was 8.25 when the father and child quitted the house for the subway station at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and Broadway.

The little girl had her hand in her father's as they started along the cross street toward Broadway. From all directions men and women were streaming toward a common centre—the kiosk of the southbound subway entrance.

The tall, handsome Postmaster and the little girl were passing the long line of billboards near the northwest corner. Directly opposite is Newbury's drug store. From a side window of this drug store a clerk saw a tall man with reddish hair suddenly step up to Mr. Morgan and halt him. The clerk didn't notice from what direction the sandy-haired man had come, but it is now known that he stepped up from behind.

The stranger had his hands rammed in his coat pockets.

"Are you Mr. Morgan, the Postmaster?" he asked, as the Postmaster came to a stop.

"I am," said Mr. Morgan.

The man's right hand came out of his coat pocket. The fist held a Colt's revolver, blued steel and wicked looking.

He poked the muzzle of his gun almost against the stomach of the Postmaster and fired. But in the almost infinitesimal period that elapsed between the drawing of the pistol and the shot Morgan had time to swerve his body half way about, and Dorothy slapped at the man's armed hand.

BULLET ENTERED LEFT SIDE.

So the bullet did not go straight in. It entered the left side, well toward the front, passed through him and came out on the right side.

Clutching the wound, the Postmaster stumbled forward and grasped at the smooth face of the billboards for a moment. Turning about, he tried to reach his child, the desire to save her from harm evidently working strongly within his stunned consciousness. He stood upright for a moment, then he lurched forward, with all the strength gone out of his six feet of rugged brawn.

Probably three hundred persons were within earshot. Those who were also in sight faced the direction from which the sound came in time to see the rest of the tragedy.

They saw Morgan clasp his hands to his stomach, bend slowly forward with a puzzled, dazed look, slide forward on his face, and then twist over on his back. They saw the little girl in the blue sailor's suit stand helpless and stunned for a second and then drop down on her knees upon the flagging and take her father's head in her lap.

They saw the assassin stand for a moment looking at his work. Then he threw up the gun and fired twice, apparently at himself, possibly to hold off pursuit. At any rate, neither of the two bullets seemed to strike him, although it is now certain that one of them reached his breast.

Men were coming, running, from every side. They closed in on the sandy-haired tall man. He had brought the gun down to his side and swung it back and forth in a half circle as if about to fire into those headed toward him. Then, abandoning his intent, he ran ten yards down the sidewalk toward the door of an apartment-house. He stopped at the foot of the steps leading into the apartment-house hallway, threw the gun up to his right temple, with the hand turned upside down, and pressed the trigger. The double-action mechanism sent a bullet into his skull.

The man stood erect for a moment and then tumbled in a loose heap across the bottom step, dead.

The whole thing, from the shooting of one man to the shooting of the other, probably didn't take more than five or six seconds. As many seconds more and there was one group of citizens about Morgan and another about the sandy-haired man.

Some of the men were neighbors of the Postmaster, and he was instantly recognized. Richard Burton, an engineer employed by the Public Service Commission, who knew Morgan well, was one of the first to reach the wounded man's side. Another early arrival was Frank M. Lewis, a policeman, who was entering the subway station, and who had come at top speed at the sound of the shots.

SINKING INTO A COMA.

The little girl was sobbing and wailing, but remarkably calm considering. She was begging her father to speak to her. Mr. Morgan was still conscious, but utterly helpless and sinking fast into a coma. He seemed to recognize Burton and apparently tried to speak. Then his eyes shut and his head fell back limp.

They were afraid for a moment that he was dead. Burton, Lewis, an ex-policeman named George Brown, and three others picked him up and started across the street with him to the drugstore.

"No, please take papa home," said Dorothy, the daughter. "We live right over down here," pointing toward the home, from the front door of which members of the family were already beginning to issue. So they bore him to his own house and laid him on his own bed.

Meanwhile men were examining the suicide's body. Although his face was badly mutilated fully a score of the shop keepers of the neighborhood thought they recognized him.

"Why, it's Frank McCue, who works for the Washington Heights Detective Bureau, over here on Amsterdam avenue," said one man, as he bent to look at the corpse.

"You're right—that's McCue," chimed in some of the others.

This supposed identification stood until a search of the clothing of the dead man showed who he really was. Even then some of the merchants of the vicinity still thought it might be McCue, so close was the resemblance between Mackay and the detective.

