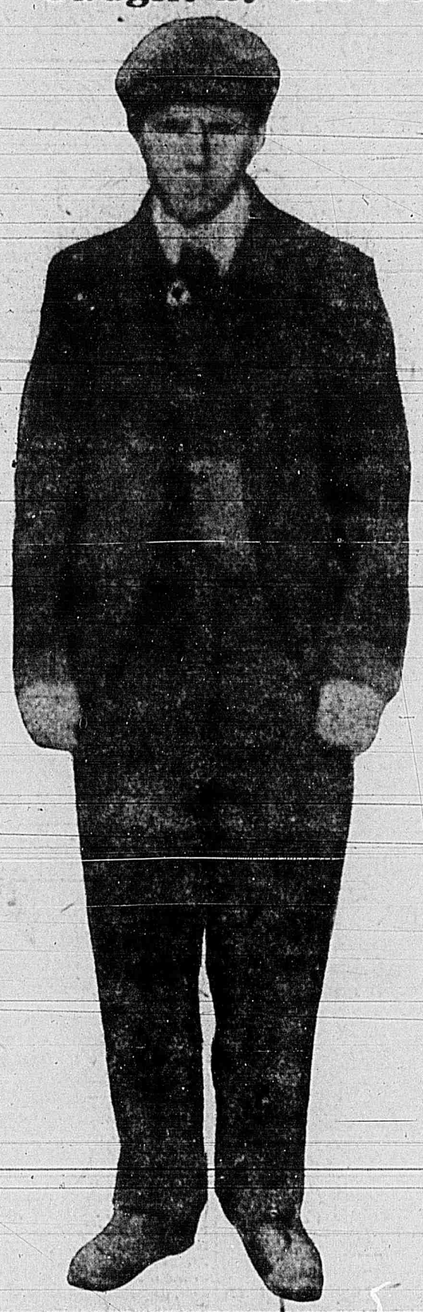
Mills, Tompkins and Morschauser Eected—Tompkins Gets a Phenomenal Plurality.

The Republicans of the new Ninth Judicial District, comprising the counties of Westchester, Orange, Rockland, Dutchess and Putnam, are rejoicing over the election of their three candidates for the Supreme Court bench.

Ex-County Judge Mills, of Westchester; ex-Congressman A. S. Tompkins, of Rockland, and City Judge Morschauser, of Dutchess, were the successful nominees by pluralities ranging from 5,000 to 8,000. They defeated Messrs. Kalte, Brennan and Davis, Democrats.

The most remarkable run was made by Tompkins, of Nyack, who received the highest plurality. Rockland County is normally Democratic by 1,000, but Tompkins carried it by a total of 2,200. This was due to his personal popularity. He was openly supported by prominent Democrats.

Frank Morris, Boy Firebug, Caught by the Police



GIRL IN AUTO RACES BALLOON FOR TROPHY CUP

Miss Weston, of Pittsfield with Seven Others Pursues the Orient.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Nov. 9.—A pretty girl, Miss Weston, of this city, joined in the auto chase of the balloon Orient, which was started here at 12.56 P. M. to-day. Guiding an 18-horse-power automobile, Miss Weston took the lead, with seven other autos following, as the big balloon rapidly ascended and headed northeast, with the evident intention of landing in the mountains of Vermont.

The young lady showed skill and daring as she dashed away and was soon lost in a cloud of dust, with the balloon directly over her head.

She was bent on winning the $150 trophy cup offered by Alan R. Hawling, of New York, to the motorist first reaching the airship within twenty minutes after its descent, and her friends said she would be sure to get it if nerve and a good car counted in the race.

As soon as the balloon was far enough above the earth to feel the full force of the air currents it began drifting in the direction about east northeast of Pittsfield. Unless the wind changed the balloon would be carried nearly over Northampton and Greenfield and then to Vermont. The mountains which surround this city soon hid the car from view.

