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THE REASON WHY.

Why do you read THE EVENING WORLD?

That was the question asked of a lot of people yesterday who were found with a copy of THE EVENING WORLD in their hands.

The answers to the query are very interesting and significant.

ARE THE BOTTLING COMPANIES DEFIANT?

Assistant Corporation Counsel DEAN has sent an opinion to the Mayor which puts the bottling car companies in a very awkward position.

THEY CHOOSE THEIR OWN MATES.

The ridicule which young Cupid was supposed of old to heap on locksmen has been emphasized by the audacity with which Love laughs at the ermine of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Step the Stealing of Children.

The Assembly did well yesterday in ordering to third reading Mr. Hamilton's bill providing for review by a Supreme Judge of the evidence in cases where a child has been committed to a charitable institution.

Why Not Inquire Into This?

I have been watching with great interest the reports of the new Washington Market investigation that have appeared in THE EVENING WORLD.

The Most Economical Medicine in the Market.

It is only one 70 cent large bottle. It is only one 70 cent large bottle. It is only one 70 cent large bottle.

WHY THEY READ IT.

Some Reasons for "The Evening World's" Extraordinary Popularity.

It is Above All Others the Paper of the People.

Newsy, Bright and Honest the Universal Verdict.

Interviews With People in All the Walks of Life.

Why Do You Read "The Evening World"?

There are so many EVENING WORLDS read nowadays that it has become of interest to know why the thousands of people who take it daily prefer it to other papers.

Assistant Corporation Attorney Herman Stiefel

—Because it stands alone as a fearless advocate of beneficial reforms and is always foremost in the fight against the oppressors of the people.

John Dougherty, of the Steam-Fitters' Union

—I endorse THE EVENING WORLD for its fairness to organized labor and its championship of the poor toilers of this big town.

Richard Marland, of E. G. Blackford's

—Fulton Market—I read THE EVENING WORLD because it is bright, newsy and the friend of the people.

De Wolf Hopper

—Can you ask me if I read THE EVENING WORLD after the charming letter I received in it. Every night I live in hopes of finding another.

C. H. Gridley, salesman at Ira Perigo & Co's

—I like THE EVENING WORLD because I think it is the best evening newspaper published.

John Blakeley, cigar dealer, Broadway

—I buy and read it because it gives me the most city news in which I am interested in the evening.

G. W. Meeks, of the General Post-Office

—I read THE EVENING WORLD because I believe it contains the most news and is complete.

Arthur Lumley, editor of the New York Illustrated News

—I read it for the excellence of its reporting news and other matter. It is wide-awake, bright and full of features, and doesn't get left on important news.

Benny Simons, clothing salesman, London and Liverpool Company

—I read it because it is the best evening newspaper.

John T. Norton, clothing salesman

—It is my favorite, and I read it because it suits me.

Michael Foley, clothing salesman

—THE EVENING WORLD is a newspaper, and that speaks volumes for it.

because it's the workingman's friend.

It is a good newspaper and a good companion. William Hirsch, of Thru's—What do I think of it? It's a beauty.

Charles S. Smith, poultry—It is a very bright and newsy sheet.

Andrew McAveny, barrel dealer—It is complete in every way, and the news is presented in the most readable shape.

Frank Wollensak, butcher, &c.—It is a gem. I buy it every afternoon except Saturday, and the reason I don't get it is because I'm kept so busy.

Robert Walker, vegetables—THE EVENING WORLD is the people's best friend.

Miss Horne—THE EVENING WORLD is my favorite afternoon paper.

Henry Wollensak, butcher—I always read THE EVENING WORLD because it gives the news in such a short space.

Al Baker, crackers—It's the greatest afternoon paper printed, and there are more sold in the Fulton Market than any other.

Mr. Lohman, 518 East Fifth Street—As a general newspaper, it is unexcelled.

Mr. Doty—I buy it because it contains all the news.

Mr. Norris—THE EVENING WORLD is my favorite afternoon newspaper.

Mr. Cooke—it is the people's friend.

Mr. Gallagher—I never miss buying it.

Mr. Katz—I read THE EVENING WORLD first, because it gives all the news, and secondly, because it prints those attractive stories.

H. James Anderson, decorator, of 43 East Nineteenth Street—Because I want an evening newspaper, and I consider THE EVENING WORLD the only one published in the city.

F. J. Cody, liquor dealer at Third Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street—My customers insist on my keeping it on file, especially the Sporting Edition.

Judge Welde—I read THE EVENING WORLD because it is all the best news.

Civil Justice Joseph P. Fallon—I read it probably because it contains better news than any other paper.

Ex-Assemblyman Nicholas R. O'Connor—I read it because it is entertaining and newsy.

Connors John M. Connors—I read it because it is the best, the brightest and most enterprising newspaper in this town.

Charles Lambert—I read it because I am sure to read what's worth reading.

