The World

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Postscriptum—Latest—Still Booming!

OVER 460,000 PER DAY.

"March 3, 1894.

"After a thorough examination of the circulation books, press-room reports, mail-room reports, paper companies' bills for amount of paper furnished, orders from news companies and newsdealers, we find that the circulation of THE WORLD (morning and evening editions) for the months of January and February, 1894, averaged 453,167 copies per day, and so certify."

J. EDWARD SIMMONS, Chairman.
THOMAS L. JAMES, Secretary.
A. D. HEPBURN,
E. W. BLOOMINGDALE,
HENRY CLEWS,
CHARLES W. DAYTON.

THE WORLD'S Average Circulation for

March, 1891. 312,570 Per Day.

March, 1893. 403,333 Per Day.

March, 1894. 460,929 Per Day.

A Gain of 57,596 Per Day in One Year.

A Gain of 148,359 Per Day in Three Years.

The Reed-Crisp tilt is becoming an established order of business in the House.

Oakland's style of helping on the army will not, it is feared, be generally appreciated by the Industrials.

The singular spectacle is presented at Washington of Senators blocking National interests in return for Government salaries.

Coxey is at once nearer Washington and further from his army of 200,000 men than he and others had dared to hope he would be.

Police Commissioner Martin is afforded every opportunity for denials before the Lexow Committee. Can't he be brought to the point of a confession, or two?

"Tunnels are always full of a foul, musty smell as well as rats."—Lawson N. Fuller opposing the Chamber of Commerce Rapid Transit bill at Albany. Rats!

Small-pox continues to baffle the Brooklyn health authorities. The work of vaccination is going on steadily, however, in the public schools and elsewhere, and it is not likely that the epidemic will attain any such proportions as to justify a panic.

In talking glibly of a renewal of the free coinage fight in Congress Mr. Bland remarks casually that no motion may be made for a month yet. If Congress were a body strictly representative of the people and acting accordingly, there would be no session in progress in a month from to-day at which any motion might be heard.

New York refuses to indorse the Butts so-called rapid transit bill, because it does not wish to condemn itself to perpetuated "L" road impositions. It favors and asks for the passage of the Chamber of Commerce bill, because it sees in that measure the promise of a real rapid transit system—a promise not offered in any other existing proposition.

As a result of "Evening World" crusades against Street-Cleaning Department methods the city is to be saved about $36,000 a year in the matter of dumping garbage. Contractor Dailey loses his "snap" agreement with Commissioner Andrews to-day, and his 12-cents-per-cubic-yard arrangement gives way to a 9-cent contract secured by another party under the regular competitive bid system. The saving thus made is worth speaking about.

Chicago stupidity reached a climax yesterday. A Windy City newspaper had already maligned the chief songbirds of the Grand Opera Company after a silly fashion of its own. It was left for the intelligent police of the overgrown Illinois village to arrest Sig. Mancinelli, musical director of the opera, as a pickpocket! Even the unhanged Prendergast might blush in sympathy with that portion of the community which feels the disgrace of this official act.

"Republicans throughout the State," according to Secretary of State Palmer and Comptroller Roberts, demand a Bi-Partisan Police Board in New York. But New York demands that she be allowed to control her own police affairs in her own way. She demands the privilege of rescuing the force from politics, of establishing it on a business basis and of having at its head a policeman who shall be solely and singly responsible for its discipline and its operations. Politicians "throughout the State" are invited to keep their hands off.

Looking around upon the seven members who gathered in the State Senate Chamber yesterday, Mr. Baxton remarked that the Friday session was becoming a farce. Contemplating the obedient work of the Legislature in lot bills at boss dictation, and regarding the humility with which the majority in the upper house finally accepted a Bi-Partisan Police bill compromise, it cannot be admitted that the Friday sessions of the Senate are the only affairs farcical at Albany.

NOTABLE SUNDAY FEATURES.

Coxey's Commonweal Army, which is marching across the country to Washington, is either a band of earnest crusaders with an honest although perhaps mistaken purpose in view or it is a miscellaneous assortment of worthless nobodies and professional tramps. In one case, Coxey's band is worthy of the careful consideration of every thoughtful citizen, and it is time to inquire what is the meaning and economic influence of such a pilgrimage. But if Coxey is at the head of a ragtag and bobtail collection of hungry wanderers who have no moral purpose, but cling to him because they are assured of three meals a day and a place to sleep at night, then the loudly heralded Commonweal Army has no significance, and ought to be scattered. A "World" reporter, disguised as a tramp, has spent several days in the army, eating and sleeping with the rank and file, for the purpose of discovering precisely who these men are and what they are up to. The story of his experiences and inside facts which he has learned is a striking feature of to-morrow's Sunday World.