Aside from Miss Weston, those engaging in the chase of the balloon were: H. H. Holden, Pittsfield, 16 horse-power automobile; Farley A. Russell, Pittsfield, 20 horse-power automobile; Cortland Field Bishop, Pittsfield, 35 horse-power automobile; Daniel England, Pittsfield, 20 horse-power automobile; C. C. Chesney, Pittsfield, 20 horse-power automobile; Pittsfield Automobile Garage, 15 horse-power automobile; Pittsfield Automobile Garage, 10 horse-power automobile.

It was understood that not all of the automobiles would continue the race until the end and Mr. Bishop was looked upon by those interested as Miss Weston's most dangerous opponent for the cup.

Information by telephone showed that the balloon passed over Cheshire and New Ashford. Then it veered about and went back to Cheshire. Then it started in a more northerly direction, continuing until it was over Williamstown, shortly after 2 o'clock. At that time it was moving at a good rate of speed, and travelling a little east of north. It had evidently caught a stronger current of air, and it seemed probable that it would go up into Vermont.

An Impression Spoiled.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"Bridget," said Mrs. Wanterby, who had a couple of prominent people to dinner and was trying to make an impression, "it seems to me the coffee looks a trifle weak."

"It ain't the coffee's fault, ma'am," replied Bridget. "'Tis too much crame ye put in it. You ain't used to crame, ma'am."

JACKSON WILL GIVE BIG TRUSTS A SHAKING UP

Square-Jawed Attorney-General Elect Says They Must Obey the Law.

SORRY HEARST LOST.

Not Yet Ready to Announce Action Concerning Recount of Hearst-McClellan Vote.

The first thing that strikes you about the Attorney-General-elect of the State of New York is his jaw. It is a square heavy, paving-block of a jaw, with a snap to it like a mud-turtle's maxillary. You have a mental photograph of such a jaw taking hold of a thing and not letting go till the sun goes down.

It is the honest direct black eyes, the clean cameo-profile and the big humorous mouth that keep the face of the man from being top-heavy at the bottom. His head is big, angular and roofed with plenty of black hair. Imagine such a head, mounted on a broad neck above shoulders as broad as the back breadth of a baby grand piano and a well-fleshed, athletic body, big hands, big feet and legs a trifle bowed, and you get a fair newspaper likeness of William S. Jackson, of Buffalo, better known to his friends as plain "Jack."

His platform of promises for the administration of the office to which he was elected on Tuesday is summed up succinctly in a part of what he said to an Evening World reporter who interviewed him to-day:

Conscience His Only Boss.

"Have I a political boss? Yes, I have—my own conscience. What will I do in the Attorney-General's office? Well, I think first I'll wait to see if I am fairly, squarely elected. Then I'll do my duty as I see it—that's all. Corporations that stand outside the law will be made to stand inside of it. So will individuals. I may add that one of the first things I am going to do is to find out how many good jobs there are in that District Attorney's office for good Democrats."

The words smack of the essence of the man as he impresses you on first acquaintance. In parenthesis it may be worth stating that he is thirty-seven years old, a native of Buffalo, married, has two children—a boy and a girl—is Assistant Corporation Counsel of Buffalo, a born Democrat, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, an athlete and—so his admirers say—the best "mixer" and one of the best political speakers up the State. Until he went out campaigning on the Democratic State ticket he had devoted his time for a year past to probing the official corruption that existed in the purchasing of supplies for the city of Buffalo.

Being by nature a modest man, he didnt make any great noise at the job, but he got results and he did it in a kind of simplicity and directness that was beautiful to behold—to everybody except the "grafters." Four of them he convicted, and about thirty others are on the mourner's bench under indictment.

Didn't Spare Friends.

It is of record that Jackson didn't spare his political friends who got tangled up in the graft any more than he spared his political enemies.

He is at the Victoria Hotel, having come here for to-day's meeting of the State Committee of the party. When he came down stairs to sit for this interview he gave the reporter a handshake, carrying a pressure of at least two hundred pounds to the square inch. The handshake also helped you to understand the man.

"Mr. Jackson," said the reporter, "what are you going to do in the matter of a recount of the ballot cast in the Mayoralty election in New York City last year? The people of this town feel rather a deep interest in that matter."

"I haven't given that matter any consideration—as yet," said the new Attorney-General.

"Has the matter of application for a recount been suggested to you in the event that you are declared the winner?"

