The World

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It is London lighter-complexioned by more than anyway.

New York yesterday was filled with people who had seen better days.

McKane might just as well go to jail at once and have it over with.

"Confusion reigns in Rio harbor."
Thought his name was Vasco da Gama.

Even after the fog lifted there were no police patrol wagons visible in New York.

The trial of Capt. O'Connor by the Police Commissioners will be an interesting episode.

Smoking in the streets of New York is a nuisance when indulged in by a soft coal chimney.

It was a wise precaution on the part of the steamship Gellert not to break her shaft till she got so near to port.

New York firemen conquered a pretty big blaze yesterday after a pretty stiff fight. They are great fellows in a battle royal.

The railway is elevated, but the passengers are frequently depressed. That is speaking of New York's present style of rapid transit.

Judging from the tone of that Cooper Union meeting, New York thinks that Brooklyn and Buffalo pointed out a pretty good way.

When it gets to the point where a man fires a couple of shots into his head on a wager it is almost a misfortune that the fool-killer's pistol isn't bigger.

Anarchist Vaillant's advice to the French Government is worth considering. "Better guillotine me," says he. And he knows whereof he speaks.

No New York fog is complete without a crash on the "L," a jam on the bridge and a big, big D along the whole throng of waiting Brooklynites and Harlemites.

The Tenderloin is still on the gridiron. Last night it was turned over, and the gambling dens came in for their share of the broiling. This is meat for the Parkhurst people.

Harlem "express" trains made the run up Ninth avenue to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street in about 70 minutes last night. This is rapid transit up-to-date, in New York City.

As a result of certain recent events, the Maynards will have a much higher respect for the State Bar, and the McKanes will gather a new idea of the attention due to court orders.

Will the Health Board kindly stop fooling with the New York Steam-Heating Company about that black smoke nuisance? What's the use of a hearing when the smoke can be both seen and felt?

The Elevated railway's record of no passengers killed in a wreck still stands. How much longer a kind Providence will direct the outcome of those crashes in mid-air, however, can only be a matter of conjecture.

On with the bridges over the North River and over the East River. As long as they are properly constructed, under right conditions, the more of them the merrier for the people, and the better for the "Greater New York."

After the Broadway Cable Company has attended to the little matter of safety fenders for its cars, perhaps it will look after those conductors who, instead of stopping the cars, leave passengers to get off on the fly, at the risk of life and limb.

It is said that the New York Steam Heating Company will put in the plea that it is jealous hard-coal men who are pushing the complaint against that black smoke nuisance. Nonsense! Likewise, rats! The complaint comes from people who have an excusable prejudice in favor of pure air and clear air in New York City, and who do not care to see the metropolis in a permanent overcoat of soot.

From the reports sent out concerning yesterday's horror at Louisville, carelessness seems to have had a great deal to do with the falling of the bridge. If it is true that somebody's slipshod work opened the way to a disaster which the wind afterwards completed, then the blood of a score or more of men is on the head of somebody who should be convicted and punished. It is glaringly and basely criminal for a contractor, or other responsible party, engaged in a structure where the lives of workmen and others may be endangered, not to build as well as he knows how.

While Count Herbert Bismarck was speaking in the German Reichstag yesterday he was interrupted by Herr Richter, who expressed the idea that the speaker was "a weakling of the Bismarck dynasty." Herr Paascher felt that he somewhat refined this expression by remarking that Count Herbert was a Don Quixote. "I accept this title," readily rejoined the son of the ex-Chancellor, "since I am fighting against windmills." The parliamentary repartee of the German Reichstag would almost stand comparison with that which has at times obtained in the House of Representatives at Washington, or the Board of Aldermen at Chicago.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Another good full week to Christmas, with two Sundays intervening before the world's glorious holiday arrives, leaves ample time for our more fortunate citizens to remember the wants of the poor and to do their part towards making others less favored by fortune rejoice during the happy season.

At what time, on what occasion can we better indulge in the charity enjoined upon us all and in the sympathy that prompts us to act with generosity towards the poor? On Christmas Day all hearts should be made glad, and "The Evening World" will, as usual, do its share this year towards bringing joy to the poor children through its well-filled trees and its welcome gifts. There is time to make this year's Santa Claus festival a great success, and it is to be hoped that subscriptions to the Christmas-Tree Fund will flow in liberally next week, both in money and in useful contributions.

A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Last year, during the legislative session, there was much talk about loose methods in the management of State hospitals for the insane, and especially of that at Middletown. Last week Gov. Flower, assisted by Comptroller Campbell and Dr. MacDonald, of the State Lunacy Commission, held a sort of love-feast with the President, Superintendent and some of the trustees of the Middletown institution, and the management and expenditures of the hospital were discussed.