Mr. Morgan revived a little almost as soon as he reached his home. Dr. Titus Bull, who lives in the same block, was the first physician to reach him.

"I Never Saw Him Before."

"I never saw the man before," were the Postmaster's first conscious words. "Why did he want to harm me?"

Then from weakness and shock he collapsed again. Dr. Titus sent for Dr. John Erdman, of the Post Graduate Hospital, a specialist in gunshot wounds, whose home is also in the vicinity, and together the two surgeons stripped the Postmaster and made an examination. They decided that the bullet had probably not severed the larger intestines, but they did not attempt then to trace its course. Particles of clothing had been carried into the wound, and this caused fear at first of infection by the dyestuffs.

Meanwhile Lewis, the policeman, had got the West One Hundred and Fifty-second street station on the telephone, and the reserves came. Reinforced by patrolmen, who gathered from half a dozen posts, these policemen took charge of the situation and cleared the streets. Up to this time nobody had touched the body of the dead assassin. In about twenty minutes Coroner's Physician Albert Weston, who lives around the corner, reached the place.

By that time a doubt regarding the McCue identification had been started. This doubt was based on the fact, which had just become known, that the wounded Postmaster said he did not know the man who shot him, and as he knew McCue, who is active in Republican politics on the upper west side of Harlem, very well, those who had been so certain in their earlier identification were now beginning to waver.

An Arsenal of Deadly Weapons.

Dr. Weston, learning this, at once began a search of the madman's pockets. They proved to be an arsenal of deadly weapons. He had two coat pockets full of 38-calibre shells. In a hip pocket was a shiny new pearl-handled dagger, with a blade fully six inches long. In his light overcoat was found a weapon extemporized from a leather thong, to which was attached a heavy lead fishing sinker.

Besides, this was a typewritten note, which really led to his identification, requesting that the firm of attorneys by whom he was employed be notified in case of any accident to him, and a rent receipt, made out to him by "E. C. Williams, No. 339 One Hundred and Sixteenth street, for Room No. 230, from the 7th to 14th of November." The receipt showed that Mackay had paid $7 room rent.

While examining the body Dr. Weston made a puzzling discovery. He found that although there was no bullet hole in the man's overcoat, coat or waistcoat, there was a big jagged tear over his heart where a bullet had apparently penetrated. The wound alone, said Dr. Weston, was sufficient to have caused death.

Story of an Eye-Witness.

Richard Burton, the civil engineer who helped carry the wounded Postmaster indoors, was perhaps the first of the eye-witnesses to give a circumstantial account of the shooting as he saw it. To an Evening World reporter Mr. Burton said:

"I was hustling for the subway with my head down when, just as I started across One Hundred and Forty-sixth street at Broadway, I heard one shot, and then almost instantly two more. I swung around and saw Mr. Morgan, whom I recognized even in that excited glance, slipping to the sidewalk. He acted just as a man might who had suddenly been seized with acute cramps.

"A pretty little girl was standing a few feet away crying, and a very tall, rather well-dressed man with a reddish mustache was backing away from Mr. Morgan. This man seemed to stagger as he retreated. Two or three men who were closer than I to the group began to close in on him. The man swung around toward me, and then I saw for the first time that he had a pistol in his hand. There was a lot of smoke all around.

"I ran to head him off. He came right toward me for a few feet, holding the gun close to his hip, and waving it back and forth slightly. Then he swerved and headed for the steps of the nearest house. As he reached the bottommost step he raised the gun to his head, fired once and dropped on his face. Then I went to Mr. Morgan."

The first report which reached the Post-Office had it that the Postmaster was dying. When one takes into consideration Mr. Morgan's long term of service in the department and his popularity all over the Federal Building it is easy to understand what a profound shock these tidings caused in every part of the Post-Office.

Capt. J. J. Flynn, commanding the Secret Service, at once started for One Hundred and Forty-sixth street and Broadway, taking several detectives with him. A little later news came that the Postmaster was not fatally hurt.

Morgan's Condition.

From his home the following bulletin was given out and repeated at the Post-Office:

"The bullet penetrated Mr. Morgan's abdomen from left to right, just missing a large artery.

"It also missed the walls of the stomach. Mr. Morgan is now resting easily and unless blood poison or undue complications set in there is every chance that he will recover."