Every eighth person in the United States dies of consumption. This is a rather startling statement, but our census figures prove it. Consumption, or tuberculosis, as the doctors call it, is the curse of our climate, and medical men are now studying the disease with very interesting and important results. Experiments show that consumption is infectious, and some of the advanced thinkers assert that it is contagious. In the time approaching when a consumptive will be isolated and confined like the victims of small-pox, cholera or typhus? But more interesting than this is the question of the prevention and cure of this dread disease. The Sunday World to-morrow will publish a very important symposium of articles on these vital questions, which have been prepared with great care by the most celebrated medical specialists in the United States.

Perhaps no book of recent publication has stirred up the English-speaking public more than Mr. E. F. Benson's "Dodo." "Dodo," the "Sunday World" readers will remember, is the most extraordinary portrait of the up-to-date, fin de siecle girl, who talks slang, smokes cigarettes, jilts the man she ought to have married, and does a thousand other things which would horrify the women of the last generation. And soon after Mr. Benson produced this literary sensation, it turned out that the author was engaged to marry the very girl he had described as the heroine of his book. Now Mr. Benson is out with another book, "The Rubicon," which will be carefully reviewed, with extracts, in to-morrow's "World."

Since the death of Bartley Campbell, John McCullough and the other distinguished little colony of unfortunate victims of paresis, there has been a strong interest in the big Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, up at One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street, near the Boulevard. One day last week, Miss Nellie Bly went up there and spent the afternoon with the patients. Perhaps at present the most interesting member of the Paresis Colony is poor Billy Scanlan, the sweet singer of "Mavourneen" and "Molly, Oh." Miss Bly describes the delusions and peculiar manias of many of the inmates, and had a sweet chat with some of them.

A composite photograph, carefully made from the portraits of twelve of the most notable men of the times, will be a curious feature of the Sunday World to-morrow. The blending of the features of such men as Gladstone, Bismarck, Crispi, Pope Leo XIII. and others, must of necessity produce a most remarkable face. This composite photograph is an ideal portrait, exhibiting depth of character, iron strength of will, power of intellect, moral courage and yet the softness of the poet and the composer.

Among other incidental, but extremely interesting features of to-morrow's great "Sunday World" will be the concluding portion of Gilbert Parker's piratical story, "The Cruise of the Ninety-nine;" a very striking cartoon, "The Snake Charmer of the Cabinet," printed in colors; an article by Ward McAllister comparing the leaders of society of the last generation with those of to-day, an article on the Chicago University, an institution unique and widely different from any other college in the world; a story of a visit to Sorosis, the famous women's club, and an instructive essay by Mrs. Rorer, the food expert, telling women what and when to eat.

IS PERJURY A CRIME?

There has been perjury in the Pollard-Breckinridge case—no errors of memory, no mistaken identities, no mental delusions, but plain, bald, wilful perjury.

The perjury has been committed in open court, with the intent to deceive a Judge and jury, and to defeat justice. It had been premeditated, arranged, studied and practised until the lying stories to be told and sworn to were perfect in all their parts.

There is no room to doubt the wilfulness of the crime. It was not false swearing on a single point or in regard to one transaction. The perjury covered years and embraced a history. Two stories were told under oath from the first meeting of the plaintiff and defendant until their final separation directly conflicting in every respect. Witnesses swore to their personal knowledge of the fact that at a certain time the plaintiff had lived a dissipated life and been an inmate of a disreputable house, while other witnesses swore that during the whole period designated she had been living with them at quite a different place, and in a virtuous, orderly manner.

The verdict of the jury, on whichever side it is given, will convict the other side of perjury if it is accepted as an honest and just decision.

What is the Court going to do about it? If such gross and wilful false swearing is to be passed over unnoticed and unpunished, then perjury is no offense and witnesses can violate their oaths with impunity. Is it not the duty of the Court to institute such proceedings as will bring the criminals to justice?

NO MORE DELAY.

Gov. Flower is to-day in possession of as much information in regard to the management of the Elmira Reformatory, its inhuman methods of punishment, its violations of law, its neglect of plain duties, as he would be if he should conduct an investigation protracted through cold-blooded brutality of Supt. Brockway as well as if he had been present in the torture chamber when that heartless tyrant was inflicting his savage blows on the writhing victims, and as if he had seen with his own eyes the unfortunate prisoners chained in the dark dungeons or dragged from their cells with hot iron hooks.

All this has been proved by witnesses before a reliable, authorized and honorable body, better qualified as judges in such a case than any amateur commissioners the Governor could appoint, and clothed with authority of law to conduct just such an inquiry.

The Legislature of the State has refused to make a further investigation and has declared itself satisfied of the fairness and fairness of the trial of the case by the State Board of Charities and of the justice of the decision reached.

Can Gov. Flower impeach the judgment of the Legislature, as well as the integrity of the State Board of Charities, by now going through the farce of a new investigation?