Gov. Flower was rather severe on the "gifts" that had from time to time been made by the managers to the attendants and others, and he questioned the right of the Trustees to give away the State's moneys. The Governor also produced a "little bill" of the hospital, approved by the Superintendent, for September which he thought Comptroller Campbell might hesitate about auditing. This amount in gross is between $800 and $900, and among the items are five gallons of French brandy, three cases of Finch's extra dry, and cases of Cliquot, Montillado, sherry, Pontet Canet, Marchino, creme de menthe, Chateau Margaux, Haut Sauterne, anchovies, sardines, almonds, apricots and five cases of choice Tokay. Comptroller Campbell, when the Governor had read the list, quietly added to it a few items like partridges, quail, gold badges and table covers, leaving the account a very Christmas-tree appearance.

It is very evident that supervision over our State lunacy establishment does not come any too soon.

TO STOP ANARCHY.

One of the striking features of the Anarchist lunacy is the defiant tone which many of the Anarchists adopt within sight of the scaffold. Here is Vaillant, the French Anarchist, who threw the explosive in the Chamber of Deputies, advising the authorities to send him to the guillotine. "If I am spared," says the prisoner, "I will begin again in ten days."

Does not such insane defiance on the part of the madmen who are incited to murder and destruction by the teachings of the Anarchist leaders prove the expediency and, indeed, the necessity of stopping Anarchist meetings and putting down incendiary teachings and preachings with a strong and remorseless hand?

No sentimentality about free speech ought to permit Anarchist orators to excite such lunatics as Vaillant to crime.

A DAY OF DISCOMFORT.

We really have no right to complain. After the pleasant weather we have enjoyed for the past three months or so, it seems unreasonable to grumble at a slight flurry of snow and a fair accumulation of slush. But yesterday was a thoroughly uncomfortable day, wretched for foot passengers, bad for the railroads and inconvenient for carriage travel. The walking was execrable, and everybody who ventured abroad did so at the risk of landing on his back in the slush.

One good thing was observable. A number of street-cleaners were kept at work on the principal thoroughfares during the storm, clearing the walks as well as it could be done. Their labors were not very effective, it is true, but their industry was a pleasing change from the old practice of letting the storm do its worst without opposition, and then sitting down and mourning over the impossibility of cleaning the streets. Now, it looks as if the people get something for their money. Formerly it appeared as if anybody but the people got whatever was to be got out of the money.

But the fewer days we have like yesterday the better the people will be pleased.

JACKPOTS AND PULCHRITUDE.

"Don't marry a good-looking woman if you know what you are doing," said a Staten Island saloon-keeper, whose wife had just deserted him. He said this in a philosophical moment over a jackpot, when a man's mind is at its clearest and his foresight ought to be keen enough to penetrate a two-inch joist. The circumstance may not give the remark permanent standing as a domestic maxim, but it ought to lend it weight. Whether it will or not is another matter.

Some people will be unkind enough to say that the pulchritude of his wife had less to do with the lady's elopement than his knowledge of poker, and that he probably gave too little time to his better-half and too much to his jackpots. But such ratiocination doesn't weaken the force of his impromptu aphorism. The lady should have known what she was doing when she put her neck in the noose, if the man didn't. She married him for better or for worse, poker deck, jackpot and all, and she should have stuck to him, and probably would have done so if her beauty hadn't made it possible for her to "catch on" in another quarter.

Jackpots do a great deal of harm in this world, but woman's loveliness does much more. Still the Staten Islander's experience epitomized in the few words here quoted will not upset the existing order of things in Cupid's court. Some men may be a little wary about selecting handsome brides after this, but do you suppose that it is likely that women with misfit features will be in any greater demand in the matrimonial market because one good-looking charmer has "done up" her husband? We don't think.

TO MAKE ALL HAPPY.

That Is the Mission of the Christmas Tree.

A Charitable Lot of Little Daisies in Brooklyn.

The Fund Is Now in the Neighborhood of $1,100.

Letters containing money for the Christmas-Tree Fund should be addressed "Cashier of The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing books or other articles, should be addressed to the "Manager 'Evening World's' Christmas-Tree, 106 East 23d street."

The American, National, United States and Westcott Express Companies will convey all packages of twenty-five pounds weight and under, addressed as above, free of charge.

