SPEEDING LIMITED RAMMED FREIGHT, BUT KEPT ON RAILS

Remarkable Accident on the West Shore Attended With No Serious Injuries.

CARS RIPPED THROUGH.

Smash-Up at Cornwall-on-Hudson Ties Up Road for Five Hours.

Investigation is being made by officials of the West Shore Railroad today into a remarkable wreck which occurred a mile and a half north of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson at 6.40 o'clock last evening.

The West Shore Limited, the train de luxe of the West Shore, bound for New York and running 40 miles an hour, crashed into a freight train, tore through six of the cars, nosing one down an embankment, and yet not a passenger car was derailed. This is said to have been because all of the cars were steel.

Forty persons, many of them women, were on the limited. All the passengers were thrown from their seats. About twelve were bruised severely and cut by flying glass. The remainder escaped injury.

As the result of the wreck traffic on the road at that point was held up for more than five hours. By midnight one of the tracks had been cleared of wreckage, but it was not until this morning that both tracks were in working order.

The Limited, which consists of several day coaches, parlor cars, a broiler-buffet car and a club car, left Buffalo at 9.30 o'clock yesterday morning. It left Newburgh, its last stop before the wreck, at 6.30 o'clock and was proceeding at its regulation speed when it struck the freight train, which was waiting to switch over onto a siding.

The wreck occurred on an embankment which crosses a marshy stretch of land. Not until half an hour after the smash-up was the conductor of the Limited able to get a message for help to Newburgh, and two surgeons were then hurried to the scene on a special train. With them went several railroad claim agents, who, after the surgeons had bandaged up the injured, proceeded to settle the cases then and there, writing out checks for amounts ranging from $250 to $35.

Shortly before 8 o'clock the Chicago Express, which left Weehawken at 5.20 o'clock, reached the scene. This train was ordered back to New York with the wreck survivors. The New York local, which left Cutskill at 5.0 o'clock, went back to Albany with a batch of survivors who had not cared to go on the Chicago Limited.

An official of the West Shore road said to-day that had it not been for the steel coaches on the West Shore Limited there undoubtedly would have been loss of life in the wreck.

MORGENTHAU TALKED OF AS SECRETARY OF WAR

Wilson Said to Be Considering Ambassador to Turkey for Cabinet Position.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—Official Washington to-day was interested in a report emanating from well informed circles that President Wilson is seriously considering offering the now vacant War Portfolio to Henry Morgenthau, Ambassador to Turkey.

Morgenthau is now on the high seas en route to this country from Constantinople.

KEEPS KIDNEYS ACTIVE WITH A GLASS OF SALTS

Must flush your Kidneys occasionally if you eat meat regularly.

Noted authority tells what causes Backache and Bladder weakness.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid, which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney compli-

Heiress Who Refuses a Fortune Says She Is Happy in Poverty

MISS EDITH KITCHING

Edith Kitching, Philosopher and Christian, Tells Why She Can't Accept a $40,000 Legacy From Her Uncle, Who Was a Miserable Miser, She Says.

Lives on Income of $300 a Year, but Is "the Richest Woman in New York," Sustained by Essential Christianity.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"A right act," observed Miss Edith Kitching, "is obligatory were the whole human race to disappear in consequence of it. Morality has nothing to do with consequences.

"Purity of motive is the essence of righteousness. I refused $40,000 assigned to me by my uncle, Francis Ripley, before his death, because he was a miserable miser who ground the poor. I would not refuse money honestly acquired. I am the only person of his blood now alive, and if he had left me his whole estate, $200,000, by will, I might have taken it; and with part of the money I should have gathered together and republished for the benefit of the public—of the wage-earners, especially—the work of my philosopher and master, Thomas Davidson, the greatest educator this country ever produced. But my uncle was too cowardly to make a will. He simply assigned different amounts to me and several charitable institutions. He was never interested in philanthropy in his lifetime.