The Governor should bear in mind the fact that this is not a case in which his duty requires him only to deal out justice to public officers who have been unfaithful to their trust. He is called upon to stop at once a cruel and lawless outrage on the helpless and oppressed. There is no protection for the Elmira victims, whatever pretended regulations may be adopted, while the brute Brockway and his friendly managers remain in authority at Elmira. At the present moment courts refrain from committing prisoners to the dreaded Reformatory, and another victim of the torture chamber dies.

Eight days is too long to leave the Reformatory prisoners at the mercy of Brockway. But as the Governor has granted him that respite, he should go before the ninth day's sun goes down.

FOR THE PUBLIC PROTECTION.

The Dock Department expends a very large amount of the city's money. It claims to have done good work and to have made the New York docks even better than the famous Liverpool docks. Such, at least, is the assertion made by Dock Commissioner Cram before the Assembly Committee.

Suppose this boast to be justified, would that be any reason why the Dock Board should be allowed to spend money at its own discretion, without responsibility or restraint, such as is imposed on other city boards, and to do its work and make its contracts in such manner as it pleases?

If it is to the interest of the city to allow the Dock Department this privilege, why is it not equally to the interest of the city to put every other municipal department under the same regulation? If, on the other hand, it is wise and prudent to impose restrictions and conditions on contracts entered into by other departments, why is it not equally wise and prudent to follow the same course with the Dock Department contracts?

It is suspected and alleged that a vast amount of extravagance, waste and corruption may be found hidden under the Dock Department's secret methods. It is said that favored contractors have been allowed a monopoly of the work, and that this is not done without benefiting somebody at the expense of the city.

Do not these very suspicions, strengthened as they are by the vigorous efforts of the Dock Commissioners to prevent any change of the law and to stop any inquiry, demand a thorough investigation of the Department, its contracts, its expenditures and its methods?

It is now proposed to allow the Dock Department to do work that will cost the city any amount from twenty to fifty million dollars. Is it right that this should be done without such changes in the law as will guard against corruption and collusion and without an investigation into the methods and practices of the Commissioners who are to have control of the expenditure of this vast amount of money?

Ought not an honest Commission to court such investigation and to invite such restrictions and safeguards?

POETS MUST BE BRAVE.

Dr. O. W. Owen, of Detroit, who owns a Bacon-Shakespeare cipher, which he is trying to market, told an audience last night that Bacon, whom he accuses as if he were a common Whyo or a member of the Slaughter-House gang of having stabbed Shakespeare to death, was an arrant coward, adding to this slashing statement the blood-curdling corollary that "all poets are cowards."

Bacon is dead and can't come forward in his own defense, but there are several million poets meandering around on this sphere who can answer for themselves at a moment's notice. When they hear of this sweeping charge of cowardice they are liable to dip their pens in the most thrilluient of corn-juice and jerk odes and epics on the subject that will wring Dr. Owen's heart and make him sorry for having said what he did.

Any man with a pocket tape line and the free use of the multiplication table can go off into a quiet spot and get up a cipher of his own. It won't make any difference whether the cipher ciphes or not—nobody will care; the cipherer can keep on ciphing and enjoying himself, and it may be that the figuring will save him the necessity of taking the Keeley cure.

But with a poet it is different. He needs a machine, of course, out of which to grind his rhythmic material, and then when he has it all smooth and of even lengths he must possess the courage to offer it to somebody to read. Does Dr. Owen mean to say that the Spring poet who climbs eleven flights of stairs to show the editor a rondeau which he has reeled off to fit the prevailing style of weather is a coward? If he does, he knows not the man. The Spring poet is not a coward. Not much, Dr. Owen!

State Treasurer Colvin and State Comptroller Roberts are in town and have been interviewed. The both think a bi-partisan Police Board in New York City is required by the sentiment of Republicans throughout the State. But what has the sentiment of Republicans throughout the State or of Democrats throughout the State got to do with New York's Police Board? The make-up of that body and the control of the police force are and should be recognized as a matter purely of local municipal concern. To make a State issue of it is unwarrantable interference. To dispose of it as a Tioga County boss may direct will be an unpardonable affront to the metropolis.

A Juvenile Paradise.

(From Street & Smith's Good News.)

First Boy—I wish we lived in South America.

Second Boy—Why do you?

First Boy—The schools down there always close every time the town is bom-

LETTERS

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

The Phantoms of Free Trade.

