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SUNDAY FEATURES.

Scarcely anything can be more interesting to the citizens of New York than to know who will succeed Richard Croker as Boss of Tammany Hall. For in the hands of this new king rests the government of this big town for the next few years at least. Will this new dictator, this new "Central Power," continue the theory of municipal government as pursued by Mr. Croker? Has Mr. Croker sufficient influence in Tammany to name his successor? If so, the man Mr. Croker will name will undoubtly be John J. Scannell, the President of the Board of Fire Commissioners.

As the possible successor of Mr. Croker, as the great chief of Tammany, it is interesting to know something about Mr. Scannell. The "Sunday World" to-morrow will publish a carefully prepared biography of this gentleman, giving his early history as a practical politician, and telling the details of his startling murder of Thomas Donohue, whom Mr. Scannell shot and killed in a pool-room some years ago, and the close friendship which has existed between Mr. Croker and Mr. Scannell since they became acquainted in Murderers' Row in the Tombs.

Miss Meg Merrilles has discovered a physician uptown whose theory of practice necessitates the starving of his patients on a hot-water diet until they become hollow-eyed, walking skeletons. The only other nourishment given is peculiar meat cake, which the patients devour along with their hot water. The doctor gave "The World" reporter a curious prescription, that called for orange peel, snake root and other strange ingredients, which a half dozen leading druggists in New York laughed at and said nobody ever used. Altogether, this doctor and his poor, emaciated patients form a very queer nest of cranks.

Every woman, and particularly every mother, ought to read thoughtfully Dr. Louis Fischer's article in to-morrow's "Sunday World" on "Infant Opium Drunkards." Dr. Fischer points out the startling fact that thousands of babies are dosed with soothing syrups which are no more or less than compounds of opium. In this way the little ones are, of course, quieted and soothed, but they acquire a taste for this dreadful drug which develops in after life and makes morphine fiends of them.

Davis, the leading batsman of the New York Baseball Club, writes a very interesting article on the proper way to pound the leather. He tells of his experience with various pitchers, and explains the secret of making safe hits. Every baseball enthusiast will be interested in reading this article in the "Sunday World."

Besides these features there will be a most interesting assortment of miscellaneous articles, including a short fiction story by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the discovery of an English scientist of the fact that woman is less like a monkey than man, a continuation of the discussion from all standpoints of the absorbing "woman question," an entire supplement of original humor and colored cartoons and a notable list of illustrated miscellany. Don't miss to-morrow's "Sunday World."

IS THIS MANSLAUGHTER?

Another catastrophe has occurred through the falling of a warehouse, brought about by wilful carelessness and incapacity. The building was on Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, of brick and four stories high.

A month ago a fire broke out in the building, slightly burning the first and second floors. The Department of Buildings directed that the charred beams and joists should be taken out and replaced. Last Wednesday morning the work was commenced. As soon as the floor was taken up and the supporting joists taken out the building fell. One man only was killed and three were injured, but others had a marvellous escape from instant death.

Is no one to blame for this? Was the Building Department justified in ordering the beams and joists taken out? Was the workman who did the job justified in doing the work without any thought of the consequences?

As a proof of the gross carelessness displayed the cellar was found flooded with water, which had been there since the fire and had undermined and weakened the centre wall.

Mayor Schieren was elected for reform. Will he let this incapacity and indifference to human life pass without notice? Will he call the Building Department to account? Will a reform administration look complacently on the manslaughter and maiming of workmen which a little ordinary official capacity and prudence might have averted?

BURLESQUE INVESTIGATORS.

The Senate bribery investigation is the roaring farce of a thoroughly disgraceful session. The investigators have discovered what they knew before—that Charles W. Butts, a lobbyist and claim agent, formerly a member of Congress, had attempted to bribe two Senators, Hunton and Kyle, to vote against any tariff bill, so as to preserve the McKinley law. But they failed to discover for whom Butts acted, whose money was to be used, what other Senators were approached and whether any of them were of the Barkis stripe.

The single discovery they did make was that Butts has no money of his own, a revelation which was not entirely unexpected.

What a farce for the United States Senate of 1894 to pretend to make an investigation into the honesty of its own members. What a burlesque for the Committee to take up the charges of corrupt speculation in Sugar stock after the Butts performance.

