The World.

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AN EARLY CHARTER FRAMER.

THERE were men after the Dutch Governors and before the Revolutionary heroes that are worthy the remembrance of the metropolis. A tablet to one of these, Thomas Dongan, the Roman Catholic Governor of the Province of New York from 1682 to 1688, was unveiled at St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, this week.

Sometimes it is almost assumed that the interval of 112 years between the going of Dutch and the coming of American rule hereabout was peopled by phantoms and not by men. The whimsical genius of Irving has cast the fame of the Knickerbocker Governors like a long shadow over the British Governors that succeeded them. The pious zeal of the societies of Revolutionary descendants has sent another shadow backward from the spacious days of 1776, and hidden between the two are half-forgotten but not negligible personalities.

One of these was Jacob Leisler, the German-born merchant and soldier who built the Battery, vigorously ruled the province in an interregnum and was hanged for a traitor in 1691, but later acclaimed as "the first American patriot." The United German societies did well to dedicate two oak trees to his memory in City Hall Park last spring. Another noteworthy Colonial Governor was the Earl of Bellomont, who commissioned Capt. Kidd to suppress piracy, and then had him proclaimed pirate. More than twoscore British Governors ruled over this province in the century preceding the Revolution, among them several whose fame should be rescued from oblivion.

Until the Barclay street tablet was put in place, the name of Thomas Dongan, Earl of Limerick, was preserved only in Dongan Hills, where Staten Island's County Fair is held. This gallant Irishman, who served under two flags, fought on three continents and ruled in Africa before he ruled in America, is a figure for historical romance. He was a diplomat, managing with skill the relations with Indians and French, and retorting on Denonville when the French Governor objected that English rum was debauching the Iroquois with the sly suggestion that "our rum doath as little hurt as your brandy." He was a sagacious and liberal minded ruler, in the formal words of the tablet: "Father of the First Representative Assembly and the 'Charter of Rights and Privileges' granting Popular and Government Religious Toleration, Trial by Jury and Immunity from Martial Law, Freedom from Arbitrary Arrest, Framer of the First City Charters for Albany and New York."

Modern charter framers may learn something to their advantage, and the city's, by digesting the policies of this high-minded Irishman.

BROOKLYN AUTONOMY.

IN the last days of McCarren much was said about Brooklyn's political autonomy. It seems to have been perfected under the majestic McCooey, but not quite as McCarren planned. This autonomy consists in the boss and the leaders taking excellent care of themselves. It will be noted that but two gaps exist in its perfection.

Boss.	Position.	Salary.
John H. McCooey	Chief Surrogate's Clerk	$9,000

District.	Leader.	Position.	Salary.
First	P. H. Quinn	Sheriff	$15,000
Second	J. J. Bridges	Warden of Jail	3,000
Third	J. Kane	Commissioner Board Elections	5,000
Fourth	T. J. Drennan	Secretary Board Assessors	5,000
Fifth	J. S. Regan	Deputy Excise Commissioner	3,600
Sixth	W. F. Thompson	Deputy Commissioner Records	4,000
Seventh	W. J. Heffernan	Deputy County Clerk	5,000
Eighth	J. M. Gray	Under Sheriff Kings County	6,000
Ninth	T. F. Wogan	Chief Clerk County Court	7,500
Tenth	T. R. Farrell	Commissioner of Jurors	6,000
Eleventh	T. F. Byrnes	State Tax Commissioner	6,000
Twelfth	M. J. Butler	No position	
Thirteenth	O. J. Murphy	Deputy Register	5,000
Fourteenth	J. McKeon	Chief Clerk Police Court	2,500
Fifteenth	J. W. Carpenter	Chief Clerk Municipal Court	3,000
Sixteenth	F. Lundy	Register Kings County	8,000
Seventeenth	C. Graef	Commissioner of Records	5,000
Eighteenth	J. McCooey	Chief Clerk Surrogate's Court	9,000
Nineteenth	H. Hasenflug	Chief Clerk Police Court	2,500
Twentieth	W. F. Delaney	Chief Clerk Board Magistrates	5,000
Twenty-first	E. H. Dale	Councilor Board Transferred Taxes	5,000
Twenty-second	J. P. Sinnott	Chief Clerk Municipal Court	3,000
Twenty-third	J. P. Monahan	No position	

Cos Cob Nature Notes

SOME say why call it "Greenwich" any more in speaking of our "beautiful" town? Just dub it Maher Brothers, Incorporated.

