

TINIEST BABE OF THEM ALL.

Stork Brought Mr. and Mrs. John Murray a 23-Ounce Boy, and They Call Him "Uncle John."

The stork that visited the home of John Murray, on the ground floor of 67 West Fifth street, Tuesday, arrived promptly at noon.

He was greeted with great joy, and he brought with him an ordinary baby with puffy face and semi-circular legs covered with rolls of fat. Any old stork could leave that kind of a baby.

The Murray stork brought a mite of flesh and bone which the midwife said weighed just one pound and seven ounces.

It was a boy, and after washing out his eyes, and wrapping him in cotton she brought him into the dining-room where young Charles Murray, aged two years and seven months, was at play.

"Here's your new brother, Charlie," said Midwife Art.

The boy looked the little one over with a critical eye and called it Uncle John. And "Uncle John" it is.

Charles was a twelve-pound baby, but he considers "Uncle John" a prize and makes no mean comparisons or imitations. "Uncle John" is a perfectly formed youngster, except for his fingers, which have not yet grown nails, but the

doctor says not to worry about these, they will come in good time. He is eleven inches long and his head is the size of a turkey's egg. His eyes are bright as beads and blue in color. He has hair, and each feature of his tiny face is perfectly formed. The little nose and wee mouth, the dimpled chin and round cheeks are those of a doll, but from out that mouth come sounds that no doll, however accomplished, ever emitted.

"Uncle John" has a yell that is perfectly developed and he knows his cues. When he feels hungry he announces his condition without hesitation.

Mr. Murray is twenty-eight years old and a good specimen of the young Irish-American. He is strongly put together, and is gifted with more than ordinary intelligence. His wife is a delicate young woman of Irish refinement, and very much beloved. The couple have been married six years, and the oldest child, Joseph, will be five on his next birthday. He is a fine, healthy boy, as is also Charles, who made the new baby.

An Evening World reporter saw the new arrival today. It was wrapped in swaths of warm cotton, and was the centre of much curiosity and admiration.

LOVE ROMANCE OF JOHN RUSKIN, CRITIC.

(Continued from First Page.)

Two years earlier Oxford had made him Blade Professor of the Fine Arts.

Little of his private life has been known to the public, but it has been generally accepted that it was full of sorrow, after he was divorced from his wife because of her love for his friend, Sir John Milnes. That voluntary sacrifice has made him known even where his works have not been read.

It must be remembered, however, that young Mrs. Ruskin was not his first love. The woman whom he adored with all the passion of his youth became the wife of another. His friends say that that was the sorest blow his heart received.

His loves were ill-fated. Years after his divorce he was engaged to an estimable woman, but the engagement was broken because of his unorthodox beliefs. She was firm in the position she took and it is told that grief over the matter killed her.

Ruskin hastened to her when she was dying. He was not admitted. To him she sent a message asking:

"Can you say you love God better than you do me?"

"No," he replied.

The door was closed against him. His days as a professor at Oxford were full of interest, and he was a great favorite of every student. Mr. W. G. Collingwood, Ruskin's biographer, thus describes him at that time:

"A tall and slim figure, not yet short, and from 5 feet 10 to 11 by the last blue-ribbon which fell years later brought him down to less than middle height; a stiff blue frock coat, prominent half-starched wristbands and tall collar of the Gladstonian type, and the bright blue stock which every one knows for his heraldic bearing; no rings or ornaments, but a long, thin gold chain to his watch—a plain old English gentleman, neither fashionable nor artistic-minded."

Ruskin's fame rests entirely upon his prose writings and criticisms. His last days were passed in retirement at Brighthelm, a beautiful cottage near Compton, West. The large fortune left him by his father did not last long, given away in piecemeal, as Ruskin expresses it, "in attempts to do good." The sale of his books, however, brought him in \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year.

CHILDREN TAUGHT TO BECOME THIEVES

Men and Women Plv Nefarious Traffic of Fagins in Brooklyn.

MRS. FREDERICA BARSHAW.