"Only in a general way. Here's my position, young man. I stand for an honest count every time. If I get an honest count myself I will be ready to extend the proposition to the best of my ability and power."

Sorry Hearst Lost.

"Have you seen Mr. Hearst yet?"

"I expect to see him to-day but not to discuss the Mayoralty race of last year. I did not know Mr. Hearst until a few months ago. We have only what you might call a platform friendship, growing out of our advocacy of the same Thomas Jefferson principles. I regret his defeat. He is a true Democrat and he deserved to win."

"Have you yourself always voted the straight ticket?"

"I have always voted as a Democrat."

"Have you given any consideration to the matter of investigating the B. R. T. and its ways of securing and using franchises?"

"Not as yet. But I will say this: So far as it lies within the scope of my powers any corporation that stands outside the law will be made to stand inside."

"Have you been informed of the fact that the Metropolitan Street Railway has defaulted in the payment of its taxes?"

"I have not. But doesn't that come within the province of your own Corporation Counsel? Really, you fellows ought to wait until I see whether I am elected before you ask me to map out a course of action. I shall do my duty."

Doesn't Bow to Conners.

"Do you acknowledge Fingy Conners as your political sponsor and political boss?"

"I most emphatically do not. I acknowledge no boss of any sort except my conscience," said the young man from Buffalo with a wolf-trap snap of his jaws. "I owe my nomination to my friends who believed in my honesty and I owe my election to the people who apparently share the same belief. Above all things I propose to do what is right. The law has not been enforced in the Attorney-General's office. It will be enforced hereafter. When I think I see my duty clear I am going to do it as rapidly and as effectively as I can. I am afraid that sounds rather like a campaign speech, but you kept insisting and I am telling you the truth. I mean it—every word. I stand pat right there."

There was once a General Jackson without any superfluous frills to him who was called "Old Hickory." The friends of this new General Jackson predict that the people of New York will christen him "Young Hickory." He has no frills about his speech or his pose or his manner—that's one thing certain.

New Attorney General Who Will Get After the Trusts.

(SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

HOT ROAST OF OFFICIALS IN INSURANCE CASE

Untermyer Hits at Attorney-General Mayer in Argument.

The argument on the application of Stephen Farrelly, representing the Industrial Policy-Holders' Committee, for an injunction forbidding the officers of the New York Life using the company's funds in campaigning for the administration ticket in the election of directors for the coming year, and to compel an accounting of moneys already spent that way, was resumed before Justice Dowling in the Supreme Court to-day.

William Nelson Cromwell, the top-notcher among corporation defenders, entered the lists against Samuel Untermyer, the volunteer and unpaid champion of the policy-holders, taking up the cudgels handled yesterday by the younger associate, James H. McIntosh.

Mr. Cromwell ridiculed the charges made by Mr. Untermyer. He pointed out that:

"These charges are all alleged on 'information and belief,' and the 'information' is wrong, and the 'belief' imaginary.

"The allegations made in the affidavit submitted by my adversary are visionary. Against them I offer the affidavit of every active officer of the company to show that not one cent of the company's funds has been expended for campaign purposes."

Mr. Cromwell declared that the charges against the officers of the company were baseless and "simply grew out of Mr. Untermyer's imagination."

"The company is complying in every respect with the laws of 1906," he went on. "Is it conceivable that we are to stand helpless while assassins of reputation stab us in the back and not protect ourselves from the assaults of one hundred men, or a dozen groups of men, who might seek to obtain control of these vast interests?"

Roasts the Attorney-General.

Mr. Untermyer roasted Superintendent of Insurance Kelsey and Attorney-General Mayer in his reply. He declared that the policyholders had had to contend not only with the opposition of those in control of the company, but with officials of the State, who should have helped instead of hindering.

"Their mass of affidavits are full of evasion and insincerity," he continued. "I challenge them to show where they have met the specific charges that they furnished their agents at company expense, with the confidential information of policy numbers, those promoting fraud and destroying the safeguards thrown about the ballots by the law of 1906, providing the agents of the company, at company expense, ballots that were mutilated and sent to the policyholders by the agents, and printing the agents' circulars at company expense and with the company's office force.