THE celebrated landscape painter, John Frost, Esq., is very busy now. At present he works mainly at night, so each morning shows new touches of his magic brush. The Virginia creepers are scarlet and the poison ivy is amber. The elms are done in sepia and the aspens in gold and crimson. The maples are still shown in green, but their turn is coming and we shall soon have the full glories of the fall!

JOHN WILLIAMS caught six two-to-three-pound striped bass off the harbor the other day in about as many minutes. The smelts will soon be running again, and Frank Palmer's dredge has dug such a big hole in the river that the smelts can now come in and turn around at any tide without bumping themselves. There would be real good fishing hereabouts, as of yore, if some one would make Supt. Springer of the woollen mill at Rippowam filter his dye-stuff instead of dumping the poison into the Mianus River. Being a Walsh man he is privileged to break the law.

THE scallop crop was a complete failure again this year when the open season began on Oct. 1. Up to ten years ago hundreds of bushels were gathered in Greenwich Cove. Last Sunday, it is said, one of our citizens caught one scallop, which he intends to have framed. There are plenty of scallops over in the Long Island says, but if our citizens go over to catch them they are arrested as pirates belonging to a foreign land, which is base ingratitude, as we have repeatedly pointed out all Long Island and many of its inhabitants primarily came from Connecticut. Maybe the scallops do not like Springer's bitters any more than the bass. To buy scallops from the Long Islanders costs 80 cents a quart.

LONG ISLAND scoops us on other things than scallops, thanks mainly to Farmer Fullerton, even if he does work for a railroad. If Mr. Mellen would find a farmer perhaps he would not have to complain of losing money and charging us $1.65 a month more to make it up and then losing a million and a half. If our farmers would spend as much time on their farms as they do in their automobiles things would hum again agriculturally and commerce revive on our shores, where once three sloops a week sailed to New York with garden sass, butter, eggs, &c., and then came back for more.

WHAT was called an election was held at Town Hall the other day. About three-fifths of the eligible citizens and about one-fifth of the ladies, both eligible and provided for voting, something like 133 of the people called Socialists voted as a protest against existing conditions, which moves us to remark that if this many had gone to the caucus of either party they could have made "existing conditions" look like 33 cents, the same being R. Jay and Jim.

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten.

The Jarr Family

By Roy Lynn Cardell.

Mrs. Jarr's Plan of Vengeance Wins Out

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MR. JARR fidgeted around in a preoccupied manner.

"I think I'll step out and get a little fresh air," he said, finally.

"If you need any fresh air, open the window," said Mrs. Jarr. "If any person needs fresh air, it's I. And if you'll raise the fresh air fund I'll take a nice little trip to Atlantic City or Bermuda!"

Mr. Jarr sighed helplessly.

"Well," he ventured, "if you won't read any more of that slushy gush out of that book to me I'll stay in the house. There, that's fair!"

"You'll stay in the house and listen to me reading to you," said Mrs. Jarr firmly. "The very reason why I'm reading that 'slushy gush' as you call it is the same reason you shouldn't go out. For going out with you, means that you go to that awful Gus's place on the corner till all hours, with a lot of men of this neighborhood whose wives and families would be better off, too, if they kept away from there. As for fresh air, I don't think the attraction about Gus's saloon is it's excellent ventilation."

"Just wanted to smoke," muttered Mr. Jarr.

"You can smoke in your own home. Nobody forbids you," was the rejoinder. "But not here in the front room and make my lace curtains which I've just had laundried again and put up for the winter, smell of stale tobacco smoke!"

So saying she picked up the vellum-and-silk-bound-copy of "My Lady Dainty" and began from where she had left off, in the middle of the first chapter entitled "My Lady Dainty Begins the Day."

Mr. Jarr gazed at the door with a wistful look, but settled back as one prepared to meet the worst.

"'My Lady Dainty,' Mrs. Jarr began to read, 'is still in her peignoir, though it may be a more elaborate one she dons, after she has been in the hands of her coiffeur, or her manicure, for she is now prepared to receive her social secretary and dictate the correspondence for the day or have the movements of the world of fashion read to her as she reclines upon her fauteuil, a scented cigarette between her rose-tipped fingers.

"'This second peignoir is of Rose Point lace, in a rich cream shade, while white pearl fringe trims the sleeves. The lace panel forms a termination for the chiffon overdress, which is heavily embroidered in silver at the back and ends in a square cut train. With all this are dainty white slippers to match, with chastely severe gold buckles.'"