The New York Transfer Company (Dodd's Express) will call for and deliver packages free of charge on notification.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"The Evening World".....	$106.00
Previously acknowledged.....	922.14
Fair, Daisy Club, Brooklyn.....	9.00
Hasting's Friend.....	7.25
Primary Class, Presbyterian Sunday-School, Monroe, N. Y.....	5.00
L., Long Island City.....	2.00
Charity.....	2.00
E. L. B.....	2.00
Mrs. A. J. Arbesly, Brooklyn.....	1.50
Frederick W. Chivvis.....	1.00
Lloyd Smith, Nyack, N. Y.....	1.00
Arthur.....	1.00
Marion Easton, Brooklyn.....	1.00
E. H. S.....	1.00
Evalina Dougherty.....	1.00
Toby (or not Toby).....	1.00
Four Little Sympathizers.....	1.00
Edith.....	1.00
Annie Watts, Greenpoint, L. I.....	1.00
Hattie Burhaus.....	.65
Maurice Fallon, Morris Plains, N. J.....	.50
J. C. H.....	.50
Annie and Nellie, Brooklyn.....	.50
Elsie and Lillie Hahn, Glenwood, L. I.....	.50
C. P. Colwell, jr., Verbank, N. J.....	.50
The Big Four.....	.40
Annie, Abbie, Harry and Olivette De Grasse, Jamaica.....	.35
Solomon and Alex Canter, 317 Baltic street, Brooklyn.....	.36
Dedie Pritchard, Long Island City.....	.30
Maxie Reece, Brooklyn.....	.30
Harry Plumley Hewes.....	.25
Little Georgie, Brooklyn.....	.25
Dora C. Schmid, Hoboken, N. J.....	.25
A Republican.....	.25
J. S. S., A Sympathizer.....	.25
Edwin and Harold Steinbrach, Jersey City	.25
Ida, Brooklyn.....	.25
Florence, 98 Hooper street, Brooklyn.....	.25
Willie.....	.25
Willie Goodwin, Fordham, N. Y.....	.25
Jack Cotty.....	.25
Hazelton.....	.20
Ben and Mary, Brooklyn.....	.20
Fowler.....	.20
Spring Valley, N. Y.....	.18
Jerry.....	.10
M. Bo.....	.10
Kittie and B. Mountainville, N. Y.....	.10
Annie St..... and Carrie Wetzel.....	.10
Flora Rite.....	.10
Paul Wagner.....	.10
Tina F. Lona.....	.10
..... ville, Mass.....	.10

Please read this little letter, and take action from the dictates of the heart:

To the Editor:

I am a poor little ..... I am eleven years old, and I have four little sisters—Kattie, and Sarah, and Agnes, and Annie. My sisters all have the hooping cough, and my sisters have them too. The chitis, and my papa ..... them have the bronchial cough. He goes ..... to hospital for his bad cough. He goes ..... to hospital for his medicine, and I wish the ..... to Bellevue for his to our house, but he cannot ..... Santa Claus would come person like you will send ..... unless some kind so little work that she can ..... my mamma has My papa cannot work, and ..... keep the house, shoes, and not much clothes, ... sisters have no son will send Santa Claus ..... some kind person will say, "God bless The Evening World." I and sisters and I more at present from a little friend.

MARY E. D., ... Wishing everybody a Merry Christmas we is ..... friend. ..... avenue.

These five little sufferers have been provided with warm and suitable clothing, but their Merry Christmas will depend largely upon the size of their hearts. If you want to make it memorable, send a subscription to the cashier of "The Evening World." Unfortunately, there are hundreds of children as miserably situated as these, and every mail brings a heart-rending appeal just as touching as this one.

THEY ARE DAISIES.

Brooklyn Girls Who Do Splendid Work for Charity.

The Daisy Club, of Brooklyn, composed of eight bright, prepossessing little misses, contributes $9 to "The Evening World's" Christmas-Tree Fund, a portion of the receipts of a charity fair held at 239 Havemeyer street Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings.

The members and officers of the Club are Edith Peck, President; Josie Medero, Vice-President; Susie Conner, Treasurer; Gussie Irvine, Secretary; Frances Conner, Emma Conner, Mary Peck and Ethel MacDonald.

Eight prettier, more energetic and determined misses, ranging from eight to fifteen years, do not exist within the environments of Brooklyn. And they have a capacity for business, too, and a considerable idea of how to improve the manifold opportunities to serve their suffering, less fortunate fellow creatures, which they have twice put into effect with the very happiest and most satisfactory results.

This was not the first charity fair of the Daisy Club. A year ago the members determined to assist "The Evening World" in its efforts to impart a little of the brightness and happiness of the Yuletide to the lives of the legions of poor children in and about New York to whom the fate of poverty had heretofore denied the bounties of Santa Claus on his perennial visits. On that occasion the Club realized about $35, which was divided up in a fair ratio between benevolent institutions and "The Evening World's" Christmas-Tree Fund.