The appointment of the Committee was a blind. The best proof is the fact that it has done nothing but apply a daub of whitewash to Senators Hunton and Kyle, who were honest enough to promptly expose the attempts to bribe them, and needed no committee kalsomining. The Committee was raised to divert the attention of the public from the fact that the Senate's own acts during the session had invited the bribery. Who would have approached Roscoe Conkling, or Charles Sumner, or John C. Calhoun, or William L. Marcy, or Silas Wright or William M. Evarts with a money bribe for his vote?

MORE FISHING.

President Cleveland has not left off fishing. As soon as he returned to the White House he got out his rod and line, baited his hook with the tempting morsel of the Naval Office, dropped it into the waters of Anti-Snapperism and "landed" C. C. Baldwin.

Then, with the position of Internal Revenue Collector for the Second District of New York substituted for the Custom-House sinecure, our National fisherman made another cast and drew in out of the old County Democracy stream, at present running pretty low, that faithful follower of ex-Boss Maurice J. Power, John A. Sullivan.

Mr. Baldwin's appointment is regarded as precluding the appointment of another Anti-Snapper settler in this city of the Southern brigadier class, who has been eagerly expectant of the Custom-House Surveyorship.

Now that Mr. Cleveland has started his patronage fishing it is thought probable that he will fill his bag.

SAMPSON'S STORY.

A singular story was told yesterday by Capt. Sampson before the Congressional Investigating Committee raised to inquire into the Carnegie frauds. It shows very clearly how necessary was the investigation.

The frauds are admitted, if they are not regarded by Capt. Sampson as serious. But the singular part of the business is the conclusions the Captain has reached after his very slight investigation while sojourning at the Carnegie Club. His opinion is that the workmen and superintendents, and especially General Superintendent Schwab, are responsible for the frauds, and that the principles, Carnegie, Frick and the rest, are entirely innocent and not responsible. He did not believe that Frick visited the works once a month.

Innocent Sampson. If he really believes that a set of workmen and a few subordinates, having little or no interest in the matter, swindled the Government out of large sums of money by putting deficient and often worthless armor in our war vessels, and made all the arrangements and conspiracies for false and fraudulent tests, he may not be strong enough to demolish a heavy temple, but his stupidity is certainly powerful enough to pull down upon his head the ridicule and contempt of the people.

New York's hope is in the disruption of its enemies. That hope can only too easily be blasted by the division of the city's friends. Partisanship will, if allowed, cause this division. If the municipality has friends worthy of the name, they will stand together in this hour, regardless of party whip and caucus.

The Lexow Committee has already confirmed the impression that New York's Police Department locks up secrets of its own, as well as men and women of the world.

No cloak of Senatorial dignity can cover up a Senatorial scandal. Whatever is in that Sugar Trust story must come out. The matter has gone too far to be hushed up by star-chamber proceedings.

New York wants one kind of rapid transit for itself and another kind for the Crokerized Tammany. Both can be secured at the polls with a united good citizenship.

The less blood Gov. Waite gets on his bridles, providing he nevertheless restores the peace in Colorado, the more respect he will regain outside of his State.

Every day it becomes more important that the whole truth shall come out regarding the relations between the Sugar Trust and the United States Senate.

"The Evening World" Sick Babies' Fund is again fortunate. The hearts of generous New Yorkers need little prompting in such a cause.

It is sad to think that Senator Bradley's confidence in the New York detectives' ability to find Gideon Granger may have been misplaced.

Mr. McClave is to be cordially invited by the Lexow Committee to call again. And of course the Committee hopes to have the call.

The detectives who shadow Counsel Goff, of the Lexow Committee, will be much better employed on the trail of Granger.

To put party before city interests will be to make an unconditional surrender to the foes of the better New York.

Just bear in mind that your opinion on the tariff has nothing to do with good government for New York City.

In publishing his announced book on Irish affairs is "Invincible" James Tynan looking out for "No. 17?"

If May is still a merry month she is disguising the fact. None of us here below can see the fun.

There are two less Federal officers in New York for good Democrats to keep guessing over.

The Senate didn't wait till it got to the lead schedule before making tariff sinkers.

National party issues should be carefully kept off from municipal reform grass.

"Gilroy and Murray out." New York won't be vindicated till they're all out.