To the Editor:

"A Free Trader" pricks the bubble of his sophistries when he talks about protection ruining American commerce and ship-building. It will cost more for coal to run a steamer for thirty days than the difference protection makes in the building of a first-class steamer. The cost of running a line of steamers to new ports or old ports keeps capital from investing in such enterprises. The first cost of building the ships is small in comparison to running them. England spends millions in subsidies every year to further her carrying trade. Capital is neither sentimental nor so patriotic as to put up money in a chance enterprise for National glory. Subsidize American lines, and capital will come forth, but that old pro-slavery relic, the Democratic party, always howls at subsidies, and then votes with virtuous complacency for private steals in harbor and river bills. Free trade is a beautiful bird-agent dream if the standard of life was the same the world over; but why should those who have reached that stage of progress, eight hours' work, open their market to those who slave twelve or fifteen hours, and drag themselves back to the lower standard. G. G.

A Paterson Girl's Love.

To the Editor:

In answer to "G. W., Paterson," would say that I know a fine, well-formed, perfect and accomplished young girl who is willing to join the army of slaves by marrying a fickle-minded and deceitful fellow. This young man has a trade and makes fair wages, but is very inferior to this beautiful girl friend of mine. He crossed her path when she was sweet sixteen, and she, like most all girls of that age, fell in love with him. He was a most ardent lover the first few years, and by his good conduct at that time gained complete control over her. Marriage was frequently spoken of, but the girl pleaded with him to lay this matter over until she should become of age. Now, when she has arrived at that point, he is growing restless and less loving towards her. He never mentions marriage, and has even stopped calling and writing to her. He goes riding in the country with other girls; but this girl loves him in spite of all his faults and thinks he will make her his wife yet. I have been trying hard to lead her thoughts away from this fickle young man, as I want her to move in better society, for she is quite an accomplished young girl, and would have no trouble in making the acquaintance of a worthy young man, but instead of that she stays at home, worrying until she is almost sick. G. N., Paterson, N. J.

Not a Land-Taxer.

To the Editor:

"Workingman," of Meriden, Conn., is entirely wrong, for he does not, with his wages and family, depend upon the land; he depends upon his employer. If the small property-owners are taxed higher they will have less to spend and will have less work for him. Taxes are already high enough, too high for the most, who are struggling to get the present high taxes together. My dear "Workingman," as sure as taxes get higher, you will certainly feel it in the rent. One more point. Don't forget, if most owners of vacant property had money enough to build, they would only be too glad to do so, and get the amount of the taxes out of the rent. "Workingman" must be an Anarchist. His opinion is that if a man through hard labor is at last successful in saving some money, and invests it in property, he should divide it with him, or, rather, to say, which is the same, work for the rest of his life for the taxes, which "Workingman" thinks will do him good. A proper thing to do would be to watch where the tax money goes to, and how it is spent. Look at the enormous amount of money which is paid to politicians and fraudulent contractors.

C. V. K., Astoria, L. I.

Willing to Marry Her.

To the Editor:

In reply to "A Disheartened Girl," I would say I am one of many young men in this city who are earning from $20 to $30 per week, which amount, with a certain amount of economy, is enough for two people to live upon comfortably, but whose acquaintance among the opposite sex is limited to a very few and whose habits are of a domestic nature, and who yearn for the peace, comfort and happiness of the home which they have left, which they do not find in the boarding-house, full of people who, as a rule, are uncongenial or undesirable associates to one whose tastes are to a certain extent refined and above petty gossip. I think there are many ladies situated just as "A Disheartened Girl" who could make these men happy, and I see no reason why two people so situated could not be thrown together and become acquainted, and the acquaintance ripen into something more, and culminate in a happy marriage. I, for one, would like to and am willing to try the experiment and form the acquaintance of some young lady like "A Disheartened Girl." J. C.

Explains Her Dirty Wrapper.

To the Editor:

In reply to my "dear acquaintance" signed "Emily," I would say, even though I do meet my husband with a dirty wrapper, I know how to keep the corners of my house clean, which give me cause for dirtying a wrapper. If I sat with my hands folded, I could not manage to have the above-mentioned solid article. And when I wash my dishes I use my ten fingers and the palms of both hands, while my "dear acquaintance" only uses the tips of her three fingers, for fear of wetting her delicate hand. And I meet my husband with a fine, hearty and healthy supper, which his robust countenance answers for. Ask my acquaintance if her husband ever gets a hot supper, as she is always "doing the town," while her husband works hard. And she gets home just in time to run to the delicatessen store to purchase cold victuals for him. MIN.

A Storegirl Replies.

To the Editor:

I have read the tale of Staten Island Bachelor and think him no gentleman. I am one of those store girls that he thinks will not make a suitable wife for a workingman. I have been employed eight years by one firm, and am the chief support of a widowed mother, and have not the means to stay at home and practise housekeeping to suit a sour-faced bachelor, nor would I expect to have servants to do my work if I were married. I guess I could manage without. My idea is that our bachelor friend would like a girl that would not make matrimonial expenses exceed his present board bill. He says he likes giddy girls for pastime. Beware, you may yet get one to share your lot. LIZZIE, Brooklyn.