This year they realized $43. The fair was held in the parlors of Mrs. L. H. Peck, mother of the President of the Club. There were hosts of visitors both days, and ever so many pretty ornaments on the fancy table, besides a plentiful supply of useful things and tempting delicacies for the epicurean palate here and there in the regularly appointed departments.

Miss Edith Peck was the chief executive of the fancy table, while the candy and cake, apron, package tables and lemonade well were presided over by Emma Conner, Ethel MacDonald, Mary Peck and Frances Conner, respectively.

After the close of the fair Thursday evening, there was a quantity of things which had not been disposed of, and an auction sale was held. Gussie Irvine acted as auctioneer, and she performed the function to perfection, disposing of every article at a fair price in a remarkably short space of time.

The Misses Conner are granddaughters of ex-Sheriff Conner, of New York, who was elected to the Shrievalty about 1872.

Of the $43 realized from the fair Wednesday and Thursday, $10 was given to the Industrial Home, $10 to a poor family whose condition had been investigated by the Club, $10 to promiscuous charity and $9 to "The Evening World's" Christmas-Tree Fund. The balance was the amount of the expenses.

MR. ZELUS A SANTA CLAUS.

He Gives $10 to the Fund and Will Feed Newsboys.

Joseph Zelus, the kind-hearted proprietor of the Century Coffee-House, at 122 William street, called at the office of "The Evening World" to-day and left $10 for "The Evening World" Christmas-Tree Fund.

This is not all Mr. Zelus intends to give towards making glad the hearts of the little waifs who, if it were not for natures as generous as that of Restaurauteur Zelus, would pass the merry Yuletide with nothing to mark the joyous season. On Christmas Day Mr. Zelus will spread a table in his big dining hall with sandwiches and cake and like good things, which will be free for the newsboys who do business in the neighborhood of the Century Coffee-House. Mr. Zelus and his good wife, Regina, will preside over the table and see that all get their share.

The building occupied by the Century is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, on Manhattan Island. It was erected soon after 1692, and is built of narrow Dutch bricks brought over from Holland as ballast, and laid in an imperishable cement as hard to-day as the bricks themselves.

It is of historic interest, in so far that on the grounds in the immediate rear of the house was shed the first blood of the Revolution—the battle of Golden Hill, Jan. 19, 1770, more than two months before the Boston massacre.

The house was also used at various periods before and during the Revolution as a tavern and coffee-house, numbering among its patrons Gen. Washington, Marquis de Lafayette, Baron Steuben, Gen. Putnam and other such illustrious men.

Maxie's Magic Lantern.

To the Editor:

My grandpa and my papa each gave me a magic lantern for my birthday, and I prefer to send one to you. Please give it to some good little boy who is too poor to buy one for Christmas and let him be happy. I send 30 cents also for some good little girl, and wish you all Merry Christmas. I am just five years old.

MAXIE REECE.

He May Send More.

To the Editor:

I am only a year and a half old, but I want to do something for the Christmas Tree, and send 10 cents. My papa says he will get me a tree next Christmas. I may send more soon.

FRIEND PITTS HASKELL,
136 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn.

A Little Long Islander.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find 20 cents for the Christmas-Tree Fund. I wish I could send more. It will buy a toy for some poor child. Will try and send more later.

MASTER BERTIE THOMPSON,
Port Washington, L. I.

Loves Mamma and Papa.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find 15 cents, hoping this will help some child to get something from your Christmas Tree. I will try and do better next time. I love my mamma and papa and wish you all a Merry Christmas.

MASTER WILLIE F. CONNER,

Their Candy Money.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 for the Christmas-Tree Fund, hoping that it will make some poor child as happy as we expect to be this Christmas. We have saved this from our candy money.

JENNIE, JACK and ROSE.

Only Nine Years Old.

To the Editor:

I am a little boy, nine years old, and I inclose 25 cents for the Christmas-Tree Fund for the poor girls and boys. Yours truly,

H. A. M.

Ten Cents' Worth of Joy.

To the Editor:

I inclose 10 cents to the Christmas-Tree Fund, hoping to make some poor child happy.

LITTLE CHARLEY BILLINGS, aged ten,
421 West Fifty-sixth street.

A Pretty Sentiment.

To the Editor:

"Of a little take a little." HARD TIMES.

SCISSORED SEVEN.

Yes—Subtraction of a Boss.

The Gravesend style of arithmetic needed amendment and it has received it.—Newburg Journal.

Also to Mr. Voorhees.

It should be suggested to Senators Stewart and Peffer that the extra session adjourned several weeks ago.—Washington Post.

Nothing to Grease the Wheels.

The machine scheme to renominate Gen. Harrison in 1896 will fail for lack of oil.—Toledo Blade (Rep.).

No Unselfishness in Labor.