MISS NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

"My uncle let my mother and sister die when his assistance might have kept them alive. He was a changeling from birth, a strange, unmoral creature who injured the old mammy in the family for life by kicking her. And my grandfather had to take him out to the barn and horsewhip him every day to keep him from continual acts of violence. When he grew up he became a miserable miser who ground the poor. I cannot touch his money. Money is not necessary to happiness. Three things make happiness. They are Mind and Love and WILL. Mind and Love are necessary to think and feel righteousness, and WILL to put righteousness into action. I live according to the essence of Christianity. And doing so I have no need of money."

PHILOSOPHER AND CHRISTIAN IS A HAPPY WOMAN.

The most discussed woman in New York, who refused a legacy of $40,000, though her total income is $300 a year, sat on a camp stool in her second floor hall bedroom at No. 24 Bank Street and told me why, as a philosopher and a Christian, she could not take her uncle's money.

It is the smallest of hall bedrooms, containing one of the largest and most imposing leather trunks I ever saw. This trunk Miss Kitching uses for a writing desk and a portfolio, as she keeps in it her correspondence with the Hamilton Trust Company, which has been trying to cram her legacy into her resolutely closed right hand. A very small, slender right hand—a hand with generations of leisure behind it—a fact much resented by the owner, by the way.

"What do I want with money? Money has never done me any good. Why, some persons resent and have taunted me with the fact that I live on an income, though it is only $300. I would not live on an income, money I have not earned, were it not for the fact that I have been an invalid for many years. You see, my right hand trembles all the time. People urge me to take the money because of what I might do for others. But the most I can do for others is to give them myself. That I can do, that I try to do, poor as I am. And I am not poor. In a sense, I am the richest woman in New York. For I am free—morally free. I respect the law. Jesus respected the law. So did Socrates. Both died because they respected the law and to show they respected it, though the law was wrong."

SHE'S AS GOOD A CHRISTIAN AS TOLSTOY.

From this, and from many quotations from the New Testament which gave dignity and beauty to Miss Kitching's expression of her philosophy, I gathered that she wishes to be known as a Christian in the most literal sense of the word.

"Mrs. Havelock Ellis told me," I remarked to her, "that since Tolstoy's death she knew of but one Christian left alive—Edward Carpenter, who wrote 'Love's Coming of Age.' Are you a Christian in her exact interpre-

"I hope I am. I live according to the essence of Christianity, which is 'Love one another—Love one another.' That is all—that is enough. The rest is just a system of theology. The essence of Christianity is unselfishness; the essence of all righteousness, of all philosophy.

"Oh, not all philosophy," I protested. "You are forgetting Nietzsche, who taught selfishness, power, ruthlessness; who considered pity the most weakening, the most disintegrating of human feelings.

"Nietzsche, yes—very fashionable, just now," replied Miss Kitching with a shrug, "and look what his philosophy has produced—this frightful war! Bergson's another philosopher of the hour—Bergson, who denies personal identity. Amusing, is he not?"

Miss Kitching got a good laugh out of Bergson. I envied her, as I have never been able to do it. And I thought, as she sat in the tiny hall bedroom on her low stool, that I had never seen so perfect an examplar of plain living and high thinking in my life.

Edith Kitching, philosopher and Christian, is a small woman with the quick movements and the rapid glance of some bright bird. When I saw her wisps of her hair that is gray but very much alive, escaped from the dark green veil that wound her head. Her cheeks were rosy as the big red apples that adorned a small table at the entrance of the room, a table laden with a tiny gas stove on which Miss Kitching does a very small amount of cooking. For she is a vegetarian, or, as she puts it, a naturist, and subsists mainly on fruit and nut—man's natural diet, she told me.

AS AUSTERE AS A CLOISTERED MONK.

She sleeps on a bed which appears to be a detached door of smoothed, but unpainted wood, with board supporters. Blankets are folded smoothly over it; there is no mattress. There was no heat in her hall bedroom yesterday afternoon, and I sat shiveringly in furs. But the philosopher Christian was obviously quite comfortable in her flowing dress of thick gray tweed, with a sort of long cape of dark green cloth thrown over it. Openings at the side of the cape permitted Miss Kitching's slender arms to escape. When I entered the room she wore brown mittens over her hands, but later in the afternoon took them off. The eyes of the Christian philosopher are avidly blue. When I asked her how she manages to live on $300 a year she fixed me with them till I felt as if two bright steel bayonets had pierced into the marrow of my consciousness (assuming to save time, that I have consciousness an' that it has marrow).