Ice-Cream Season's Hardships.

To the Editor:

I perfectly agree with the article that was in "The Evening World" March 19 on the subject of the "Ice-Cream Season's Hardship." I am a young lady, and work in an ice-cream and candy store. I have to wait on both. I work from 8 in the morning until 10 and sometimes 11 every night, with the exception of one night. I would be willing to work for less wages if my boss would get day and night help.

A BROOKLYN WAITRESS.

Won't Change Her Religion.

To the Editor:

In answer to "L. S." who wishes to know what is the matter with changing my religion (instead of my young man, permit me to say that I don't think any girl should change her religion for the man who wishes to make her his wife; simply because, in marriage, a girl gives up the care of loving parents, gives up her name, gives up all that is dear to her in the world. She is henceforth bound by the sacred ties of matrimony to "love, honor and obey." In marriage she promises to be his helpmeet, his comfort in sorrow, his cheer in trials of this life. Now, on the other hand, what does a man give up by marriage? Nothing. He only adds one more joy to his life, for man is not tied down after marriage like a girl is. He can still go out to his girl cannot do; that is, if she is a good wife, and I want to be a good wife if ever I marry. That is why, "L. S.," I do not think millions of readers of our valuable "Evening World" think as I do? "L. S." I do not think I could live happy with my husband if we were not one in thought, word and belief. Marriage is too serious and sacred an undertaking to step into thoughtlessly, and I prefer to die an old maid to parading my domestic troubles in a divorce suit. EDNA.

More Light on the Morning Fire.

To the Editor:

Your ever-interesting paper is a daily visitor in my modest but cosy and comfortable home, and every part of it is thoroughly enjoyable and enjoyed. Not the least of the attractive features which the generous latitude of the editor proffers every evening is the epistolary effusion corner, whence flow sentiments varied and highly didactic, always turn to it, and find many thoughts pleasing or instructive, also some real, misshapen, foolish or absurd, as might be easily ad ocular demonstrated. But of all the silly twaddle a low class of women could possibly utter, it strikes me as absolutely absurd to hear of women in the inferior ranks of life, who are too poor to hire help, attempt to press their already overburdened life-partners into doing part of the domestic work which is too disagreeable for the wives to do, or which they are too lazy to perform. This talk about a woman lying abed while the man builds the fire and gets breakfast, to accommodate an idle, lazy, sluggish female, who ought to wait upon the men, whose part of the work is outside in providing the wherewithal for the shebang, is a bad sign of the times and shows a degeneracy of women not known when we were young and a sad result of the exaggerated and misunderstood generosity of the American man towards woman. It ought to be stopped, and those women, too lazy to know and do their full duty, ought to be compelled to board and be denied the blessing of a home, which they evidently cannot appreciate. A. P. HUDSON.

A Few Remarks on the Soul.

To the Editor:

Like J. H., I think your letter column might be utilized more profitably than in giving advice to a thing in pants who allows a healthy woman to lie in bed while it gets up and prepares its breakfast and then brings home its money and meekly hands it over to this thing in petticoats that has nothing about her deserving a passing notice, unless it be the presumption of calling herself a woman. The proper study of mankind is man. His soul, with its unlimited capabilities and insatiable cravings after knowledge, is surely sufficient proof of its eternal existence, unless we assume that the Creator is deficient in wisdom, while he is prodigal of power. The craving of the soul for knowledge is proof that knowledge is attainable. The inexhaustible resources of creation, in whatsoever direction pursued, combined with the happiness derived from the pursuit and attainment of knowledge, point to the future destination of the soul as an eternal state of ever-increasing happiness. Is the soul that craves not for knowledge dead? Has the man who devotes all his time to the body got a soul? BROOKLYN.

The Master and the Slave.

To the Editor:

"Georgius Rex," the mechanic, is rapidly becoming a part of a machine, and if he is not organized the skilful will soon be as helpless as the less skilful. The days of the old kindly employer are passing away. The manager who is paid to grind is taking his place, and the skilful only by the aid of the less skilful can hold his own. Where has capital raised labor without labor's demands? Isolated cases prove nothing. The soul of capital is greed. The moment a man commences to make money, the greed for more enters his soul, and his nature must be a grand one to withstand contamination. When times are dull capital can stop and withold its services till times make a demand for it; but poor labor must offer its services, whether they are wanted or not. Put labor on the same equilibrium as capital, and they will no longer fight. To-day it is the struggle of the slave against master. The slave must not fight himself as labor is doing. All for one and one for all. G. G.

More Hope for a Disheartened One.