"I'll be good! Please let me up. I'm all cut!" pleaded Mr. Jarr. "What have I ever done to you that you make me listen to that gibberish?"

"Gibberish, indeed!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "It will do you good to know how other women are treated."

"Mrs. Slavinsky, Mrs. Rangle, Mrs. Dusenberry—do they loll around in messalline de shain with oriflamme periwinkles caught up losely with a Bertha of Duchess of Bilgewater Old Point Comfort crochet work?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Does Mrs. Dirkin, caretaker in the empty private house down street, whose husband shovels smoke at the gas house, wear a peignoir cut bias over the passementry with loops of mal de mere over a jujube wamus while she's packing her husband's dinner bucket?"

"Now please don't try to be funny!" said Mrs. Jarr severely. "There is an application in this that goes directly home to you. Listen: 'The third peignoir, a more regal and stately affair, is donned by My Lady Dainty, the wardrobe maid assisting her personal maid, after the masseur has retired, and My Lady Dainty's peach blow complexion is at its perfection through his deft manipulations. In fact, My Lady Dainty deems her third peignoir is a permissible toilet to wear during the early afternoon in the privacy of her boudoir or even at an informal dinner en famille.'"

"Say, she must be addicted to peignoirs," said Mr. Jarr. "I think she's a bold thing if she's going to run around the house that way."

"'My Lady Dainty is correct in this,'" Mrs. Jarr continued, without heeding the interruption, "'for to the general'"—

"Does the General get a look in? Oh, those military men!" cried Mr. Jarr.

"'To the general,'" Mrs. Jarr continued, "'it would seem sufficiently ornate to be worn at an evening function. The insertions are of silver lace; and bands of brilliants are appliqued on the geranium chiffon'"—

"I surrender!" interrupted Mr. Jarr, throwing up his hands. "Don't bring on the heavy guns. The peignoirs alone have shattered my intellectuals. And now, please, can't I go out to Gus's to recuperate? What are 'My Lady's duds to us? Roughly figuring, she's put on a million dollars' worth of peignoirs already and isn't out of her bedroom yet. Can't I go to Gus's?"

"If you did not go to Gus's I could have peignoirs like that, too," said Mrs. Jarr. "That's the impression I have endeavored to convey."

But Mr. Jarr can't figure it that way.

All the Rest Gone.

"Your trip to Europe must have been a great change for you."

"It must have been, for I notice I've nothing but small change left."

Some Spook Stories

By David A. Curtis.

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The Ghost of Hardwick Hall.

HARDWICK HALL, near Chesterfield England, was built in the sixteenth century and was owned and occupied, after the restoration by Sir Ralph Hardwick, the son of a Royalist who had been greatly impoverished during the Cromwell era but enriched afterward by a grateful king.

Sir Ralph the younger had a son four years of age when he married the second time. His second wife, the daughter of Sir Gervase Moore, was an ambitious woman, credited with few scruples, but remarkably beautiful. Bearing a son in due time, she plotted to secure the inheritance of the Hardwick estate for him, and to this end incited her son Philip to a deadly hatred of his half-brother, the heir.

Both lads were in love with Miss Felicia Wingrove, an heiress and a beauty, and in every way a desirable match for either. But in this, as in the accident of birth, the elder son, Ralph, was soon perceived to be the favorite. And it was expected that an engagement would shortly be announced.

Playing upon the jealousy and ambition of her own son, Lady Hardwick persuaded him to murder the heir. More than that, according to tradition, she ordered her courier, Paolo, and a valet, Orsino, to dig a pit. Then, poisoning them, she flung their bodies into the pit and covered them with quicklime. Philip while out riding with Ralph slew his half-brother and threw him also into the pit.

For a time nothing was discovered. Philip came of age and having wooed the fair Felicia successfully was to marry her when the festivities of his twenty-first birthday should be celebrated.

As a part of these festivities a grand hunting party was arranged for, and Miss Felicia rode to it in company with the young heir.

As they rode together after a buck which had been started by the dogs a third rider joined them. It was the phantom of the murdered Ralph. After turning a look of deep reproach at the lady, who recognized him instantly, he rent his gaze upon his murderer, and with an imperious gesture pointed to a thicket nearby.

Philip uttered a wild cry of dismay and, his horse shying, he fell to the ground and was carried to Hardwick Hall, insensible. The dogs meantime had abandoned the chase, and tore at the ground in the thicket the phantom had pointed out until the men of the party dug down and discovered the three corpses—of the rightful heir and the two Italians.