"How could you know how the election was going unless you are opening the sealed envelopes? And that is a criminal offense.

"This election is the most important event in corporate management in our history, and I predict a victory for the policyholders if the Court will stop the unlawful methods that are being employed."

Mr. Untermyer said he had wired Gov. Higgins and Senator Armstrong that unless the publicity feature was restored to the bill the Investigation Committee would disband and the Republican party might take the consequences. This caused a hasty caucus of the Republican Legislature the next day. These clauses were restored.

Decision was reserved.

Double strength saves half. Quality unsurpassed. No wonder everybody is drinking

White Rose Ceylon Tea

FIREMEN WANT TO TALK WITH ERIE'S PRESIDENT

Seeking Friendly Arrangement for Betterment of Their Condition.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, embracing 60,000 members, whose Grand Master and half a hundred representatives are in session at the Broadway Central Hotel, sent a letter to President Underwood, of the Erie Railroad, to-day, asking him to grant to its committee an interview, which they say was refused by General Manager J. C. Stewart, after they had asked a ten instead of a twelve hour day at the same scale of pay they now receive.

This movement for a betterment of the condition of the railroad firemen and engineers is general, and the committees of the Brotherhood will make overtures in turn to the New York Central, the New York, New Haven and Hartford and the Erie railroads.

The Brotherhood had been in session since Oct. 8. After the Erie matter is settled the committee appointed to confer with the other railroads will begin work. Next Tuesday is appointed for the conference with the New York Central and the New York, New Haven and Hartford roads.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers is also about to take up the matter of a betterment of conditions.

John J. Hannahan, of Peoria, Ill., is Grand Master of the Brother of Locomotive Firemen. He said that the relations between the firemen and engineers and the railroad companies is friendly.

J. C. Stuart, general manager of the Erie Railroad, said to-day of the visit of the Firemen's Committee:

"They asked for a reduction of working hours, which practically amounts for more pay. We found that our pay to firemen was up to the average of the other companies and that we were higher than most of them. I told the men that the condition of affairs of the Erie Railroad Company would not admit of a raise in wages to them."

GIRL ENTRAPS MEN WHO SLEW HER FATHER

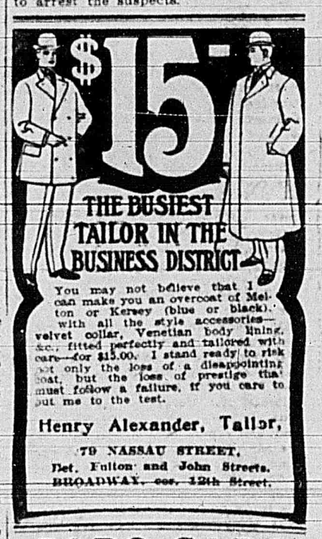
Accident, Said Police, but Miss of 16 Years Knew It Was Murder.

When Sebastian Trapolino was shot on the street in front of No. 115 Van Brunt street, Brooklyn, on Oct. 18, the police report made the affair an accident. It was said that Trapolino got in the range of two men who were shooting at each other, and that a bullet from one of the revolvers struck him.

This theory was not accepted by Lena Trapolino, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the dead man. She and her mother believed that Trapolino was murdered, and to-day the girl, after an unremitting search, proclaimed at the Adams street police station that she had found the two men who killed her father.

She said that before Trapolino died he gave her and her mother the name of one of the assassins and a description of another. Lena went out to find them, hunting all over the city and going to other cities in her search. Three days ago she met one of the men on the street and trailed him to his home in Carroll street. By watching this house all night she discovered that the other man was living in the same house.

She tried to get the police authorities interested, but they would do nothing for her. To-day she went to Butler Street Police Court and asked permission to swear out two warrants calling for the arrest of the men who killed her father. The Magistrate refused to issue the warrants, but sent a policeman with her to the Adams street station with instructions to the captain to arrest the suspects.



You may not believe that I can make you an overcoat of Melton or Kersey (blue or black), with all the style accessories—velvet collar, Venetian body lining, &c., fitted perfectly and tailored with care—for $15.00. I stand ready to risk not only the loss of a disappointing coat, but the loss of prestige that must follow a failure, if you care to put me to the test.