"I wear few clothes. As you are a woman I can tell you what I wear. A skirt, a chemise, this dress and, because I have been out, this coat. You see I believe that clothes are merely to keep out the cold.

"I observe that you wear armor," Miss Kitching added. "I do not wear armor. I prefer the air to get to my body." I took this reference to armor to be a polite disapproval of corsets. Miss Kitching quite obviously does not wear corsets and indeed does not need to—she is so slender. But I passed hurriedly from the offending subject to the question of the philosophy.

fruit and nuts and grains," Miss Kitching explained. "I have no time for more elaborate meals, even if I considered them desirable."

HAS BEEN A STUDENT OF PHILOSOPHY FOR THIRTY YEARS.

"How do you spend your time?" I asked.

"Studying philosophy. I have been studying philosophy for thirty years. Of course I have done all the drudgery by this time, but I have still much to learn.

"With $300 a year, you cannot have anything to spend for amusement—for the theatre and things like that.

"I have had no time for the cultural things for thirty years," Miss Kitching answered. "In thirty years I have seen but one play. That was Lavedans 'Le Duel,' at the time of the separation of Church and State."

Miss Kitching, by the way, speaks French beautifully, also German, of which I am no judge. She is is Suffragist, has been one all her life, she told me.

When we had exhausted the subject of why she does not need money herself, I asked her whether she might not do some good with the legacy she has refused—not that I thought so, because temporary relief of human misery accomplishes nothing, according to philosophers. I found that Miss Kitchin, took this view.

"Temporary charity does no good. I saw a wonderful expression the other day—'as cold as organized charity'—zero weather," she added, glancing out of the frosted window. "The only way you can give anything is to give yourself. And the most important thing of all is to save souls. I have given myself by this act of refusing my uncle's money. I want to prove to this city, where $50,000 is sometimes spent for a ball or a wedding, that money is nothing. To spend money as it is spent here—be sure you don't say by women, for I don't want to make a sex matter of it—for luxury, for idle amusement, is to commit greater crimes than are perpetrated in the trenches or on the battlefields. In an age of materialism, one woman, at least, knows that money is nothing, happiness everything, and that happiness comes only from a moral act. To prove that, to make that thought grow even in one mind clouded by the materialism of to-day, is worth more than $40,000."

FEMINISM, 1916.

"Practically speaking, there's no such thing as a normal woman."—Dr. J. W. Markoe before the Brooklyn Supreme Court.

SHOT DOWN IN STREET AS CROWD LOOKED ON

Saparito Wounded in Back by Unidentified Man, Who Disappeared After a Chase.

Pushcart shoppers at Oak and Catharine Streets shortly after 10 o'clock this morning saw a middle-aged Italian who had been standing quietly at the corner draw a revolver. Everybody ran but Giuseppe Saparito, twenty-eight years old, a butcher's delivery man, of No. 30 Hamilton Street. He had just passed the man with the revolver and his back was to him. The gun carrier stole up behind Saparito and at close range shot him in the back.

Flourishing the revolver to keep the crowd from following, the man ran to No. 65 Catharine Street, walked into the apartment of Mrs. Frank McGowan, on the third floor, scared her with the weapon, walked through to a rear fire escape, descended to the yard and disappeared into another tenement. The police were close behind him, but lost trace of him in the yard. Saparito said he didn't know who shot him. He will probably recover.

Miss Dorothy Davis Bride To-Night

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Davis, to Allen E. Madden is to take place to-night at 8:30 o'clock in the Fifth

QUAKER GIRL HAS THE PERFECT LINES OF VENUS DE MILO

"Composite Venus" of Swarthmore Is More Perfect Than Wellesley's.

(Special to The Evening World.)