Ex-Assemblyman Daniel M. Van Cott—I like its news, and that's why I read it.

Roundsman Jimmy Miller of Harlem Court—Why do I read it? Look here.

Miss Rose Sutton—I like it for its features and general news.

Miss Tillie Hahn—I like it for its features and as a general newspaper.

Miss Annie Lilly—Because it is a very interesting newspaper. I was particularly interested in the special topic, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

Miss Angeline Gude—Because it is a good newspaper. It features those me interesting than any other newspaper.

Miss Josie Gillin—Because I like its jokes.

Miss Frankie Casanova—Because it is interesting.

Miss Russell—I have no particular reason for reading it.

Miss Ginty—I read it for the news.

Jennie Markott—I read it for its general news.

Miss M. Furlong, cashier of hat department—I find it very interesting.

Miss Dornia M. McGarry—Because it is a very interesting paper, and also very reliable.

Miss S. Bennett—I find it very interesting.

Miss Kate Frohman—I read it to get the news.

Miss Gregory—I read it to get the news. I am not a reader of fiction.

Miss Ash—I like it for the news.

Miss Gould—I like it for its theatrical matter and general news.

Herbert Keley—Because I like to read the latest news about myself.

Phil Dwyer—Certainly I read THE EVENING WORLD. I want to read its sporting news.

John McDonnell—Any paper that gets the news as well as THE EVENING WORLD and presents it in the easy, crisp style peculiar to the paper deserves to be read by everybody.

George H. Engeman—Of course I read THE EVENING WORLD. I get it for its sporting news.

Mike Boyle—I read THE EVENING WORLD every night. I am more interested in the sporting than in anything else.

Secretary Hughes, of the Manhattan Club—I read THE EVENING WORLD, most assuredly.

Mr. Callahan, of Callahan & Morriss, 45 West Fourteenth Street—I read THE EVENING WORLD and advertise in it because it is a good newspaper.

J. J. Cleary, 312 Hudson Street—I buy it because I believe it to be a good, sporty journal.

T. J. Keane, 354 West Forty-eighth Street—I like it because it is so bright and wide-awake.

Morris D. Cronin, 409 East Twenty-third Street—I read it because it is so entertaining.

J. J. Kelly, 33 Vandam Street—I read it because it tells all that is worth reading.

OPINIONS OF SOME SHOP GIRLS.

B. J. Ludwig, of Ludwig's, 38 West Fourteenth Street—I read both the morning and EVENING WORLD, and take great interest in doing so.

Miss Kate Foley—I always read THE EVENING WORLD's criticisms and enjoy them.

Miss Smith—THE EVENING WORLD is just as fair towards all.

Miss Goodman—it is the people's friend.

Miss Hartenbort—I like the short stories in it.

Miss Whitt—I like it for its bright afternoon paper, and I like it on that account.

Miss Ahearn—it's the best paper published.

Thomas McCarthy—THE EVENING WORLD is a I. Ludwig—Why, of course, I read THE EVENING WORLD. I wouldn't miss it for anything.

Morris Ludwig—I read THE EVENING WORLD.

Purify Your Blood

When Spring approaches, it is very important that the blood should be purified, as at this season impurities which have been accumulating for months or even years are liable to manifest themselves and seriously affect the health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 81 cents per bottle. Prepared only by C. H. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

KING SOLOMON AND THE MAIDEN.

King Solomon sat on his golden throne, As handsome as he could be, And the diamonds set in his wonderful crown Were matchless in brilliancy.

And a few of his wives, say a hundred or more, While overhead glittered a great letter G, The meaning of which is abstruse, I'll agree.

King Solomon reckoned if in anything For shrewdness he did excel, 'Twas surely in reading a fair woman's heart And its deepest secret to tell.

King Solomon waited for the maiden to speak, And at last with faltering tone, With downcast eyes and a crimsoning cheek, Where pearly tear-drops shone.

And then on his head King Solomon laid A flashing and jeweled Damascus blade, Saying "Arise for a noble act done, And thee with a province most rich I endow."

And then she looked back with maidenly grace And gazed at her humbler lover's face, As proudly he stood from all others apart, With his arms folded over a desolate heart.

And as she looked on him a fair deeper love Awakened by pity it flooded her soul, And won in triumph the hour, For one moment only in doubt stood the maid.

And then she flew swift, like a bird to its nest, And laid her bright head on her ad lover's breast.

And then on the King, who stared in amazement, She turned her dark eyes all shining through tears.

Such a case he had never met with before, And his face began to grow red, That his great reputation might suffer no ill; But he'd learned what he ought to have known At the start.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

In view of the fact that Jay Gould is up to date the fliest man on Manhattan Island—in many respects, it seems a little singular that visitors from Wayback are styled, in current metropolitan slang, "Jays."

Mr. Cleveland has not become a Tammany brute. He is in Florida, however, which at this season is a favorite place to catch wigwags.