The American Federation of Labor has decided that it does not care to listen to Mr. Stead. But the delegates should remember how much Mr. Stead wants to talk to them.—Chicago Mail.

They Think It Was Settled.

Those people who have been profuse in the praise of George Gould for fighting the fair Zella in the courts will, in view of the later developments, be inclined to exclaim, "That settles it."—Buffalo Times.

Waiting to a Conclusion.

The dancing masters are arranging for another National Convention. They probably have some new movement on foot.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reminds of McKinley Times.

The Republicans have put it out of their power to make complaint of the Democrats should press the Wilson bill to vote in thirty days. This would be double the time allowed for the discussion of the McKinley bill.—Philadelphia Record.

WORLDLINGS.

Russia's standing army, which comprises 800,000 men, is the largest in Europe.

A new Krupp gun, recently tested at Meppen, threw a projectile thirteen miles in twenty seconds.

The most improved air-brakes now applied on locomotives are capable of controlling a train of one hundred cars.

During the siege of Sebastopol the besieging of the allied armies threw 20,000 tons of hot shell into the besieged city.

The furthest southern point in Florida at which snow has ever been known to fall is at Punta Rosa, one hundred miles north of Key West.

The greatest depth of the Atlantic is supposed to be about 100 miles north from the island of St. Thomas, where the "lead" goes down for 3,875 fathoms.

More than 50,000,000 pounds of chewing tobacco are made every year in St. Louis, which claims to be the greatest manufacturing centre of tobacco in the world.

DO YOU GO TO THE THEATRE?

Here Is an Usher Who Tells What She Thinks of You and Others.

There are people who attend the theatres every week and think they know how to act when there, but who are always doing stupid or funny things. A young woman acted as usher at a Broadway play-house recently, and she has written about her experiences for the Sunday World.

While the public has enjoyed the exclusive right to find fault with the usher in the past, the usher's chance to retaliate has now come. This particular usher is not spiteful or personal, but she saw some interesting incidents during the evening, and she tells about them.

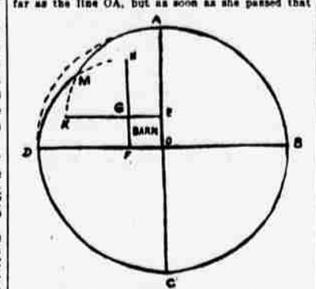
BRAIN FRESHENERS.

[This column is for mathematical problems. On the popular kind that exercise and refresh the mental faculties and do not require elaborate algebraic solution will be printed. Our type does not include algebraic signs, so it will be impossible to give answers in which these are used. The names of the first ten persons sending correct solutions will be printed. Address answer to "Problems, Evening World, P. O. box 2,851, New York City."]

The Tied Cow and the Barn.

To the Editor:

Now, if the cow was tied on one end of a rope 100 feet long, and the other end of the rope was tied on the corner of the barn, O, then the cow could graze on the surface of a circle of 100 feet radius from the line OA to the line OD, which would be three-quarters of the surface of the circle, which is 23,562 square feet. But as soon as the cow passes the line DF it can only graze on part of a circle, 75 feet radius, and with F as a centre, and on the surface of that circle can only go as far as the line FH, which is one-fourth of the circle, or 4,417.875 square feet. Now, suppose the cow to turn around and go in the opposite direction, she could graze on the 100-foot circle as far as the line OA, but as soon as she passed that



line she could only graze on part of a circle 75 feet radius, and with E as a centre, and on the surface of that circle can only go as far as the line EK, which is one-fourth of the circle, or 4,417.875 square feet. But in doing that she grazes upon the quarter of a circle (50 feet radius) GKMH, or 1,963.40 square feet, twice. Therefore, three-quarters of the circle ABCD equals 23,562 square feet; one-quarter circle FDH, equals 4,417.875 square feet; one-quarter circle AEK equals 4,417.875 square feet, making a total of 32,397.750 square feet, from which deduct one-quarter circle GKH, or 1,963.50 square feet, which leaves 30,434.25 square feet, the answer.

W. W. T., Brooklyn.

No Sheep Cut in Two.

To the Editor:

The sheep problem, as put by Robert Quinn, is not capable of solution. He should have stated that the executors informed the sons that the division could not be made, but that they could divide them in such a way that each son would receive more sheep than were willed to them by their father, and then Mr. Quinn should ask: "How did the executors divide them?"

The answer is that they added one sheep of their own to the seventeen sheep, making eighteen sheep. They then gave the first son one-half of eighteen sheep, or nine sheep; the second son one-third of eighteen sheep, or six sheep, and the third son one-ninth of eighteen sheep, or two sheep, making seventeen sheep, thus giving each son more than he was entitled to, and the executors take back their one sheep.