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 15.—Venus de Milo is perfect. Wellesley College's "Composite Venus" approximates the Venus de Milo. But Swarthmore College's "Composite Venus" not only defeats the Wellesley approximation of perfection in the aggregate, but also contains an individual who in weight, height, neck, waist and chest measurements is so nearly like the Venus de Milo measurements as to make the differences negligible.

The Venus de Milo, as she stands in the Louvre, in fear and trembling lest a bomb from a Zeppelin annihilate her perfections for all time and leave only the pale and spiritless copies in plaster to show what the world may lose, is larger than life. Translated into terms of flesh and blood, her measurements are held to be the matchless standard of femininity, although some consider her a little too short, and thin persons consider her a little too stout.

The total measurements of all the Wellesley girls were taken and added up and divided by the number of girls to get an average. Then Wellesley crowded because they had approximated the ideal. The same has been done at Swarthmore, and now Swarthmore can crow louder, for the average of Swarthmore co-eds' measurements is nearer perfection than the "Composite Venus" of Wellesley.

In Swarthmore College is to be found not only a better aggregate Venus, but an almost exact duplication of the Venus de Milo measurements in one person. This young woman is so little different in weight, height, neck, chest and waist measurements from the Venus in the Louvre that the difference is not worth talking about. For instance the Venus de Milo, were she flesh and blood, would be 5 feet 4.9 inches in height, whereas this girl is 5 feet 4.8 inches in height, and the difference is less than the thickness of the thinnest dancing pump sole.

To cap the climax, Miss Margaret Willett, who measures up so well to the Venus standard, actually looks a good deal like Venus in the face. There is not that straight Greek line from top of forehead to tip of nose but lots of people do not like that sort of perfection, and outside of that Miss Willett's features are as normal as those of the Venus.

It is natural that the normal individual Venus should be more nearly perfect than the average of both Wellesley and Swarthmore, for the average is not the normal—not by a long shot. For example the average pair of eyes have to be assisted by spectacles, but the normal pairs of eyes need no spectacles; the average man is weak, but the normal man is strong.

The normal is very rare and at times does not exist except in theory; but the average is by definition always hanging around, right in the middle of things, trying to drag the normal down to a lower level.

The absolutely astounding fact about the Swarthmore Venus is that she has brains. Not that Swarthmore girls are not far above the average in brains, but no one ever asks of Venus if she has brains.

One asks about the Venus things that are easily ascertainable, for instance, the chest expansion. It must have been very intriguing that day they got the marble Venus in the Louvre to expand her chest. How it was done has never been published, but at any rate the marble was not damaged when it took a full inhalation in its marble lungs.

But to get back to brains. The Swarthmore Venus has reached her senior year, and with distinction. She is a good gymnast, plays hockey, basketball and tennis and swims with unusual ability.

But above all, excelling Venus in a field she never strove to shine in, Miss Willett is popular with girls. When it comes to good fellowship (or whatever the feminine equivalent of good fellowship is) she would be content to fuse and sink her personality into the Composite Venus, which is the co-ed student body of Swarthmore.

The Swarthmore girls rose up and cheered when they learned that their record was better than Wellesley's. Their composite, average measurements are far nearer the Venus measurements in every detail except that of the ankle. In that the Wellesley girls' average is three-tenths of an inch nearer the Venus measurement than the Swarthmore girls' average, Venus's being 8.2 inches, Wellesley's 8.1 and Swarthmore 8.6. But the Swarthmore girls are proud of this defect, for it is athletic activity that makes ankles larger, and not idleness and lounging about.

The Swarthmore Composite Venus has one absolutely perfect dimension. That is the neck. The Swarthmore neck is the same as the Venus neck—12.5 inches.

Miss Willett, who, by the way (and this is very important), is only a very, very little bit more perfect than the other nearly perfect co-eds of Swarthmore, is the daughter of E. Robbin Willett of No. 219 Greenwood Avenue, Trenton, N. J., and comes of an old Friend family long connected with Swarthmore College's administration. She is a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity.