Naturally, Coxeyism takes wings as its practitioners become jail birds.

The Fort Washington bluff will make a magnificent public park.

Some meteorological contortionist has got hold of the weather.

THIS IS BABIES' NIGHT.

Vaudeville, Music and Merry-making at Central Opera-House.

"Lottie Gilsor, the Great Little Magnet," Will Sing and Dance.

The Pretty Managers Will Give a Dancing Party After the Show.

The Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged	$7,113.13
Little Silver Workers, Brooklyn	37.25
Visitors to dome of Pulitzer Building	26.07
Lulu and Lizzie Howard, Brooklyn	20.00

Don't forget the young ladies' vaudeville at the Central Opera-House this evening. It will be a great show for a good cause, and you can't afford to miss it.

LOTTIE GILSON.

Miss Lottie Gilson, the little magnet of Tony Pastor's Theatre, is going to sing and dance and cut monkeyshines, and Mr. Weather-Maker Dunn promises a starry night in East Sixty-seventh street, with peony and sweet-briar scented breezes from the park. Miss Gilson is one of the brightest stars of the variety stage, and she is going to shine for the sick babies and twinkle her very best for the delight of their patrons and patronesses. She has a pretty little figure, big bright eyes, baby feet, just built for dancing, a voice that can talk as well as sing songs and a repertoire as long as the lease of a four-story uptown house. She is such a favorite with Tony Pastor Theatregoers that she has to sing and talk and dance herself tired before they let her go. It will be worth the price of admission just to see her little feet do a clog dance. There are other attractions, dozens of them, on the programme. The young ladies have arranged it so as to give every ticket-buyer a full measure of sparkling fun. Handsome girls will be on hand with flower rosettes on their shoulders, to see that the guests are properly cared for and to answer for the sick babies.

The generous little ladies who are giving the show to help the Sick Babies' Fund are the very best of friends, and each is the idol of a circle of relatives and admirers. They have been preparing for the benefit a long while, and when it is all over and the last number on the programme is finished the stage will be cleared, the orchestra will play "The Invitation to the Dance," and Miss Bertha Diamond, Miss Ida Elisberg, Miss Emma Diamond, Miss Nathan and the other pretty patronesses will take partners. Tickets are only 25 cents for the show, for Miss Lottie Gilson's inimitable performances and for the stage dance. It isn't once in a lifetime that such an opportunity is offered.

The Children's Carnival, which will be held the very last evening in May, at Prof. Steininger's Dancing School, is something to live for. There are thirty-six numbers on the programme. What do you think of that, now? Over one hundred sweet little girls and bewitching boys will step out in the grand promenade. There will be the "Peasants' Jubilee," with thirty-four rustic midgets in costume. Beautiful Pauline Rosenberger will be dressed in kilts and quills; she will carry a bagpipe and play on it, too.

Little Stella Rapp is down for a Turkish tambourine solo; their gracious highnesses Hortense Davidson and Fannie Turk, will dance "La Cachucha," and now that their dainty fingers are all well, snap their castinets with the vim and assurance of Spanish coquettes. Wee Jessie Forst is to dance the sailor's hornpipe, and there will be a gypsy ballet, a "love dance," a flag dance, and flings in port and on shore, a serpentine dance and scarf and angel ballets.

All this rallying of pretty girls and merry happy children to the help of the poor sick babies of New York is delightful.

In the Face of Storm and Rain.

To the Editor:

On the 21st, 22d and 23d of this month a few young ladies, styling themselves "The Little Silver Workers," aged from nine to sixteen years, took it into their little heads to get up a fair for the benefit of your Sick Babies' Fund, at 57 Tenth street, South Brooklyn, N. Y. They started on a collecting tour among the stores, but as the storekeepers had been run to death on this racket the little ones were almost discouraged, for they had sold a number of tickets at 5 cents each. Their stock of goods was very limited. As a last resource, they heard that an old gentleman, R. G. Valentine, by name, was major-domo of a big house in New York City, for whom some of the young ladies worked, so they, in their last hope, applied to him, telling of their dilemma. Did he repulse them? Not he, but with hardly time enough to do anything, he got to work. Not being a rich man himself, he could not donate any cash, but he just sat down and wrote a letter to the Philadelphia house of Hance Brothers & White, asking for a donation for "The Evening World" Sick Babies' Fund, when they responded in a very generous manner, thereby enabling the "Little Silver Workers" to accomplish wonders against every odds.