The bulletin was given out by Supt. Roderick Geoghegan, of Post-Office Station G, uptown, and signed by Drs. Bull and Erdman.

The two physicians consented that an Evening World reporter should see Mr. Morgan. The big, rawboned Postmaster, white as death, was stretched in bed with his body tightly bandaged. He was entirely conscious.

"I am suffering a good deal of pain," he said, "but I feel no alarm about myself. I do not believe that I am dangerously hurt."

Then he asked anxiously if Dorothy had escaped injury. He wanted to see her, to be certain that she had not been injured, but as the little girl had become hysterical, she was not brought to him.

Two Doctors Operate.

A few minutes later Drs. Bull and Erdman operated. They put the Postmaster under the influence of ether and explored the wound. It was eight inches in length, and had, of course, cut the abdominal walls both at the point of entrance and exit, but there was no intestinal perforation. One of the larger intestines was grazed, but not seriously ruptured. There had been severe loss of blood.

Dr. Weston, the Coroner's physician, smartly criticised the police for not at once taking steps to identify the dead assassin.

"It seems incredible," he said, "that a man who has sufficient intelligence to pass a civil service examination has not enough sense to look through a murderer's pockets instead of leaving him lying in the street unidentified for half an hour."

At the station-house, where he made a second and more complete search of Mackay's garments, he was rewarded by finding more papers tucked in an inside pocket of the waistcoat. There was a notice addressed to Mackay, "care of Coggeswell, No. 229 West One Hundred and Sixteenth street," from the New York Life Insurance Company, stating that a premium of $25 was due Nov. 11 on Mackay's policy.

Found Address of Relative.

An empty envelope bore the address of "Miss Francis Mackay, care of Training School for Nurses, Anna Jacques Hospital, Newburyport, Mass. This, it developed, was a sister.

Although Mackay had been a stenographer for nearly four years at the offices of Hunt, Hill & Betts, on the twenty-first floor of the Investment Building, at No. 165 Broadway, not a great deal was known of him there. It was from other sources that the newspaper men pieced together the story which showed the Englishman's motives in attacking the Postmaster.

At the offices of Hunt, Hill & Betts it was said that Mackay was unmarried, so far as was known by the members of the firm, that he came here from Boston in 1904 and that he boarded at a house kept by a Mrs. Williams, at No. 339 West One Hundred and Sixteenth street. He had never, so far as was known by his business acquaintances at the office or by his employers, met Postmaster Morgan personally. He was a steady and competent man, who did not drink to excess and was never a trouble-maker.

Mackay was at the office, attending to his duties as stenographer as usual on Saturday, and appeared to be in good health and spirits. At the hour of closing he bade the other employees farewell over Sunday, and waved his hand to them as he closed the office door behind him. All of these employees were very much agitated this morning, but one of them, a young woman, told an Evening World reporter this much:

Heard Him Make Threats.

"I overheard Mackay muttering something to himself the other day, which seemed to me to be threats against somebody connected with the Post-Office. He told me he was worried about some personal mail that had been delayed or held up somewhere. He seemed unduly excited."

Another of the law clerks made this statement:

"About a year ago, so Mackay told me, he had some trouble with the Post-Office people. At that time he complained to me that somebody was tampering with his mail. I gathered that he had written to the Postmaster, alleging that when he was reading a letter in the corridor of the General Post-Office the electric light had been turned out to annoy him. Mackay told me he rented a box in the Post-Office—No. 506—and received his mail there. I believed from his talk that he was interested in some financial scheme.

"After he had written to the Postmaster about his mail having been tampered with and the electric light incident, Mackay told me he received a letter, presumably from Postmaster Morgan, saying that an investigation had been made and that no evidence of any tampering with his mail had been found. In regard to the turning out of the electric light, the Postmaster wrote him, so he said to me, that it must have been entirely unintentional on the part of some employee of the Post-Office. It was promised, however, that a further investigation would be made.

"Later Mackay told me he complained of the matter to the authorities in Washington, and received an answer similar to the one he had received from the local authorities. He seemed somewhat excited, but I did not think at the time, or, in fact, at any time, that his mind was unbalanced."

Letters and papers found in Mackay's room in West One Hundred and Sixteenth street, where he boarded, made it abundantly evident that he shot Mr. Morgan because he imagined the Postmaster was unjustly withholding a registered letter from him.