The audit of old Fagin, makes a teacher of thieves, according to the report of Dickens, lives again in the Borough of Brooklyn, according to the statement of Robert J. Wilkin, superintendent of the Children's Society there. Mr. Wilkin is convinced that there are both men and women in his territory who are teaching little children to steal, and he is determined to prosecute them to the fullest extent of the law.

Mrs. Frederica Barshaw is the first to be accused by Supt. Wilkin. She keeps a junk shop at 191 Conover street. She will be arraigned next Thursday in the Butler street court, charged with receiving five pounds of lead from the yard of Frank Clark & Son, copper-smiths, of 101 Duane street.

Her boys, Charles Johnson, George Harbinger, and Robert and William Johnson, have confessed, and their testimony will be used against the woman. Mr. Wilkin is not telling all the evidence which he has up his sleeve, for he expects the attending doctors expect that he will recover in a few weeks.

Inquiries at the Chase National Bank show that a cablegram received there today from London said that President Cannon was suffering from an attack of acute indigestion, superinduced by the rough voyage across the Atlantic.

His condition, however, was reported to be not at all alarming and he expected to be out in a day or so.

Mr. Cannon sailed for Europe ten days ago on his usual vacation.

DUKE OFF TO FIGHT.

Marlborough Packs His Traps in Bachelor Flat.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—The Duke of Marlborough was up bright and early today, breakfasting in his bachelor flat in the West End.

All preparations for his departure for South Africa had been made, and there was little for his valet to do but bundle the baggage into a cab for the railway station.

The Duke's Captain was not at all excited over the fact that there were only a few hours more before he would start for the front, and there was not the slightest trace of bravado in his voice when he said enthusiastically that he "was awfully anxious to get to the front."

He does not take out with him a number of maids, as has been asserted. The only unusual part of his equipment is a "pagan" or "pagan" in which Lord Randolph Churchill travelled all over South Africa and which the Duke of Marlborough has placed at the service of Lord Valence, his immediate commander, by whom the country is greatly appreciated as a well-seasoned "fighter" is one of the best means of transport.

As about 11 o'clock the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough drove to the Waterloo railway station and made their way through a crowd of knickerbockers and Red Cross nurses, and a labyrinth of baggage trunks to the reserved saloon carriage, where Captain

Whether a human being can be held like a chattel for the payment of debt is a question that has been submitted to Judge Winrow, of the St. Louis Circuit Court, for decision.

The case is that of Mrs. Fannie Puntner against her sister-in-law, Mrs. Warren Miller, of 325 Spring avenue. The

plaintiff alleges that her daughter Leota is kept in the custody of the Miller family because she has not paid a board bill which she acknowledges she owes them.

The object of the replevin action, 127 such it may legally be termed, is a precious and pretty child of five years.

Leota says she will go to court and tell the judge she wants to stay where she is.

Arthur M. Hull, manager of the St. Paul Globe, thinks advertisements are written to inform other people about food and its value, but are not intended for newspaper men themselves, and yet of all men, newspapermen men require good nourishing food to rebuild the brain and nerve centers. (They will agree that this is not a joke.)

Mr. Hull says: "I wish to give you an unsolicited testimonial for Grape-Nuts. I have used your Postum Cereal for about two years. I have seen your advertising for Grape-Nuts in the Globe as well as other papers, and have appreciated it from an advertising standpoint, but some way I never bought any until about a week ago. Since then I have practically lived on it. I think it is, without exception, the finest preparation of any food product that I have seen my good fortune to taste, and my enthusiasm prompts me to write this note. Wishing you all kinds of success."

SOUTHAMPTON, Jan. 20.—The King's Castle, with the Duke of Marlborough, Royal Kipling, Baroness Harcourt, and Admiral Frederick A. Miles and many army officers on board, bound for South Africa, sailed today.

After the Marlboroughs arrived a contingent of the National Fire Brigade, of which the Duke of Marlborough is President, arrived to bid him farewell, and the railroad car in which the Duke and Duchess and their friends became the centre of attraction of the entire train.

At this moment Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, attired in black silk, with a heavy velvet cloak, trimmed with chinchilla, arrived

for the purpose of accompanying her daughter to Southampton.