To the Editor:

"A Disheartened Girl" writes, stating her discouragements. Will she not go to the Y. W. C. A., 7 East Fifteenth street, and talk to Miss McKnight about her trouble? This lady may be able to do something. Perhaps your correspondent might be able to secure a place as nursery governess, lady's companion or something of this kind, where, at least, her living expenses would be provided, and, then, the protection of a home. Somebody's home, even if not her "very own," counts for much in a great city like this. It is safe to have some occupation, even if it is not that which one would most desire, biding the time until something better comes to hand. A MOTHER.

Are Ladies Gentlemen's Betters

To the Editor:

I often have heard ladies say that they were a gentleman's betters. Now, I would like to make it a public subject, and see if they can prove they are. I say they are not a gentleman's betters. I often have seen them expectorate on the sidewalk. They stay out as late as we do, and they would not accept a seat from a telegraph boy in an "L" car. More than this, they wear tight shoes, so as to make us gentlemen think they have small feet, while we wear large shoes as long as they are comfortable.

J. EVERETT NIXON.

Drug Clerks Are Lonesome.

To the Editor:

Among those who find it difficult to get suitably married are drug clerks. Although I received a good education at school and college, and earn over $20 a week now, I am unable to make other than male acquaintances. Young ladies seem to have a strong aversion to drug clerks, probably on account of their long working hours. Can any of your fair readers suggest a way, suitable in my case, to become acquainted with young ladies? Though fond of dancing I would be unable to attend a dancing-school regularly.

A DRUG CLERK.

Another Chance for the Girl.

To the Editor:

Tell "Disheartened Girl" to go to the office of the Remington Typewriter Company, at 327 Broadway, this city, and ask for Mr. Zander Snyder. If she is a competent stenographer and typewriter, I can assure her that Mr. Snyder will obtain a situation for her in a very few days. I have known him ever since he came into the employ of Messrs. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, and if there is any one in this great city who will help her out of her troubles, Mr. Snyder is the one.

A MALE STENOGRAPHER.

Some of His Reasons.

To the Editor:

Below are what I, in my conceit—being a man—consider cogent and conclusive reasons why we brutes—formerly lords of—creation do not act the courteous to the lady passengers on the Elevated Railroad. First, we do not like to be strapped; women ignore men thus situated. Second, because we prefer to occasionally give them an Arctic reception when they into our lap land, when the car "lurches." Third, they very often shun and frown upon us, so we let them stand as they can look down upon us.

MAURICE FULD.

Where Can She Sell?

To the Editor:

I am an invalid who finds it necessary by some means to earn money. I can do all kinds of fancy work, but after it is made I do not know where I can dispose of it. My friends have tried at the Woman's Exchange, but I think that if I knew of some stores where they pay cash for work when delivered I would have something to

BRAIN FRESHENERS.

[This column is for mathematical problems. Only be 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 2,824, New York City."]

The Possibilities of Policy.

To the Editor:

"Rumpelstiltskin" is wrong in his methods of calculating the "horses" and "saddles" in the policy problem. There are several ways by which these problems can be solved, but the following are the simplest of any that I know: 78x77x76x75, divided by 4x3, will make 73,150, which is the correct number of "horses" or four-number combinations in the seventy-eight numerals. And 76x77x76, divided by 6, will make 76,076 "gigs," which, when added to 78x77, divided by 2, makes 79,979, the correct number of "saddles" or two-number combinations. By these methods the "gigs," "horses" and "saddles" in any number of numerals can be ascertained. J. P. F.

Those Eggs.

To the Editor:

When the market opened eggs were cheap, seven for one cent, but the old ladies were afraid they would be cheaper still, so each sold as many as she could at that price, and then went to rest and gossip. In the mean time eggs had been going up, and when the old ladies had exhausted their gossip and went back to the market eggs were selling at three cents apiece. This statement will explain: Opening price seven eggs for one cent. First old lady sold forty-nine eggs for seven cents, leaving one egg over; second old lady sold twenty-eight eggs for four cents, leaving two eggs over; third old lady sold seven eggs for one cent, leaving three eggs over. Closing price three cents apiece: First old lady sold one egg for three cents, three and the seven above or 10 cents; second old lady sold two eggs for six cents, six and the four above, or 10 cents; third old lady sold three eggs for nine cents, nine and the one above or 10 cents.

JAMES F. M'ELROY.
735 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, city.

A Solution in Rhyme.

To the Editor:

The steward, if he knew his "bis,"
Would go right to the fair,
And purchase sheep just twenty-five,
And strike even pair;
Now, this would leave him just enough
To make a level bid
For eighty-five fine-looking lambs,
And I guess that's what he did.

ARTHUR G. MASTERS.

For the First Time.