Lady Hardwick, finding her secret discovered, went suddenly mad, continuing a maniac until she died.

Hedgeville Editor

By John L. Hobble

REV. FROST says that if the contributions in his church represent payments on a heavenly home some of his congregation won't get anything but an air castle.

MRS. DERKS says that it is better to be wrong and speak than to be right and spoken to.

SOME writers don't need any new thoughts; they just grown the old ones so they will sound different.

EKE REYNOLDS says David Craven has so little expression that if the back of his head was bald you couldn't tell which way he was facin'.

TO have only a right and a wrong side to every question would be very unsatisfactory. There must be enuff wrong sides to accommodate everybodby that wants to argue.

Sayings Of Mrs. Solomon: (being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.)

Translated by Helen Rowland.

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BEHOLD, my Daughter, in Babylon there dwelt two SUFFRAGETTES, and they were born "just crazy about the CAUSE!"

Now, the first Suffragette went out into the highways and byways. And when she had gathered the multitude and the free-lunchers and the NEWSBOYS together she mounted a soap box and addressed them, saying:

"Verily, verily, MAN is a tyrant and an oppressor, and there is no good in him! Lo, he sitteth in the high places, and holdeth all the good jobs, and taketh all the EASY money, and his foot is upon our necks. Yet a fool and an idiot may VOTE, and why may not a WOMAN?"

And the multitude mocked her with laughter and cat-calls and cried:

"Oh, SCAT!"

Whereupon she departed hastily.

But the second Suffragette sought the drawing-rooms and the pink teas, where the bankers, and the politicians, and the bulls and the bears, and the pet lambs were gathered together.

In chiffons, and spangles, and decollete, and violets she arrayed herself and invited the Wise and the Mighty unto her house and fed them with tea, and buttered muffins, and flattery and punch. And when she saw that they were all FED she rose and addressed them, saying:

"Behold, how WONDERFUL is Man! Lo, he maketh laws, and buildeth houses, and fighteth battles, and catcheth FISH! Alas, Woman can never hope to be his Equal, but only his Rib. Yet, how CUTE it would be of him to give us the ballot, and to let us vote! For, then, should we rally round him and sing his praises, and cover him with our gratitude and our votes forever. And all the world would call him 'Noble!'"

Whereupon a FAT MAN arose with his mouth full of buttered muffins and shouted:

"Votes for Women!"

And the multitude echoed him, crying:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! For she is REASONABLE! Yes, she is a Peach!"

But the first Suffragette admonished her, saying:

"Fool, fool! Why wilt thou kow-tow to Man and seek to WHEEDLE him? For it is a disgrace to the CAUSE."

Yet I say unto thee, my daughter, which of these was WISE and which was SIMPLE?

For a little SOFT SOAP worketh wonders where a wise argument falleth. Selah!

Old Loves in New Settings

By Alma Woodward

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Camille and Armand.

ARMAND KELLY had had everything his heart desired, from babyhood up. It was just his luck that his father had struck pay dirt before his advent—but it bored him horribly to hear the old gentleman spout the self-made-man theory.

Because, after quite a period of reflection, Armand decided that it really didn't matter to him in the least HOW the coin got there as long as it WAS there, don't you know!

We make the acquaintance of Armand when he is entering his twenty-second year.

Up to this time he had revelled in all the luxuries that are befitting the heir of a retired pork packer—such as diamond-studded gold suspender and garter buckles, low, murderous-looking racing machines and even a toy steam yacht that cost a mere twenty thousand a year to keep up!

And also, up to this time, his heart had come through unscathed. There had been charmers of course, quite a baker's dozen of them, but none had left a memory deep enough to keep him awake o' nights.

And then one evening, at the opening performance at one of the theatres, his eyes happened to rest on the lower right hand stage box.

In that box was a woman, a slender, serpentine woman, with a skin as velvety and colorless as the petal of a white rose; eyes dreamy and of midnight blackness; and a mouth red with the redness of live, hot blood.

She was gowned in white and at her breast was a cluster of waxy camellias. Armand nudged the man beside him.

"Who is that?" he whispered hoarsely.

The man shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"You've got me!" he answered flippantly. "Some say she's an artist's model—others, that she's a retired show-girl reaping the benefit of a bunch of tips some Wall street guy gave her. Pretty swell looker, ain't she?"

"She is!" murmured Armand and immediately the minus quantity of gray matter he had inherited from his pork packing dad began to study out a ways and means.

Then he met her—and it was SOME affinity contest!