If the Chief-Justice's daughters go on changing their names his family circle will get larger and larger, but not Fuller and Fuller.

A ragged tramp entered the domicile of Mrs. John W. Hayes, of Banzer, Pa., the other day, boldly proclaimed himself to be her long-lost brother, threw himself on her arms, and asked if he could end his poverty-stricken life with her.

Then all was lovely. But ladies at a distance from police stations and unprotected by bulldozers should find in this remarkable and isolated case no encouragement to give tramps a friendly reception.

Chief Inspector Byrnes is working hard to unravel the mysterious explosion at Stephenson's brewery. He has traced the affair to its origin and only awaits positive proof of guilt to order wholesale arrests.

Inspector Steers is kept busy arranging details for parades and public gatherings, most of which are in his district. His aide-de-camp, Sergt. Harley, has his hands full assisting his much-beloved chief.

Inspector Conlin is congratulated upon the good order and freedom from burglaries in his district. It has a population of 850,000 souls, and he has only 450 available patrolmen, one-half on patrol at night, and one-quarter of them on the day time.

Inspector Williams swoops down upon his Captains and Sergeants when they least expect it, and we bet the unlucky patrolman who is loafing on post, or who sneaks into a liquor saloon if the Inspector's argus eye falls upon him.

Chief Clerk Harriet is having a lively wrangling bout with neurologist, his ancient antagonist, and after a violent contest, Harriet has gained the best three in five falls.

SAVED! SAVED!

Released from the sinking ship by the Life Line! How valuable is the Life Line as a never-shipped-injury remedy! It is the world's most famous, and many a life might be saved by the Life Line of cure by the sufferer from disease using the remedy which will save life and health as surely as the Life Line rescues those who are in peril.

When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie, And the wild flowers blossom o'er the plain, We will all of us have consolation, And ache with a balmy vernal pain.

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THOSE TROUBLESOME PIGS.

Still the accounts of marvellous pig-driving records continue to pour in, but several challenges by unbelievers in the recorded times of three to eight seconds remain unaccepted.

William H. Hall, of 71 East One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, whose letter we regret, is too long for publication, offers to wager \$25 to \$1 that the troublesome little porkers cannot be penned in less than fourteen seconds, and he indulges in a careful analysis to prove his reasoning.

R. L. J., of Jersey City, claims a record of less than three seconds, but does not state what method he employs.

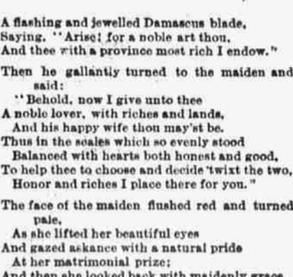
In the following letters Cal Rogers claims a four-second record; F. and L. make an appeal for fair play; a member of the fair sex wants to compete for a gold or silver medal with one of her own sex.

A Challenge to Ladies. To the Editor of The Evening World: Seeing in your paper about the young ladies' records in pig penning I would like to send mine in, as I have driven the pigs in the pen in nine seconds, and would like to challenge some of your readers, especially Miss Ada B. Austin of 237 East Eighty-third Street, to compete for a gold or silver medal with one of her own sex.

An Appeal for Fair Play. To the Editor of The Evening World: The short time records are not made by pig drivers, but by men who theoretically compel pigs to do what is foreign to pig nature—viz., jump fences penning. Drive the pigs through the lanes, gentlemen! Start in the outer circle furthest from the opening, and beat a record of eight seconds if you can. If jumping is allowed, put us down for three seconds.

A Four-Second Champion. To the Editor of The Evening World: I have seen lots of challenges, and some of them even claiming to have put them in one and one-half seconds, others claiming to have put them in two and one-half seconds. This is both; there isn't one man living who could put them in in that short space of time; but I claim that I can pen them in four seconds, and with the record I claim. I will challenge any one for this claim up to the 1st of April. I will refer and appoint the time-keepers and judges. I have won several small bets from my friends, and I will win a big one if you challenge me. I will come to the front and stop their blushing about getting them in one and a-half seconds and just put up the \$25. I will show them that I am the champion. CAL ROGERS, Champion pig-in-clover puzzle-solver in New York.

Here at the Ferry Landing. Charles C. Sheppard, a well-known citizen of Passaic, who lives at 53 Bloomfield Avenue there, had a serious fall while getting off the ferry-boat at Chambers Street this morning. He is taken to the hospital with an injured back.



THE OLD FOLKS WON'T GO TO BED AND THE LITTLE ONES WON'T GO TO SCHOOL. Until After They Have Read This Wonderful Tale. JULES VERNE AND RIDER HAGGARD ECLIPSED! ROBINSON CRUSOE OUTDONE. FORTY MILLION MILES AWAY; Or, A Voyage to Mars. MARVELLOUS ACCOUNT OF THE PEOPLE AND CIVILIZATION OF ANOTHER PLANET.