To the Editor:

In answer to James Cooper's problem for engineers, which appeared in "The Evening World" of March 24, and which reads as follows: "A circular boiler 3 feet in diameter and 40 feet long, lying on its side, contains a foot of water. How many gallons are there in it?" If the boiler is exactly 3 feet diameter on the inner surface and is 40 feet long and is lying on a level surface, and the water in it is 12 inches in depth, no more and no less, it contains exactly 627 123-231 gallons, and as this is the first time in the history of the world that this problem has been correctly solved it is but right that your enterprising journal should be the first of the great American newspapers to make the fact known to its readers.

ED D. G. MOORE, Bay Ridge, L. I.

Circling the Island.

To the Editor:

Island 20 miles in circumference. The man who goes 3 miles per hour passes the one who goes 2-3 mile per hour, and gains on him 2 1-3 miles per hour; hence the two will be again together in 20-2 1-3, equals 60-7 hours. The man who goes 11 miles per hour passes the one who goes 2-3 mile per hour, and gains on him 10 1-3 miles per hour; hence the two will be together in 20-10 1-3, equals 60-31 hours. The time in which all three will be together will be expressed by the least common multiple of 60-7 hours and 60-31 hours, which equals 60 hours. J. D.,
Highland Falls, N. Y.

The Water in the Boiler.

To the Editor:

To solve the problem one must find the area of the segment of a circle, radius being 4 feet and height of segment being 1 foot. The angle of the corresponding sector is 82 degrees 49 minutes. The area of sector is 11.528 square feet. The area of triangle formed by the two radii and the segment's chord is 7.937 square feet. Consequently the area of segment is 3.591 square feet. This area, multiplied by 40, multiplied by 1,728 and product divided by 231 equals 1,074⅓, the number of gallons contained. A trigonometrical and not an arithmetical problem. H. A. JONES.
2 South Oxford street, Brooklyn.

The Magic Square.

To the Editor:

Arrange the natural numbers, from 1 to 16 inclusive, in the form of a square, having four rows and four numbers in each row. When properly arranged, the sum of the numbers in each row will be 34, whether added vertically, horizontally or diagonally. H. A. J.,
2 South Oxford street, Brooklyn.

Picking the Winners.

To the Editor:

A newspaper offers a prize of $100 to the first person who correctly places the first three horses as they pass the winning post in the Brooklyn Handicap. There are at present thirty-eight probable starters. Now, in order to do this, you have to buy the paper, cut out the coupon and mail your selections. Suppose a person buys one-twelfth of the papers Friday, one-ninth Saturday, two-thirds Sunday, and the balance Monday, thus making every possible combination, allowing $6.64 for postage, mailing, &c., now much does he lose in case he wins the prize?

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Racing Trains.

To the Editor:

Two trains, 92 feet and 84 feet respectively, are moving with uniform velocities on parallel rails in opposite directions, and pass each other in 1½ seconds, but when moving in the same direction, their speed being the same as before, the faster train passes the slower in 6 seconds. Find the rate in miles per hour of each train.

J. D., Highland Falls, N. Y.

A New Principle of Ratio.

To the Editor:

Two-thirds of A's money equals one-half of B's. Each one spend $12. Then one-ninth of A's money will equal one-thirteenth of B's. Required, what each man had at the commencement. This can easily be solved by algebra. It can also be solved by a purely arithmetical process. Required, such solution and its law. H. A. J.

With the Problem-Workers.

Answers should accompany all problems sent in for publication in this department.

T. J. Hardinan, Tony Pastor's Theatre, gives one of the correct answers to the theatre treasurer's problem.

Will A. H. Jones, Brooklyn, please forward answers to the problems which he has sent for publication in this column?

Answers to last Saturday's problems: Lovers and poems—30 plums; first lover, 16; second, 8; third, 6. Steward's Problem—12 tirk, 4 sheep, 102 lambs. For Theatre Treasurer, several answers possible. Circling the Island, 60 hours. The money bags contained $205. Father's age, 50; son's age, 20. The basket held 49 apples. Marketing the eggs—Answer above. Stock Farm—5 cows, 1 sheep and 26 pigs. Selling butter—37 pounds. How about this boat?—6 miles an hour. The trough hewn out of the log will hold 65 8-11 gallons. Boy and Pencils—several answers possible. Tree Planting—152 trees. What was the cost?—$142.

Among those who answered all or most of last week's problems were: Ethel, Arthur G. Masters, T. H. K., Harlem; John McNally, John Burg, 426 East Twenty-sixth street; J. D., Highland Falls; G. W. Henderson, 639 Lexington avenue; J. B. Hartick, Brooklyn; Nellie C. Campbell, Keyport, N. J.; Ed H. and Florence E. Maguire, 134 West One Hundred and Fourth street; Danial Mahoney, 46 Warren street, Bridgeport, Conn.; F. McElroy, 105 Christopher street; A. Baumgarten, 411 St. Nicholas avenue; Geo. B. Hendricks, 228 Powers street; James F. McElroy, 128 East One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street; Nutmeg, Thomaston, Conn.; Thos. M. Pitzmorris, South

HOUSE AND HOME

Mme. Patti's Charity Concert.