Had Brokerage Business.

In May, 1907, Mackay organized a brokerage business under the name of "Harold Saxon," and opened offices at No. 209 West Ninety-ninth street. He rented Box No. 506 in the Post-Office, where the Saxon mail was received.

In the same box Mackay received the mail of a firm which he had apparently evolved from his own twisted intellect and which he called "Joshua Danielson & Company, builders and general brokers in real estate." A third business in which he probably thought he meant to engage was that of conducting a dancing academy at Nos. 226 and 228 Arcade Building, 1547 Broadway. In the "certificate of trade style" which he filed for his dancing academy project he gave his residence address as No. 200 West Ninety-ninth street. He did indeed rent a floor in the Arcade for two months, but got no dancing pupils and was finally dispossessed.

According to the post-office records, Mackay hired the box on Nov. 24, 1905. He gave as references Alexander Begg, twentieth floor of No. 111 Broadway, and John Flynn. His home was given as being the Ninety-ninth street address. Then he changed it to No. 1947 Broadway, again to No. 111 Broadway and at last to No. 319 West One Hundred and Sixteenth street. The box was discontinued on April 1 of this year for non-payment of rent.

Sent Four Letters.

Mackay sent in all four letters to the Postmaster in New York. Mr. Willcox was Postmaster then, but the replies to the letters were signed by Mr. Morgan as Assistant Postmaster. Mackey first wrote on Feb. 16, 1907, complaining that the financial supplement of the New York Times had not been delivered to him. A few days later he again wrote, saying that he had received the paper and apologizing for the trouble he had caused. On April 26, 1907, Mackay wrote complaining of delay in the delivery of his mail. This letter was replied to by Mr. Morgan, saying the matter would be investigated. His fourth letter dealt with the fancied insult of the turning out of the lights.

Several weeks ago, it appears from fragmentary notes and a long letter Mackay left, Mr. Morgan held out a registered letter addressed to "Harold Saxon" and refused to give it to Mackay unless he produced a certificate of incorporation. This Mackay, it appears, failed to do.

Mackay's room was a strange jumble of poisons, explosives, Socialistic literature, and typewritten manuscripts.

Improvised shelves were stacked with bottles and jars, labelled "Poison," and some large carboys held acids of various kinds. Pamphlets and publications on blasting and the composition of explosives were littered ankle deep about the place. Innumerable newspaper clippings on explosions were piled on a desk.

From letters the police managed to piece together some of Mackay's life story. He was the son of an Englishman and was christened Eric Hugh Bird Mackay. His father lives at No. 11 Revere street, Cambridge, Mass. Recently, so his father wrote, he ran for Assembly in his district on his first naturalization papers and got in a good deal of trouble. There were also letters of an affectionate character from a Miss J. Schwarzenbach and several business communications from a man signing himself Joshua Danielson. The father is a Socialist and a writer on Socialistic topics.

Mackay's farewell letter was dated July 14 of this year. Evidently he had been planning his crime for many weeks. The letter was written on the stationery of "Harold Saxon, P. O. box No. 506." It lay in a sealed envelope on his desk. The envelope was addressed as follows:

"In the event of anything happening to me please open the enclosed and see that it is published."

The letter read as follows:

Mackay's Last Letter.

"To whom it may concern:

"I am perfectly aware that 999 men out of every thousand will consider my act as being simply the act of an insane man and I shall be surprised if they did not.

"However, the real facts are that it is quite impossible for a poor man, without political influence, to get the law enforced, partly revenge, as, of course I know I am not morally justified in killing a man under the circumstances. (Unless possibly on the grounds that no way exists for me to obtain redress in a milder form.)

"I know that in the course of probably a couple of years my eyesight will not permit of my continuing my work as a stenographer, and I would then have to work at some lower, unskilled calling, for possibly a bare existence for the rest of my life.

"Therefore I am reconciled to killing myself, and as the Postmaster deliberately withheld a registered letter addressed to me under a trade name, although I showed him and the proper authorities at the Registry window a truly certified copy of my right to do business under said name.

"The ground the postmaster took seems that I must file such certified copy with him, which as I should have had to pay a fee to the New York County clerk to obtain the letter, I refused to do unless the post-office paid the fee.