FRANK E. REILLY,
830 East Eighty-third street.

The Person in the Boat.

To the Editor:

The point 3 miles from the beach is a trifle over 6.83 miles in a direct line to the point which the person in the boat wishes to reach, and, rowing at the rate of 4 miles an hour, it will take 1 hour 27 minutes and 47 seconds to get there. By striking a point on the beach 1 mile from his objective point, the distance to row will be exactly five miles, requiring just 1 hour 15 minutes to reach. Walking the balance of the distance, 1 mile, at the rate of five miles per hour, he will accomplish the whole distance in 1 hour 27 minutes, thus saving 47 seconds.

S. D. B., Portchester, N. Y.

How He Gets 82.

To the Editor:

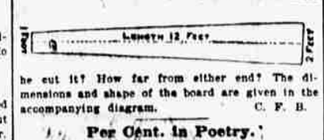
If there has not been before this date an answer to "Ajax's" great English problem of arranging 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 so as to add the sum 82, I can make it add 82. There is only one way, and here it is: 60+9+8 equals 74+8 equals 82.

C. PEARSON,
761 Herkimer street, Brooklyn.

Problem for a Carpenter.

To the Editor:

A carpenter wishes to cut a board transversely into two equal parts. Where must



he cut it? How far from either end? The dimensions and shape of the board are given in the accompanying diagram.

C. F. B.

Per Cent. in Poetry.

To the Editor:

If money were lent at 3 per cent.
To those who choose to borrow,
What time will I be worth a pound
If I lend a crown to-morrow.

MAMIE McGEEHAN,
764 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn.

Pen for the Sheep.

To the Editor:

A farmer has 325 sheep and 25 pens in a square block of five rows, with five pens in each row. How must he place the sheep in the pens so that every pen is occupied, each with a different number of sheep from every other pen, and so that every row of five pens, across from every side and diagonally from each corner, contains 65 sheep?

ON THE SQUARE.

The Broken Kite String.

To the Editor:

A boy in flying his kite loses one-half of his string, to which he adds 45 feet 9 inches, which is four-fifths of what he had at first. How much string had he at first?

H. J., Brooklyn.

More Apples.

To the Editor:

A farmer gave some apples to three boys to sell. To one 50 barrels to another 30 barrels, and to the other 10 barrels. They sold them at the same rate and turned in the same amount of money. How did they sell them?

LE ROY W. ALSTON, Russville, S. I.

With the Problem Workers.

Harold Rudd, Brooklyn, gets 82 by adding 60 and 5 and 9, and to their sum, 74, adding 8.

K. S. C., Perth Amboy, N. J.—Your solution of the 82 problem is wrong. You make use of the figure 4 twice.

The Herrings: Correct answer: 12, given by P. Madison avenue; R. Storms, Woodcliff, N. Y.; D. B., Portchester.

R. Storms, Woodcliff, N. J.—We have not the rebus signs in type, so cannot give your solution of the problem in the boat problem.

M. L. gets 82 by adding 65 and 9, which makes 74 to which he adds 8 and 0. This makes 82, as the numerals are used only once.

Henry Miller adds 4 and 5 and 7 and 8 and 9 and subtracts 6 to get 82, which is wrong, as nothing was said about subtraction in stating the problem.

S. D. B., Portchester.—It is difficult to get an exactly correct solution of the tied cow problem. See W. W. T.'s explanation given above. Your dirt problem has already been given in another form.

Wheat Deal.—Correct answer, 150 bushels, by William H. Mulligan, University place; T. Roberts, Yonkers, N. Y.; Ed. E. Zarr, 222 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street; X. Y. Z., Brooklyn; Mrs. E. D. Jones, Bloomingdale, N. J.; William Bowie, Stockholm.

Sheep Problem: Correct solution given by Frank E. Reilley above; also by Vs. E. D. Johnson, Bloomingdale, N. J.; R. H. Roberts, 49 Heyward street, Brooklyn; Elmer Kramer, 72 Horatio street; Al Ellison, 331 East Forty-ninth street; Thomas J. Hamilton, 134 Bodine street, Brooklyn; H. Reinlein, 872 Park avenue; Joseph Thompson, 218 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street; George M. Bowen, Brooklyn; Joseph E. D. Van Noodall, Poughkeepsie; N. Hofman, 24 Eldridge street; Frederic W. Lazarowitz, 848 Sixth avenue; Hattie F. McGilliway, Bayonne, N. J.

LETTERS.

[This column is for the benefit of everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a question to ask or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

The Use of Tobacco Is Vile.