As usual Mme. Patti did not sing for the poor fund. Jenny Lind's words, "How beautiful it is to be able to sing for purposes of charity," uttered a quarter of a century ago, have passed into the book of proverbs. Although the diva has taken millions of American dollars out of the country not a note has been raised for the helpless class.

New Spring Coat.

Here is a model coat for Spring wear. It is made of black serge, smartly cut, semi-fitting in the front, tight at the

back, with admirably setting moire sleeves, lined with silk, and completed with a moire bow at the neck.

Cheese Fritters.

Slice thin half a dozen large, tart apples and prepare half as many thin slices of cheese. Beat up one or two eggs, according to the quantity required, and season high with salt, mustard and a little pepper. Lay the slices of cheese to soak for a few minutes in the mixture. Then put each slice between two slices of apples, sandwich style, and dip the whole in the beaten egg. Fry in hot butter and serve hot.

Mephisto Capes.

The Mephisto cape is for afternoon and evening wear. It consists of two flaring, bias black moire antique "1830" shoulder capes, from under which a deeper one for the hips is suspended, giving the effect of a coat, without its weight. The cachet of the garment lies in the neck trimming, the Mephistophelean horns of moire protruding from each side of the crushed collar directly under the ears, producing the broad effect so much desired this Spring. The same idea is carried out at the waist, where a loosely folded belt is set off with another and larger set of horns. A jabot of cream lace at the throat gives a touch of brightness to this stylish wrap, which is as serviceable as it is effective.

Eggs Flush—Prices High.

Notwithstanding the great supply of fresh eggs, the consumer is obliged to pay 25 cents for twenty-two. This is the sign in the grocers' windows on the east and west sides of town.

Springtime Pleasures.

Get ready for the Spring cleaning! Tidy up the lawn and garden; place your orders for seeds and plants; hunt up "de shovel an' de hoe;" see that the garden hose is not burst in too many places; bring out your window shades and screens; see that all the trellis work is in good order; have the flower vases examined and cleaned; keep the servant girl in good temper; make the "odds an' ends" man believe that his giant intellect suggests every improvement, and then when you have worn yourself out in the endeavor to make your home comfortable for the coming season, don't be too painfully surprised if your husband tells you that if you have been as busy as a hen with one chicken, you have been just as unnecessarily so.

Popular Stripes.

Tall girls have the call, and striped dress goods are in demand. Many flowered stripes are seen. They are not the effect of color, but of weave, the tissue being all in one color. The stripe is formed by small flowers, but while the stripe is rather narrow, the free space between two stripes is two or three inches wide.

Breakfast Omelet.

Beat together four eggs until they are light, and include a heaping saltspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, and four tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, preferably the former. If preferred, the salt may be sprinkled on top of the omelet while cooking. Have ready in an omelet pan a teaspoonful of hot butter that is just beginning to smoke, and turn in the eggs. Pull up the edges of the omelet as they stiffen, to allow the still liquid portion to reach the hot pan; when this is mostly cooked allow the under side to brown slightly, double one-half evenly over upon the other, and serve at once on a napkin laid upon a heated platter, turning the corners of the napkin over the omelet as it goes to table. Should the use of the napkin seem objectionable, drop a few sprigs of cress or parsley on the top and edges of the omelet. If the eggs are fresh and are properly beaten this omelet is sure to be light and excellent.

Ironing Collars and Cuffs.

Don't dip collars or cuffs or shirt fronts in boiled starch. You will be sure to come across lumps when ironing. Rub the starch on the articles on the wrong side with the fingers, and as soon as it begins to appear on the right side it is sufficiently starched.

The Life of an Actress.

Ellen Terry has no sympathy for girls who go on the stage deluded with the idea that stage life is a luxurious paradise, and think that they can earn a salary with little work, and whether they have any talent or not. Many young girls have been to her for advice in regard to becoming actresses, and if she is satisfied that they have talent—much talent—for the profession, she immediately sets forth to them, in most emphatic terms, the endless, grinding drudgery before them and the life which is identified with the career of an actress. Then, unless they are talented, are ready to meet the hardest experiences and are firmly resolved to unswervingly aim and untiringly labor for the very highest pinnacle of success, she advises them never to think of such an idea again, but to return to their old work, whatever it may be, and remain contented with it.

Racahout des Arabes.

One tablespoonful of racahout, one tablespoonful of salt, one cup of hot water, one cup of milk. Put the racahout and salt into a saucepan. Mix with a little cold water, pour on the boiling hot water and simmer for ten minutes; then pour in the cup of milk, let it again reach the boiling point, strain and serve very hot. Racahout is a compound of sugar, arrow root, rice flour and French chocolate. It makes a most