"There is a method by which such letters can be given without filing the certificates, upon proper proof which I furnished, but the postmaster arbitrarily refused to give me the letter, and, therefore, as he is the most prominent man who has antagonized me, I select him as my victim, now that I have decided to kill myself.

"My act is nearly the last protest of a poor man against the custom of never enforcing the laws against prominent or wealthy people in ordinary criminal affairs, where a poor man would go to jail at once unless he had political influence.

"I consulted a lawyer, a member of a practicing concern (not a clerk) and he told me that on account of the influence of the Post Office it would be impossible to do anything, even though he was wrong, and I was given to understand that something might happen to me if I persisted, which I understand to mean that I would be quietly declared insane and put out of the way (as has happened to many perfectly sane people before me) on some trumped up charge.

"I am not looking for the sympathy of the public, nor am I defending my act, merely explaining it. The lawyer to whom I went was not a member of the firm employing me. This statement in my own handwriting is the only statement I am making, and I have not written anything on the typewriter in regards to this affair.

(Signed) "ERIC H. B. MACKAY."

No Fraud Order on File.

Assistant Postmaster Murphy, who took charge of the Post-Office following the recent death of the shooting of Mr. Morgan, caused a search to be made for any record that a stop or fraud order had been established on Mackay's mail. He said:

"If such an order was issued Postmaster Morgan had no hand in it, so Mackay got the wrong man. All such orders emanate from Washington on reports made by the Post-Office inspectors. The Postmaster does not institute such proceedings. I believe that there was some correspondence between the Postmaster and Mackay, and I am having a search made for it."

Mackay was near Mr. Morgan's home as early as 5.30 this morning, so the police learned from Gustave Thomas, a grocer and baker with a store at No. 1822 Amsterdam avenue, who told them that the man had come in that hour and had tried to get the Postmaster's home on the telephone. He was unable to get any one to reply and seemed much put out. He walked from the store muttering angrily.

"That fellow's crazy," the baker says he remarked to an early customer. The stranger answered perfectly to Mackay's description.

It is thought now that Mackay was the same man who three weeks ago called up on the telephone at Mr. Morgan's home repeatedly and asked for him. He is also believed to be the same man who, a week ago, while Mrs. Morgan was talking with a male neighbor on the stoop of the Morgan house, stopped and accosted the neighbor, saying to him:

"You are Mr. Morgan, aren't you?"

The neighbor said he was not. The man replied:

Mrs. Morgan Worried.

"I think you are." Then he hesitated a moment and hurried away.

Mrs. Morgan was so much worried by the manner of the strange that she waited on the stoop of the house until the Postmaste came home.

One of the maids of Mr. Morgan's household said that a man answering the description of Mackay had several times called and asked for Mr. Morgan. He would not tell his business. Invariably, as it happened, he called when Mr. Morgan was not at home.

Mackay was noticed by several persons along about 7 o'clock striding up and down One Hundred and Forty-sixth street and muttering to himself. His actions were so erratic as to attract the attention of casual passersby. From time to time he paused in front of Mr. Morgan's house and then hurried on, only to return and once more eye the closed front door of the Postmaster's residence.

The Rev. M. H. Gates, the pastor of the Church of the Intercession, to which Mr. and Mrs. Morgan belong, hastened to Mr. Morgan's bedside as soon as he heard that his parishioner was shot. He spent some time comforting Mrs. Morgan and the family. Dorothy, her father's companion of to-day, is the oldest child of the three.

Two Bullets in Mackay's Body.

When Mackay's body was stripped it had two bullets in it—one in the brain and one through the heart. The revolver which he had used to shoot Mr. Morgan and kill himself was a new, improved pattern Colt's of 38 calibre. The bigger in his pocket was a very elaborate affair. It had a pearl handle, with silver trimmings. It was in a leather sheath. It apparently had been recently sharpened to a razor edge. The slungshot was a heavy affair, with a short metal handle.

Mackay's landlady said he left the house unusually early to-day. She heard him going out. He had been living in her house for seventeen months.

Mackey, she said, had been in this country for about sixteen years. The man spoke to her seldom, she said, and at all times appeared very reticent about his own affairs. He had a good education. He received very few letters at his home address.

MACKAY FIGURED IN TWO SHOOTING AFFRAYS BEFORE.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—Inquiry at the offices of the Boston Woven Hose Company to-day developed the information that while in the employ of that corporation Mackay figured in two shooting affairs.