Said Miss Lillian Shaw, a graduate of Sargent, one of America's most famous physical training colleges, and now physical training director for girls at Swarthmore:

"The attitude of the Swarthmore girl toward gymnasium work and athletics, I am sure, is largely responsible for the splendid physical condition of the young women. The girls all take their daily exercise as part of the college work. We also require them to learn to swim unless they have heart trouble. Each night every girl reports on a card in her corridor just what exercise she has taken that day

Swarthmore Girl Athlete Who Fits Standard of Venus

The College Venuses Compared With the Venus of the Louvre

	Height.	Weight.	Neck.	Chest.	Chest full.	Waist.	Ank.
Venus	5 ft. 4.9 in.	132.2	12.5	34.2	36.2	25.9	8.2
Swarthmore Venus	5 ft. 5.3 in.	124.5	12.5	32.1	33.2	26.9	8.6
Wellesley Venus	5 ft. 3.2 in.	119.4	12.2	28.8	31.4	24.6	8.1

This table allows for what would be normal expansion of a chest such as that of the Venus de Milo.

ANOTHER GUNMAN SAYS HE WAS HIRED TO HELP KILL BAFF

Sing Sing Convict's Part in Plot Was Assault Upon Poultry Dealer's Partner.

Important corroboration of the stories told by the gunmen who admit they were hired to kill Barnet Baff, the West Washington Market independent poultry dealer, was obtained to-day from James Moore, a convict, brought down from Sing Sing, where he is serving a term for an assault on Baff's partner, Pearson. Moore admits he was hired to assault Pearson by the same interests that hired gunmen to kill Baff.

The evidence of Moore will be important in that it supplies corroboration from one not an accomplice in the actual murder of Baff or in the murder plot. It is the intention of District Attorney Swann to use none of the accomplices as witnesses if he can get legal corroboration from other sources.

The first step in the investigation of the collection of a fund to pay gunmen for the killing of Baff was taken to-day when subpoenas were issued summoning two east side poultry dealers to the District Attorney's office. These men are known to have been subscribers to the fund, but they claim they had no idea the money was to be used as pay for murder.

The case may go to the Grand Jury on Thursday, but the District Attorney may wait until next Monday, if he finds it best.

MISS FANCHER'S FUNERAL.

Many Attend Services for Famous Invalid in Brooklyn.

Funeral services for Miss Mollie Fancher, the famous invalid who was confined to her bed for fifty years, were held last night at No. 180 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, and were largely attended. The Rev. Dr. Avery A. Shaw, of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, spoke from the text: "These are they that came out of great tribulation."

Miss Fancher's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung by Miss Mattie Turner and prayer was offered by the Rev. J. D. Burrell of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church. Burial will be in Greenwood, where the family lot adjoins the Horace Greeley plot.

LAW TO COMPEL HORSE PROTECTION IS CONSTITUTIONAL

Corporation Counsel Upholds Legality of Ordinance Proposed by Evening World.

Corporation Counsel Lamar Hardy to-day replied to the Committee on Thoroughfares of the Board of Aldermen which had asked an opinion on the constitutionality of the ordinance urged by The Evening World to compel the caulking of horses shoes in the winter months.

Mr. Hardy's reply was that with slight changes, which would strengthen it, the ordinance was constitutional.

Mr. Hardy says the most likely objection, from a legal point of view, would be that the ordinance is unduly discriminatory. This objection would be obviated by changing subdivision 1 to read as follows:

"Between Nov. 1 and March 1 in each year no horse or mule shall be led, driven or ridden on any of the streets or avenues of the city of New York unless the animal's shoes are properly caulked so as to prevent slipping."

The original ordinance provided only for work horses and did not include mules. Its discriminatory feature as pointed out by the Corporation Counsel, would permit horse owners who drive for pleasure to evade the provisions. By amending the ordinance it will be strengthened to such an extent that it cannot be very successfully attacked in the courts.

The Corporation Counsel upholds the penalty provided for violation. Upon conviction the driver or owner may be fined a sum not to exceed $10, he may be sent to the City Prison for ten days, or both penalties may be imposed.

The Board of Aldermen to-day set Feb. 28 at 3 o'clock P. M. for a hearing on the amended ordinance. At this hearing the forces of horse owners opposed to the expense of caulking will be very clamorous. The Aldermen and The Evening World specially appeal to real horse lovers to appear and defend the ordinance.