To the Editor:

I entirely agree with "Edward Edwardy" and "T. I. P." in every particular; and also with "H. D. N. Wales," that "women have just as much right to enjoy the pleasure of smoking that (as) men." But that is not the question. Nor can there be but one answer to the question as it stands. Should is an auxiliary verb, "denoting obligation, duty, possibility or contingency." Surely, no sane man will pretend that woman is under any obligation to smoke; that it is her duty to smoke. Can she smoke? or may she smoke? are quite other questions. And either of them is of altogether too much importance to be answered by any jelly-brained ignoramus, who has never learned anything about the rationale of the subject, from books, observation or experience. From the standpoint of all these, looking over a period of more than fifty years, I offer my answer, unhesitatingly: No! Whatever "ladies that are ladies" may do, no intelligent, self-respecting woman should, or will, use tobacco in any form as a personal indulgence. Tobacco-smoking, in man or woman, is self-defilement—a vile and filthy "self-pollution," that cannot plead for itself the miserable excuse of an appetite perverted; for, it is an engrafted lust, forced upon the flesh entirely against nature; and, for this reason, more shameful and disgraceful than some other vices that are conventionally nameless. Whatever "pleasure" there may be in smoking, the effect upon the physical, intellectual, and moral nature, is evil, and evil only, and that continually. The use of tobacco is not a venial matter; it is not a virtue; it is a vice, a sin, and a crime. It is a sin that is visited upon—God only knows how many generations! H. D. N. Wales may honestly think that "ladies may smoke and be ladies still;" but, in my judgment, nothing short of Omniscience can measure the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of that woman's guilt, who, expecting ever to be a mother, abandons herself to the soul- and body-polluting vice of tobacco-smoking.

ANTI-NICOTINUS.

We Want Our Girls to Be Good.

To the Editor:

I hardly agree with "A French Girl," who seems to consider it ladylike to enjoy herself as she pleases, without due respect to what is expected of ladies. It is true they have as much right as men, but while men know they are not exempt from a great many habits they enjoy, they expect much more of those that nature has taught us to love and respect, and while such actions as my friend refers to are seemingly sanctioned by some, they would not feel like trusting them very far out of their sight should they be so blinded by love as to marry one of such a nature as outlined in the letter referred to. Her side of the question is well put, and shows that her interests are at stake, to judge by the animated manner of her expressions. She refers to Princess Eulalia as an espouser of her cause, but she forgets that she is not an American. We American people have the courtesy to overlook any shortcoming of our guests, in fact, cater to their wants to the best of our ability, but there is no reason why we should overlook the same habits when practised by our own people. I admire the pluck shown, but if it was written in the interests of our girls and not to their harm I would consider it in a very different light.

AMERICAN SON.

Smoked for Five Years.

To the Editor:

Mr. Edward Edwardy made a great mistake when he said a woman lowers herself by smoking cigarettes. I have smoked them for five years, and do not think I have degraded myself by doing so, nor would I, as he says, get respectably (?) tight. I smoked my first cigarette in Paris, where I spent six months. I live in New York City, in West Seventh street, and have many friends in this city, in Brooklyn, and in Philadelphia. I entered society last Winter, and know of many of society's greatest belles who smoke cigarettes. Because I say this I hope you will not think I am at all masculine, for I am not, and if there is a thing I abhor it is a woman who tries to be a man.

SOCIETY.

$10 a Week Too Thin.

To the Editor:

Will C. S., Brooklyn, kindly let "The Evening World" readers know what he lives on? Bread and water, or five cents' worth of soup bone a day? It is impossible to pay $16 rent, gas bills and clothe a family on $10 a week, unless they make up for it and content themselves by simply smelling other people's meals boiling. I am an experienced woman with a small family, saving in every respect, but believe in eating my fill. I have seven years' experience.

A NEW YORKER.

The Salvationist Plan.

To the Editor:

I would like to say to Matt T., of Jersey City, that my advice is for him and his wife to give their hearts to God and join the Salvation Army. Then they will learn how to live comfortably on $15 per week and be able to help feed some of the poor unemployed hungry in their neighborhood, as all good Salvationists do.

FRED PAWSON,
Salvationist, Greenpoint, L. I.

Misrepresenting the Route.

To the Editor:

The old cars of the Third avenue surface road are placarded thus: "City Hall via Third avenue to Central Park." Why did not they leave Central Park off the new cable cars, because they don't run to the Park? It's quite a distance from Third avenue to the park, and I don't think it is fair to the travelling public, particularly strangers.

A PHILADELPHIAN NEW YORKER.

Skaters and St. Mary's Park.

To the Editor:

I wish you would stir up the Park Commissioners and see if you cannot make them flood the small pond in St. Mary's Park in the Annexed District, so that ladies and gentlemen can enjoy themselves in skating this Winter. I hear they won't allow it to be flooded, because it will cost too much. If they will let me I will take up a collection for the same. I am a steady young workingman and would not like to be deprived of the sport for a few paltry dollars.