The first night came, the weather was stormy, likewise the second, the rain came down in torrents. Now, they had only one more night to do anything, that was last night. The weather threatened, but still they hoped against hope. Mr. Valentine brought his baby organ to the fair the first night, and kept the crowd a-dancing every night. Messrs. Miller and Valentine ran the fair for the young ladies. Mr. Miller donated the flat and a lot of fancy articles. Mr. Valentine donated his time and 100 boxes of his celebrated Flash Healing Powder. The Metropolitan Gas Company donated the gas. The receipts amounted to $37.25, which will be handed you by a committee from "The Little Silver Workers." Please accept same, and may it help the poor sufferers to regain their health, as every little helps swell the fund. We are very truly yours to help the babies.

"LITTLE SILVER WORKERS."
ELLA MILLER, JENNIE BILLINGS,
SUSIE WADE, MAY T. VALENTINE,
GRACE WADE, ETTA CONKLIN,
DAISY WADE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Two Little Sisters.

To the Editor:

Please acknowledge this in your evening paper: Inclosed find the sum of $20, the proceeds of a fair held by Misses Lulu and Lizzie Howard, ages eleven and eight years, in a store at 495 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, kindly given them for the occasion by Mr. Sutter. The fair was held on the evenings of the 18th and 19th of May.

LULU and LIZZIE HOWARD,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Lessons in Cooking, a series of instructions for young housekeepers, by Mrs. J. B. Romer, will begin in "The Evening World" next Monday.

LETTERS

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

That Irksome Little Word.

To the Editor:

I fully coincide with "L. A. J." in her views in relation to the word "obey" in the Christian marriage ceremony. I think that a woman ought to have so strong an affection for a man she is willing to marry that she will pay no attention to the word and think nothing of it. No man that marries a woman and loves her as he ought to will ever think of commanding her to do so and so any more than he would a mother. In fact, his respect and esteem for her will be such that he will never think of ordering her to obey him as he would a child or a servant. I have been married many years, and I have never found the word or promise conflict with my happiness. I know of but one woman who ever objected to promising to the entire marriage ceremony. She requested the officiating minister previous to the marriage to omit the word "obey," as she said she would not promise to obey any man. This was a long time ago. They lived together a few years and then separated, and are now living in different parts of the country. No, my sisters, if you decide to marry do not object taking the entire Christian marriage ceremony. Love and respect your husband, and he will love, cherish and respect you.

M. G.

Worship on Sunday.

To the Editor:

"Christian" finds in the twenty-second chapter of St. John something about the observance of Sunday. Unfortunately, the gospel of John contains only twenty-one chapters. If "Christian" means the Revelation of St. John the Divine there is nothing in the twenty-second chapter referring to the observance of any day. The repudiation of the ten commandments by "Christian" borders on blasphemy. The Lord himself says (Matthew v., 17-19) that he did not come to destroy the law. As to the new commandment "Christian" mentions, I fail to find it new. I read the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" first in Moses, book III., chapter 19, verse 18, and only repeated by the Lord (Matthew xx., 37, and Marks xii., 28-31). I think "Christian" ought to study the Bible better before writing letters to a paper like "The Evening World," which is read by all classes of people and by those, too, who know a little more than they hear from their minister. I would recommend him to read the transactions of the "Council to Nicaea" in the year 325 P. Ch., for better information about the observance of Sunday.

D. T.

The Teacher's Value.

To the Editor:

I can find no reason why a sensible young man should be shy of a sensible teacher. In a sense we should all be teachers, and teach—beginning with ourselves. Now, in my estimation, a teacher stands higher than any other performer of work; be the teacher self-taught or a teacher of others; she (he) can count on the highest results, always provided he (she) cast good seed on well prepared and fertile soil. The writer is a bachelor—self-taught in housekeeping— cooking, chamberwork, brushing, polishing (shoes, door-knobs, lamp chimneys, &c.), is his own barber (save hair cutting), fond of the best books, the best in current literature; can help himself in every emergency, enjoys swimming, boating, fishing, calisthenics, gymnastics, and can turn a somersault when occasion demands, and I think such a bachelor wouldn't feel shy on luckily meeting a spry schoolmarm of compatible propensities. No, "Teacher," the writer is not "shy" of the teacher.