GOING DOWN.

SATAN'S KINGDOM, Conn., Feb. 15.—Everything is frozen here to-day.

STRIKERS WHO RIOTED AWED BY HEAVY GUARD

Quiet at Bliss Plant, Where the Police Were Forced to Use Revolvers Yesterday.

A heavy guard of police and private guards surrounded the Bay Ridge shell-making plant of the E. W. Bliss Company to-day in anticipation of further rioting by strikers, but no trouble developed.

Charles Konitsky, who was arrested in the fighting yesterday, was arraigned before Magistrate McGuire in the Fifth Avenue Court this morning and was held for further examination on a charge of rioting. Police Capt. John J. McGeary, who was in command of the police when they fired after being showered with bottles and iron bars, and Patrolman Timothy Crimmins told why the patrolmen used their revolvers.

"We were dispersing a howling mob of men," Crimmins said, "when I saw Konitsky throw a bottle, which struck Capt. McGeary on the neck. Fifty other men raised bottles and iron bars and Capt. McGeary warned them. Some of the missiles were thrown and then the shots were fired at the strikers."

At the offices of the Bliss company it was said several strikers returned to work to-day. The strikers denied this.

HOW I DARKENED MY GRAY HAIR

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Gray Hair.

For years I tried to restore my gray hair to its natural color with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally ran onto a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it: To 7 oz. of water add a small box of Barbo Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the gray hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humors and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not color the scalp. —Advt.

THE VALUE OF TRUTH

Truth in business is just as important as truthfulness in every-day life; truth creates confidence, establishes good-will and builds a reliability that will not be wrecked by the storms of competition.

Through three generations people have learned to place reliance on the advertised words of Scott's Emulsion, because they are untarnished, unexaggerated truisms about a household remedy of real and actual worth.

The popularity of Scott's Emulsion increases, as intelligence advances, because it guarantees pure cod liver oil with glycerine and hypophosphites to build strength, improve the blood and strengthen the lungs. It is free from alcohol or opiates—a wholesome food-tonic, truthfully advertised.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.—Advt. 15-29.

At the First Sign of a Cough, Cold or Hoarseness, Take **HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR.** *All Druggists.*

Pike's Toothache Drops for Toothache

For Clogged-Up Sinks, &c., Use THE THOMPSON DRAIN-PIPE CLEANER. Quickly dissolves Grease, Vegetable Matter, &c., in drain pipes of all kinds. At grocers, hardware, delicatessen, drug and department stores. 25 cents the can. Avoid Substitutes. THOMPSON CHEMICAL CO., 23 Duane st., N. Y.

eat Kraut! especially good now

Constipation For Constipation, Dizziness, Biliousness and Stomach Trouble, Indigestion. Get a Box To-Night. 10c and 25c Box. **R&G PILLS**

BELL-ANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

Crandall's Baby Carriages Made for 74 Years. High Quality—Low Prices. In Stock or to Order. 593 Third Avenue (Near 38th St.) Phone 2530 Murray Hill

All lost or found articles advertised in The World will be listed at The World's Information Bureau, Pulitzer Building Arcade, Park Row; World's Uptown Office, northwest corner 38th St. and Broadway; World's Harlem Office, 155 West 125th St., and World's Brooklyn Office, 292 Washington St., Brooklyn, for 30 days following the printing of the advertisement.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

TO THOSE GIVING DINNERS OR PARTIES ON THIS OCCASION

We offer a large variety of quaint and new ideas in Favors and Table Decorations.

Cherry Trees	Comic Figures	Jack Horner Pies
Cherry Logs	Novel Hats	Paper Napkins
Hatchets	Silk Flags	Snapping Mottoes
Cherry Sprays	Pin Flags	Tally Cards
Shield Boxes	Badges	Joke Articles

Fancy Paper Cases for Ices and Salted Nuts "at prices to suit all purses."

B. SHACKMAN & CO., 906-908 Broadway, N. Y. Bet. 20th and 21st Sts.

"The Unique Favor and Novelty House"