The first time, it is said, the shooting occurred in the boarding house where Mackay lived, but no action was taken against him. In 1903 Mackay attempted to discipline some boys who had snowballed him. A passing laundryman took the boys' part, thus incurring Mackay's enmity.

Mackay learned that the laundryman lived in Roxbury, and soon afterward went there. It is said, waylaid the laundryman, and shot him. The wound was not dangerous. Mackay was arrested on a charge of assault with intent to kill, but when experts declared that he was insane, he was committed to the Danvers hospital.

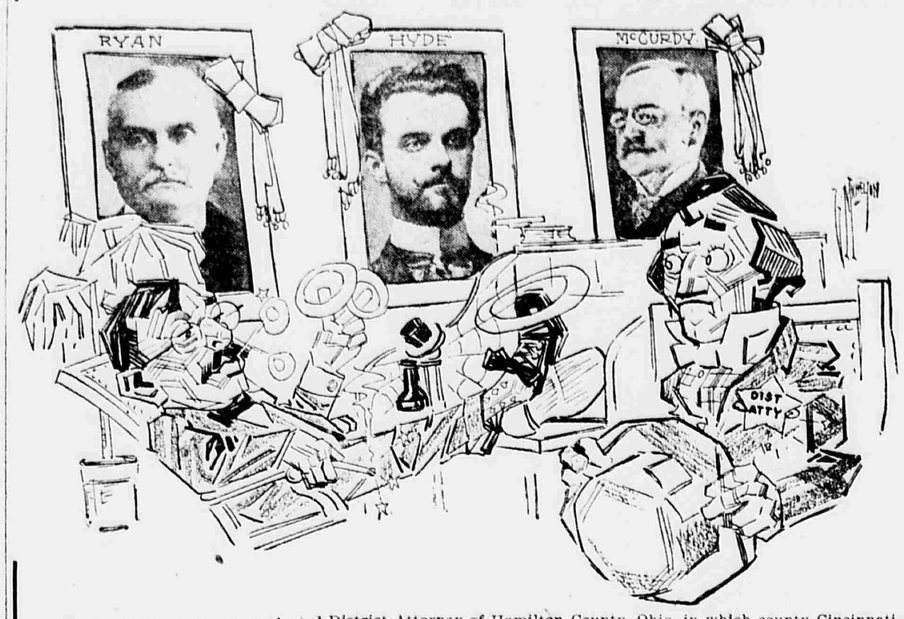
When Mackay's father was informed of what had happened in New York today he was greatly shocked, but did not appear to be surprised. He refused absolutely to make any statement and would not discuss his son's career in any way.

The elder Mackey is about seventy-three years of age. He came to Cambridge from Australia in 1895, and although at that time he was sixty years of age he took a special course of study at Harvard College.

Besides his father the only relative Mackay is known to have in this country is a sister, Anna Mackay, who came over from Ireland four years ago and who for the past few months has been a student at the training school for nurses in connection with the Anna Jacques Hospital at Newburyport, Mass.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Wants to Know How to Get After Grafters, and He Asks Jerome!



Henry T. Hunt, the new elected District-Attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio, in which county Cincinnati is located, was a caller on District-Attorney Jerome to-day.

Mr. Hunt is only thirty years old and is the first Democrat to be elected as prosecutor in Hamilton County.

"I am here to learn how to get after the big grafters," Mr. Hunt told the newspaper reporters. "You know I was elected on a platform in which I promised to get after the big crooks. I am getting a thorough insight into the system which Mr. Jerome employs in conducting his office."

GOLF'S THE THING FOR EVERYBODY, TAFT DECLARES

President-Elect Says He Is Going to Do All He Can to Further the Game.

HOT SPRINGS, Va., Nov. 9.—"I am going to do my part to make golf one of the most popular outdoor exercises," asserted President-elect Taft, as he made a 300-yard drive in beginning a game with Governor-elect Eben Draper, of Massachusetts, here to-day.

Playing golf is a serious work for Mr. Taft, as he has explained.

"A man of my build requires exercise in the open air," he said, "and exercise to be beneficial must be entertaining, of course. I can ride, but one cannot maintain a keen interest in riding a horse. In golf there is just enough skill required to get up a keen interest in the game, and this takes up your thoughts while you are getting a five or six mile walk."