Henry Alexander, Tailor,

79 NASSAU STREET,
Bet. Fulton and John Streets.
BROADWAY, cor. 12th Street.

CARO-CARO

Extract South African Plant.

External Remedy

Delightful—Stainless—Harmless—Effective

Obesity, Gout, Rheumatism

NO DIETING. NO EXERCISE.

Caro-Caro decreases FAT locally, reduces DOUBLE CHIN quickly, reduces GIRTH and WEIGHT gradually, safely, surely. Being EXTERNAL, it avoids all purging or weakening by internal medication. Recommended by physicians of three continents. Used by prominent leaders of society, profession and business. Price $1.00 and $2.00, at Doggett's, Ramsdell's, Riker's, Hegeman's, Wanamaker's, &c. Mail orders or free descriptive pamphlet, address CARO-CARO CO., American Depot, 904 Perry Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge builds up run-down systems.

CANDY

PENNY A POUND PROFIT

OUR NEW DEPARTURE—"CUSTOM MADE" CANDIES—One of the Broadway candy manufacturers was asked why he charged such high prices for goods no better in quality than Loft's. "Our highest priced candies are 'custom made'—made by candy artists especially for very particular people who can afford to pay the price," he said. Some of these same people asked us if we could not make the "custom" kind at prices under 50c., $1.00 or $1.25 a pound. We did it and now offer them at 40c. a pound—that's enterprise! There are 40 kinds of the Very Highest Grade Bonbons and Chocolates or Assortment of all Chocolates; works of art in hand modelling, highest priced flavors and ingredients, and the chocolate is the finest premium chocolate in the selection with all the rich cocoa butter in it. Put up in attractive parchment paper, and would ship perfectly around the world. 40 cents a pound, but worth three times that price.

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY.

BARLEY SUGAR CUTS.....POUND 10c | ASSORTED FRUIT AND NUT CHOCOLATES...POUND 15c

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY.

CHOCOLATE MELLOW PEPPERMINTS.....POUND 10c | ASSORTED FRUIT AND NUT CHOCOLATES...POUND 15c

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

BUTTER PEANUT BRITTLE.....POUND 10c | HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES and BONBONS, or an assortment of all Chocolates, 30 kinds..POUND 24c

HICKORY NUT KISSES.....POUND 18c | FRENCH GLACE: PINEAPPLE.....POUND 29c

PARK ROW STORE OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 11 O'CLOCK.

We will deliver 1 to 10 lbs. at the following rates: Manhattan Island, 10c.; Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken or The Bronx, 15c. No goods sent C. O. D.

Candies for our out-of-town customers carefully packed and shipped from our Special Mail Order Dept.

Loft's 15 STORES
54 BARCLAY ST. COR. WEST B'WAY.
29 CORTLANDT ST. COR. CHURCH ST.
PARK ROW & NASSAU ST. COR. SPRUCE ST.

AUCTION SALES.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The following unclaimed freight will be sold by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company on Saturday, Dec. 8, 1906, at 10 A. M., at Pier 50, East River, Manhattan, New York City, at public auction, for account of whom it may concern, to pay freight and storage charges: viz., 60 bales Waste Paper, marked 47, shipped by R. K. Sweet & Company, Talcottville, Conn., Oct. 24, 1905, to Chas. D. Brown Company, 63 Crosby st., New York City.

F. S. HOLBROOK,
General Freight Agent.

No Extra Charge for It.

Advertisements for The World may be left at any American District Messenger Office in the city until 9 P. M.

DIED.

DRINKER.—On Thursday evening, Nov. 8, at her residence, 1817 Clay av., between 175th and 176th sts., HANNAH L., widow of Charles G. Drinker and daughter of the late Richard Varian.

Notice of funeral services hereafter.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

BLACKSMITH, first class, on wagon work. Donigan & Nelleon, 749 3d av., Brooklyn.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR — Young lady (Christian) for hotel; intermediate; must have hotel experience. Manager, Sherbourne Hotel.