JOSEPH COLCHESTER, 172 Alexander avenue.

Free Lunch Always Popular.

To the Editor:

"Heiress in "Evening World" recently said that she was fond of the company of gentlemen, but that gentlemen would stop coming to see her after having called once or twice. She wishes to know how she can keep them company. Nothing simpler. Always have refreshments in the room. I venture to state that if she once establishes a free lunch counter she will never lack for patrons.

E. G. W.

Answers to Questions.

J. B. M.—If the mortgage made prior to your lease is foreclosed, your lease will not run against the new owner.

Theodore.—The total amount of gold and silver money in the world is about seven thousand million dollars.

Mrs. Banta.—Please send cure to "The Evening World." It may be of value to many others besides W. A. B.

I. N. B.—"Has it been proven that pork slaughtered in the decline of the moon shrinks more in cooking than when killed in the increase of the moon?" It has not been proven, but it is generally believed.

R. D.—"When was the mariner's compass invented?" It was never invented. It grew. It was used by the Chinese before the Christian era. It was known to the earlier navigators in its crude beginning.

A. O. D. B.—"How high does the earth's atmosphere extend?" To the true surface of the earth, which is 21,000 miles from the sea level. We live not on the earth, but in the earth. 4,000 miles from the centre and 21,000 miles from the surface, at the bottom of a gas ocean and the surface of a liquid ocean. The true diameter of the earth—the twenty-four hour line of axial rotation—is 49,992 miles. This is the point where spargy and gravity are exactly counterbalanced. If the moon were at that distance, it would revolve around the earth once in every twenty-four hours.

HOUSE AND HOME

Togs for Tots.

Here are some of the dainty garments that go to make up a prize baby outfit. Whoever writes the best subscription letter to "The Evening World" Christmas-Tree Fund before Wednesday, Dec. 20, may have them all.

PRIZE COAT.

The long cloak is made of cream-colored China silk, with hem-stitched tucks in the skirt, bishop sleeves and a Byron collar, trimmed with a lace flounce and tied with broad silk ties. It is cosy, beautiful and original. The cap is embroidered crepe de Chine, with a granny ruching of footing and ribbocine, a ruffle of fine Valenciennes, top rosette of the same and wide crepe ties.

PRIZE MOCCASINS.

Those funny little moccasins, laced up the front, may be had in almond pink, blue, black or white kid.

The nainsook hand-made dress, the soft feather-stitched flannel and the other things under the cloak are too delicate to put in print.

PRIZE CAP.

There are scores of equally pretty outfits at Best's Egyptian Bazaar. The secretary of every baby who needs a Christmas toilet has a chance to win one of them. And there are prize outfits for boys and girls who write the best original letter about "The Evening World" Christmas-Tree Fund. Put a contribution in it, make it short, send it before Dec. 20, and here's luck to you!

Chicken Croquettes.

Boil one chicken; when cool chop fine. Mix three tablespoonfuls of white sauce through it. Form the mass into balls. Roll in fine bread crumbs. Fry in boiling lard.

How Fashions Are Made.

A Parisian hairdresser, who was a great favorite with the fashionable world, boasted one day that a clever mind and hand could succeed in making amost anything fashionable. Several boon companions of the speaker took him at his word and proposed that he introduce a coiffure composed of vegetables and make the same fashionable. The hairdresser took the bet and succeeded in persuading one of his ultra fashionable clients, the Marquise of Lesdiguieres, to permit him to arrange her hair in a new way, adorning it with cauliflower, cardoons and radishes. The lady was so well pleased with the innovation that she showed herself at once in one of the salons of her friends. The result of it was as predicted by the hairdresser, the beau-monde of Paris was for a time devoted to coiffures composed of fruit and vegetables.

Celery Salad.

Cut the celery in small dice, and when ready to serve pour over it rich mayonnaise dressing; vinegar and salt may be added to taste when eating.

Artistic Attire.

The eccentricities of attire of the would-be artistic are endless. A pretty girl, who has attained considerable literary prominence as an authority in house decoration, appeared the other evening at an "At Home" in a dress that was the observed of all observers. She wore a black silk skirt, with what the English dub a "body" of crimson plush, and there was a large calla lily pinned against one shoulder. After that one would be forgiven for relying upon one's own taste, however crude, rather than confide to her advice the choosing of one's beds, tables and candlesticks.

Oranges Filled with Jellies.

Take half as many smooth, fair-skinned oranges as you will have guests; with a sharp penknife cut a piece from the stem end about the size of a nickel; with a tiny spoon work the pulp free from the skin, squeez