Judge Taft maintains that golf is not "a rich man's game." In Scotland, he said, it is played generally by the populace, and in this country its devotees are becoming more numerous each year.

It was golf, Mr. Taft believes, that put him in the splendid physical condition he was in when he took up the strenuous work of the campaign and enabled him to get through it without a breakdown. He will play the game this winter as much as possible to get in shape for his duties at the White House next spring.

The State of Georgia came to the front to-day with eagerness to have Judge Taft as a guest this winter. Mr. Houston R. Harper, of Atlanta, arrived with many credentials and full details of Georgia's resorts. He also brought a letter from Henry S. Jackson, of Atlanta, offering Mr. Taft his city or country home, with full facilities for outdoor exercises. Mr. Harper will also present the claims of Augusta, as well as other parts of the State. No other visitors were here to-day.

PASTOR FLAYS CHURCHES THAT IGNORE THE POOR

Dr. Edward Judson, pastor of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South, who was invited to make the chief address before the Baptist ministers' conference to-day at Madison avenue and Thirty-first street, severely criticised the Protestant churches that have deserted the poor in the crowded districts in lower Manhattan. Some of the churches, he said, which had fled from the congested population to fashionable uptown centres were used only once a week, and he added:

"All the rest of the time these churches are attended by mice, silence and gloom." Continuing, Dr. Judson, who was enthusiastically applauded, said in part:

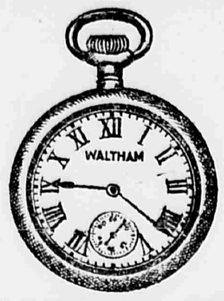
"The vast neglected population of lower New York, particularly that section of the city above City Hall to Houston street and to the two rivers, provides a rich field for the constitutional church. Money is sent to the heathen beyond the seas, while the vital mass of people coming to our shores are ignored. Men and money are sent to foreign lands for missionary work, but when the foreigner comes to these shores we shun him. This policy is fatal to Christianity in this city. The church should cling to old fields, no matter how discouraging, hopless and repulsive the conditions should become. The masses downtown need the churches.

"They build fine churches in rich districts. If I had my way I would build the most beautiful churches in the midst of the poor, where they would find the joy and happiness denied them in the squalor of their crowded home.

"Don't, however, in appealing to the masses make the mistake of telling them that they need the church. Make them believe that the church needs them. The workingmen will not be patronized."

It Has More Uses than Any Known Preparation—Non-Poisonous.
CN DISINFECTANT Trial Bottle 10c At Drug Stores.
The Best Antiseptic for Cuts and Bruises—Non-Poisonous, Economical.
CN DISINFECTANT Use It from "Cellar to Garret." West Disinfecting Co. (Inc.)

Special Tuesday, Nov. 10



Antique Pendant, New Thin Model Waltham & Elgin, Guaranteed 20 Years. Gold Filled Cases, Dust proof. $6

On the above date, and the above date ONLY, I shall offer 175 of the above described Watches. Up to quite recently $15 was the price in trade generally. To-day the big dealers charge $10—but not a penny less even by the thousand. Every one of these watches will be sold with the distinct understanding that if your own Jeweler can duplicate it for less than $10 your money will be refunded.

FREE On the above date I will present FREE to every purchaser a Percelle Patent Watch Protector. It prevents the watch from being stolen from the pocket. This is a seal-ie almost as valuable as the watch itself.

CUT PRICE LIST
American Jewellers are forced by the Watch Trust to charge nearly double these prices for identically the same goods.

Waltham 23 Jewel, Vanguard	$25.38
Waltham 21 Jewel, Crescent St.	19.04
Waltham 23 Jewel, Maximus	39.98
Waltham 19 Jewel, Riverside	17.35
Lady Waltham, 10 Jewel	9.98
Elgin 21 Jewel, Father Time	19.05
Elgin 23 Jewel, Veritas	25.39
Elgin 19 Jewel, B. W. Raymond	16.92
Elgin, 17 Jewel, No. 280	16.92

The above prices are for movements alone. We supply all sorts of Gold and Gold Filled cases from a few dollars up. We do not sell movements without cases, or cases without movements. They are priced separately simply for the convenience of customers.

CHARLES A. KEENE, Importer WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY
180 Broadway, N. Y.

CANDY FENNY A POUND PROFIT (Trade Mark.)
Special for To-day, the 9th.