FOND BACHELOR.

Religious and Material Facts.

To the Editor:

If "J. A. K." desires some light on the question of creation and man's relation thereto, he might venture to read Wendell Phillips on the "Lost Arts," Volney's "Ruins of Empires," and Layard's "Ninevah." From these authors he may learn something, and should he follow the matter up may wonder that he was ever a believer. In the mean time he may reflect that Moses is regarded as a very important personage. Let him ask his minister what language Moses spoke? He must ask this of a very learned man, a scholar like Dr. Briggs or Rabbis Silverman or Gottheil. The pulpit, as a rule, does not deal in material facts, but in religious facts which materially differ.

W. L. D.

That Proposed American Academy.

To the Editor:

An "American Academy" on the same plan as "The Immortals" of France, has been suggested. The French Academy has for its membership the forty most distinguished men of letters in that country. Have we forty literary men in the United States?—forty men whose style is pure and whose work is on the highest plane of letters? We have 4,000 men and women who make money by writing books, but I don't think we have ten first-class, scholarly litterateurs. Instead of an academy I believe we would be more successful in this country if we undertook to establish a literary menagerie. What do "Evening World" readers think?

THORWALDSEN M'GINNISS.

Dressmakers, Don't Marry.

To the Editor:

I have read with a good deal of interest all letters answering the question, "Shall Men Marry Dressmakers?" I wish to take the other side of the question, "Should dressmakers marry?" Nine out of ten get lazy and worthless husbands. Dressmakers, as a rule, are proud and high-spirited; they must put up with much nonsense, and the consequence is there is a separation or frequent quarrels, for there is nothing so detestable as a man wanting his wife to support him. There are plenty of such men; their name is legion. Therefore, my advice to dressmakers is, stay single. DRESSMAKER, South Brooklyn.

A New English Humorist.

To the Editor:

Haw! haw! haw! This blarsted country of yours is all so blooming funny to me. It makes me laugh—haw! haw! haw! I have been here a month and a half and have made a close study of American institutions, and know whereof I speak. Your country is going to the demnition bow-wows, going fast. The only sensible American I have met is George Francis Train. He told me the country had quick consumption and would soon be out of existence, and, furthermore, he proved it. This country properly belongs to England; she was stolen from her by force. Does that make it right? Why doesn't she belong to England as much as Canada does? What do the signs portend but that before King Edward VII. dies, God bless him, this so-called Republic will be part of his empire? What is the average American but a regular stuff? What are your lawmakers at Washington but graduated ward hums? Men of no family, regular nobodies. Look at England's legislators—the upper house composed exclusively of men of noble birth, whose ancestors have been lawmakers from the time of the Conqueror. Look at the lower house, gentlemen all, of family connections, most of them younger sons of noblemen, who will in time adorn the upper house. Look at the English Parliament at all times, at any moment, the party in power represents the will of the English people. Who would for a moment claim that the miserable dollar-grabbers now at Washington, elected in 1892 to accomplish wonders, represent any person or any principle than their own selfish desires? Consider English history. Every American knows it by heart. What Englishman knows anything of American history. It is mere trash, all stuff! What was George Washington at first but an English gentleman, and later a renegade and a traitor to his King? If we had caught him we would have hanged him and drawn and quartered him, and very properly too, sir. What was your other "great" American President but a flat-boat man and a rail-splitter? What was his successor but a tailor? Who was your greatest captain but a man of no family connections, and when he was President whom did his daughter marry but an English gentleman? From the beginning of English history show me the member of the Royal family that was ever a rail-splitter, a tailor or a canal-boat man! The really great deeds done in the name of Americans have been done by foreigners. Who were the greatest Revolutionary Generals, Gates and Lee, but Englishmen? Who was your greatest Admiral, Farragut, but a full-blooded Spaniard? Your famous Admiral Gherardi is the son of an Italian of noble family. The Chief Engineer of your most powerful cruiser, the famous "Pirate" or Columbia, is Cipriano Andrade, a Mexican caballero. For all of which America assumes full credit. You can't hoodwink us Englishmen. In a generation we will have an English Lord over here as Governor-General; in another century another Gibbon will arise, and write "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Great American Republic." I don't expect you to publish this; you would be afraid to; it shows you up too thoroughly. I just wanted you to know what we think of you. American newspapers contain nothing but packs of lies anyway. The only true and interesting things I ever read in the American papers are the cable reports of the coaching trips in France. It is all so blarsted funny. Haw! haw! haw!