The fire brigade men started cheering as the train pulled out, which were taken up along the whole platform, the Duke of Marlborough standing at the door of the car smilingly acknowledging the cheering.

The Duke's wife was wearing a black dress and a bolero jacket, with a heavy fur boa thrown carelessly across her shoulders, the only glimpse of color being pale blue saken trimmings. The Duke wore a dress, dark-gray overcoat, dark trousers, a black derby hat, tan shoes, a blue shirt and a black tie.

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CHILD OF FIVE HELD FOR DEBT.



LITTLE LEOTA PUNTNER.

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A. Jaeckel & Co., FURRIERS, AT THEIR JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

Will offer the balance of their stock at most.

Attractive Prices.

Sealskin, Persian Lamb and Broadtail Coats, Caps, Wraps, Paletots, Long-Cloth Garments, FURS of all descriptions, Russian and Hudson Bay

SABLES.

Scarfs, Muffs, Neckpieces, Boas, Peltrines, Collarettes in all the

LEADING FURS At Prices to Effect Immediate Sales.

37 Union Square, Between 14th and 17th Sts.

COMMENCING MONDAY, JANUARY 22d. A SAMPLE cup of COFFEE will be served FREE from one to six every day in my store. It is the best coffee offered. TWENTY-FIVE Cents a pound in this city. Call and try it. Send for copy of my monthly Price List.

L. J. GALLANAN, 41 & 43 Vesey Street.

Lost, Found and Rewards.

SHEPHERD COLLIE, light brown, white face and breast, 16 W. 4th st. Liberal reward.

A FALL RIVER FIRE.

Big Borden Block Burning, and Many Stores Suffer Heavy Losses.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Jan. 20.—Fire started this afternoon about 1.30 in the big Borden block and a second alarm was necessary.

The fire started in the boiler-room and up to 2.15 P. M. the firemen had not been able to subdue the blaze.

It is believed the loss will be heavy from smoke, as the big stores of John M. Deane, Ashley & Pierce, Globe Clothing Company, J. H. Boone and others are in the building.

The Borden was built at a cost of over \$500,000 and contains the Academy of Music, which has a seating capacity of 1,500.

SENT ASHORE IN BOATS.

Passengers on the Sound Steamers Could Be Brought No Further Than Whitestone.

Sound steamers which were due here this morning are fog-bound in the Sound, unable to proceed further than Whitestone.

The passengers, however, were transferred in boats to College Point and made the remainder of their journey by the Long Island Railroad and the trolley cars.

Gen. Molleux at the Tomb.

Gen. Molleux paid a visit to Roland Molleux in the Tomb this afternoon. He brought letters with him which included a message from Blanche Chesbrough, Molleux's wife. He also gave his son some cigars to last him over Sunday. When the General left he said that Molleux was in his usual good health and spirits.

MINERS AGAINST SILVER.

Tabled a Free-Coinage Resolution, Shooting, "We Want No 16 to 17."

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 20.—At to-day's session of the United Mine Workers of

America a resolution favoring the free coinage of silver was tabled amid cries of:

"We want no 16 to 17."

"We are not a monetary convention!"

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR IT. Advertisements for THE WORLD will be received at any American District Manager Office or Postal Telegraph Office in New York City at Office rates. Call a messenger if you have a lot.

BANKER CANNON ILL.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—Henry White Cannon, the President of the Chase National Bank, of New York, is ill in this city.

He is suffering from a general collapse, the result of a bad voyage on his recent trip across the Atlantic and from other causes.

His condition is not dangerous, and he is expected to be out in a day or so.

Mr. Cannon sailed for Europe ten days ago on his usual vacation.

Inquiries at the Chase National Bank show that a cablegram received there today from London said that President Cannon was suffering from an attack of acute indigestion, superinduced by the rough voyage across the Atlantic.

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Only Authentic Full-Page Portrait of Her (in Colors)

—From a Painting.

THE WOMAN of MYSTERY IN THE GREAT

The Strange Life-Story of Blanche Chesebrough Molineux

TOLD IN DETAIL.

POISON CASE.

To-Morrow's Sunday World.