BUTTER SCOTCH CHARLOTTE RUSSE.....POUND	10c
SPECIAL ASSORTED CHOCOLATES (20 kinds).....POUND	19c
MEXICAN PECAN KISSES.....POUND	29c

Special for To-morrow, the 10th.

CHERRY CREAM KISSES.....POUND	10c
TURKISH FRUIT PASTE.....POUND	10c
SPECIAL ASSORTED CHOCOLATES (20 kinds).....POUND	19c

Park Row Store open evenings until 11 o'clock.
All our stores open Saturday evenings until 11 o'clock.
We deliver free purchases of one dollar and over between Battery and 200th street; also all Brooklyn proper.

Loft 4 Stores
54 BARCLAY ST., Cor. West B'way.
29 CORTLANDT ST. Cor. Church St.
PARK ROW & NASSAU At City Hall Park.
206 BROADWAY Cor. Fulton St.

Slip Cover Co.
131 WEST 23D ST.
TELEPHONE, 4795 CHELSEA.
Re-Upholstering 5 Pieces

BEAUTIFUL DAMASKS, TAPESTRIES, VELOURS, in rich colorings. Five-piece frame Suit recovered and made to appear new. 14.88

SLIP COVERS
Slip Covers made of Best Belgium Linen stripes—allowing 20 yards; larger sorts in proportion. Write and our man will call with samples, call and select from our large assortment. Perfect fit guaranteed. 2.98 FIVE PIECES
DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, BROOKLYN OR JERSEY CITY.

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CASH OR CREDIT. EASY PAYMENTS.
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3 Maiden Lane. Tel. 5867 Cort.

THE EVENING WORLD'S WRITING CONTEST

For the School Children of Greater New York.

$500 in Prizes for the Boys and Girls Who Write the Following Sentence in the Best Style:

The Evening World is read in our home

Name of Pupil .....

Age..... Residence .....

.....

School.....

Teacher's Signature.....

The information called for in the above box must be furnished with each specimen of handwriting. You may use the above coupon if you desire, but all specimens sent with this information arranged as above on any paper will be freely entered in the contest. Send your handwriting to "Handwriting Editor," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York City. The contest closes Nov. 28.

FOR Sore Throat AND Cold in Chest USE Omega Oil
Rub the throat and chest with Omega Oil; then bind around the throat and lay on the chest pieces of flannel soaked in the Oil. The Oil goes in through the pores and reduces the inflammation that causes the trouble. Three sizes: 10c., 25c., 50c.

DIED.

GLYNN.—On Sunday, Nov. 8, 1908, JOHN, beloved husband of Mary Glynn.

Funeral Wednesday at 10.30 A. M. from his late residence, 246 East Thirtieth street, thence to St. Stephen's Church, East Twenty-eighth street. Calvary Cemetery.

KELLY.—NELLIE KELLY (nee Kelly), native of Rathkelle, County Limerick, Ireland, beloved wife of James Kelly, native of Coolglass, Queens County, Ireland.

Funeral from her late residence, 169 Perry st., Nov. 11, at 2 P. M. Friends and relatives respectfully invited. Interment Calvary.

Present Antiquated Clothes Drying Methods in New York

are unsightly, inconvenient and dangerous. Modern city apartments have practically every convenience a homeseeker could wish, *except one of the most important of all*—a convenient and decent means of drying clothes. That convenience may now be secured in the

Hill Balcony Clothes Dryer

Don't risk your life and clothes with dangerous and unsightly pulley lines or climb weary heights to the roof where your clothes so often become mixed with other tenants.

Ask your landlord to get you a Hill Balcony Dryer. He'll gladly do it—he knows tenants are demanding it. With Hill Dryers he can rent his apartments quicker. Send us his name and address and we'll show him how easily he can get you one. The sooner you do this the quicker you'll solve your wash-day problems. Write today to

HILL DRYER CO., 1133 Broadway. Telephone, 3022 Madison

Those who have their own home and desire to add to its attractiveness should send for big free descriptive folder about

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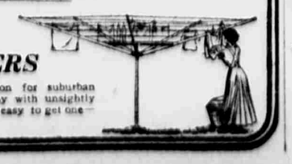

Completely solves the clothes-drying question for suburban homes. Holds 110 to 150 feet of line. Does away with unsightly lines and posts. Folds up to put away. It's so easy to get one—write now for the folder.

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