JOHNNIE BULL.

The Difference.

To the Editor:

When a man is single life's a pleasure;
His good times he can number by the score;
He does just what he pleases with his leisure;
Makes love to half a dozen girls or more.
His days and nights are free from melancholy;
His blisses many and his sorrows few;
There's no one to upbraid him for his folly,
Or tell him what he should or shouldn't do.

Then life is very sweet;
Existence seems complete;
With happiness his heart and pulses tingle;
The world looks bright and fair;
For its strife he doesn't care;
He feels the blessedness of being single.

When a man is married he will worry;
He knows his days of happiness are o'er;
He's nearly always in a dreadful hurry;
It's hard to keep the grim wolf from the door.
He passes many hours in regretting
The fatal day he took to him a wife;
His face grows old and wrinkled up with fretting;
For him there's naught but drudgery in life.

Oh, when a man is wed,
He will wish that he were dead,
Or that a little longer he had tarried;
His life is full of woe;
Sadly has he learned to know
The great misfortune it is to be married.

JOHN J. M'INTYRE.
Port Richmond, S. I.

A New Name for America.

To the Editor:

I agree with "Facta Non Verba." We have no distinctive National name. There are half a dozen United States in the two Americas, but each one is designated by its own proper name, beside that of America. A Brazilian is an American, but he is also, and above all, a Brazilian. Shall I call myself always a New Yorker? To be correct I must, as "American" may mean one of so many Spanish-American Republics. Nor is Mr. O'Brien correct in saying "American would be correct because custom and usage make it so," &c. Do they? Having been a member of the "American (?) colony in Paris for over six years, I have been often asked if I was not a Brazilian, or from the Argentine by the Parisians. American may mean all. Is it not time to adopt a name, and, perhaps, a language? We are English now in speech—and only the Indians have their own language in these United States. However, as we are mixtures of all nations and all languages, how would "Cosmopolita" do? In any case, we are a rank failure in anything but railroads.

UNITED STATES. (?)

The Sultan's Subjects.

To the Editor:

In a statistical list of the number of people under various rulers, you have given 40,000,000 subjects to the Sultan of Turkey. The sick man would dance with gladness if it were so. True it is that his subjects once numbered about 40,000,000, but that was before the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. Since then the Sultan has lost Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Thessalia, Oriental Roumelia, a portion of Armenia, Cyprus, Egypt, &c., and to-day his subjects scarcely number 22,000,000. The rule of Hamid II. has been an era of decadence, and the Sultan will bless his stars if the victors of the coming general European war will not hold their Thanksgiving feast upon his Turkey.

SPECTATOR.

Drug Clerks Have Admirers.

To the Editor:

I have been reading the letters about drug clerks, and I am inclined to think they are not getting justice. As far as I know them they are all right. I admit they like to flirt, but that is not a bad fault in a good man. They have hard work and long hours, and if they didn't flirt a little we would say they were cranky. Now if poor "Regina N." is not fortunate to get one she should let them alone. They are good-hearted, jolly fellows. I have a friend who is one, and there is nothing lemon colored about him; but he has a heart—oh, how big! Just like a watermelon.

SCOTCH LASSIE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dangerous Ball Playing.

To the Editor:

You are so constant and unwearying in your work for the public that we get the impression your patience is inexhaustible. Can you help us now to deliverance from the deadly ball-players? I live in One Hundred and Twenty-third street, between First and Second avenues. This block, and all adjacent ones, are infested by the dangerous plague. Any policeman whose help you may invoke promptly informs you it is "the other man's" beat, and disclaims all jurisdiction in the matter. I have known a policeman—not exactly in this locality—"take a hand with the boys" at ball playing. A member of my family has nearly had an eye knocked out, enacting the role of the "frog" in this pleasant pastime of "the boys." To you, now, we turn, with the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us!"

HOUSEKEEPER.

Bells! Bells!! Bells!!!