He bought her rubies that matched her lips; black diamonds to vie with the radiance of her eyes and a king's ransom in pearls to lie upon the velvety whiteness of her flesh.

And papa stood for it like a dead game sport and shelled out as fast as the dickens! But one afternoon a little bird flew into the window and whispered in his ear that the gay young dog was thinking of making the lady of the white camellias Mrs. Armand Kelly.

Now that was carrying things a little too far; and inasmuch as Kelly sr. had Armand's wife all picked out for him, he thought it was up to him to don his white spats and go remonstrate with the lady.

And before he went he made sure that he had his check book with him and enough ink in his fountain pen. Because one never knows what may happen. Does one? No, one does not.

Camille received him languidly and trotted out her prize little cough that she thought matched the pallor of her skin, and veiled her glorious eyes with droopy lashes and offered papa a concoction known as "chiffon ruffles."

It had every other joy producing liquid lashed to the mast for soul stirring effect; and pretty soon father was beholding of shady nooks, silvery brooks, souls—and love!

The fifteen minutes he had intended staying lengthened into an hour, two hours, three hours, and then—she asked him to dinner!

He had an indistinct memory of sitting opposite an angel in white, with the lithe grace of a panther and the lure of the Unknown in her eyes.

And papa forgot that most likely the dinner was getting cold on the table at home—in fact, papa forgot that he had a home! And Camille let him forget.

And when little Armand phoned next day the maid informed him curtly that Madam was out and would be out ad infinitum.

BECAUSE ARMAND, YOU SEE, WAS A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK. AND CAMILLE FIGURED: "WHY TAKE THE CHIP WHEN YOU CAN HAVE THE BLOCK?" ANYWAY, IT WAS PURELY A FAMILY AFFAIR WHICHEVER WAY YOU LOOK AT IT! SO SHE MARRIED THE BLOCK!

The Day's Good Stories.

A Puzzling Answer.

GOMER DAVIS was riding on the Central branch the other day when a very loquacious individual sat down beside him and began bombarding him with questions. Gomer got very tired of his talkative friend, but did not complain. Finally the fellow peered down and noticed that Gomer had a wooden leg.

"How did you lose your leg?" he asked.

"I will tell you upon one condition," said Gomer.

"What is it?"

"That you will not ask me another question."

"All right."

"It was bitten off."

This aroused the curiosity of the questioner a great deal, but he made his word good and asked no further questions.

"I bet," said Gomer, "that that feller has lost a lot of sleep since then wondering what sort of an animal bit that leg off."—Kansas City Journal.

Excuse That Held Water.

"WAITER!" roared the diner.

The waiter woke up with a jump and rushed out of the kitchen, enthusiasm in his heart. The chef had already complained of his sleep and his rudeness, and Alphonse had had about enough of him.

"Waiter!"

His lazily Alphonse moved over.

"Look at the color of this water, sir!" roared the diner. "It's not fit to drink!"

Out of the waiter raised the glass to the light and examined it. Then, thoughtfully, he put it down again.

"No, sir, you're drinking yourself, sir," he said slowly. "That water's perfectly all right, sir. It's the glass what's dirty!"—Pittsburg Leader.

Warranted to Wear.

"NOW, lookee 'ere," said the farmer to the manager of the cloth factory, plunking down a big parcel of wool, "I last cloth you made for me was so thin that I hardly knew when I'd got on a coat or not. So make this cop thicker, my lad."

The manager nodded. Business was bad. He could not afford to lose old customers, so he put his best work into the job.

"Well, and is the cloth stiff enough this time?" he asked a day or two afterward.

"Stiff enough? You couldn't break it wi' a battleaxe!" exclaimed the farmer. "Why, my lad, it be bullet-proof! Old girl and me, we tried to bend it, but 'tworen't no good. But that be all right now," he added. "I've just been to th' carpenter, and he's goin' to put hinges on knees and elbows!"—Answers.

She Told the Congregation.

IF brevity is the soul of wit, one of the wittiest speeches on record was made by a woman, says the Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Briggs lived in the northern part of Indiana, a long distance from any village. Hearing that Rev. Mr. Goodwin was to preach in a township some twenty miles distant, she resolved to be present, and, as no other way afforded, she walked the twenty miles.

The pastor heard of this, and was so pleased at the appreciation which it showed that at the close of the sermon he mentioned the fact to the congregation, and called upon Mrs. Briggs to tell them how she came.

Rising slowly, she looked over the audience with great solemnity and said:

"I hoofed it."

Then she sat down again.