To the Editor:

I wish to enter a protest against the bells on St. Michael's Church, Ninety-ninth street and Amsterdam avenue. Not only Sundays, but many week days, are the residents for blocks in the neighborhood of this church annoyed by these chimes. Sundays they are rung for fifteen minutes at a time. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon are mournful scales rung upon them. It seems an injustice that non-churchgoers or people having some other faith should be bored by the ringing of these far from melodious bells. What would Dr. Peters think were a brass band to be located in his vicinity and allowed to play at will? But a brass band would be paradise to those infernal bells. Stop it, Doctor, and you will gain the good will of many present sufferers.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

Who Talks United States?

To the Editor:

I am a German by birth, and do not speak the best of English. While talking to people I often make mistakes, "breaks," some call them, who will then say, "Oh! why don't you speak United States?" Now, I would like to know if the United States has any language of its own, or if it isn't better to say, "Oh! why don't you speak plain English?"

DUTCHMAN.

BRAIN FRESHENERS.

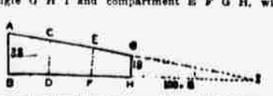
[*This column is for mathematical problems. Only be popular kind that exercise and refresh the mental faculties and do not require elaborate algebraic solution will be printed. Our type does not include algebraic signs, so it will be impossible to give answers in which these are used. The names of the first ten persons sending correct solutions will be printed. Address answer to "Problems, Evening World, P. O. box 2,554, New York City."*]

Partitioning the Coal Wagon.

To the Editor:

In the coal wagon problem it is only necessary to consider the surface of the side of the box, as the width being uniform, the cubical contents will correspond to equal divisions of the side surface.

Let A, B, G, H represent the side of the box and the dotted lines G I H I the sides, prolonged to intersection, forming the right-angled triangle G, H, I. I assume the ends are perpendicular to the bottom. The depth decreases 26 inches, 38 minus 12, in the length of the box, 112 inches, consequently the lines will meet—by proportion 26 is to 18 as 112 is to length of H I, which is 100.8 inches from H. Area triangle G H I, 103.8 by 18 divided by 2 equals 907.2 square inches. Area of side of box, 112 times 38 (mean depth, 38 plus 18 divided by 2) equals 2,136 square inches. One-third of this, 1,045 1-3 square inches, is area of side of each compartment. Area of triangle E F I, composed of triangle G H I and compartment E F G H, will



be 907.2 plus 1,045 1-3, equalling 1,952.53 square inches. The triangles E F I and G H I being similar, will be to each other as the squares of their altitudes or corresponding sides. Hence, the proportion 907.2 (area G H D) is to 1,952.53 (area E F I) as 100.8 times 100.8 (square altitude H I) is square altitude F I, which gives us 21,865.372 plus. Extracting square root of this we get 147.87959 plus inches, which is the distance F I. Deduct H I (100.8) and there remains 47.07959 plus inches, which is F H, the length of the compartment E F G H. By a similar process D F is found to be 35.35825 plus inches, and deducting the sum of the two from 112, the remainder, 29.56216 plus inches will be the length of B D. Length of deepest compartment, 29.56216 plus inches, or approximately 29 9-16 inches; length of middle compartment, 35.35825 plus inches, or approximately 35 6-16 inches; length of lowest compartment, 47.07959 plus inches, or approximately 47 1-16 inches; total, 112 inches. Capacity of each compartment, 1045 1-3 times 46 equals 50,176 cubic inches, or 29 1-27 cubic feet.

A. W. HALL,
254 West Sixteenth street, city.

A Practical View of It.

To the Editor:

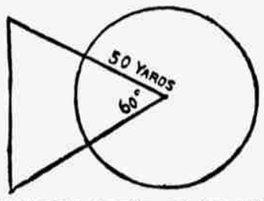
Answer to "Wagon-Makers" problem: For one inch partitions, on top of sides of wagon bed measure 46.33 and 81.76 inches from front and and place the partitions vertical so the marks will be at front edge of boards. If 1-8 iron partitions are to be used place them 47 and 82.2 inches from front end of wagon bed. Would say that the wagon will not hold three tons of coal, as the wagon bed only contains 87 2-3 cubic feet, and a ton of coal fills from 41 to 45 cubic feet.

J. E. ANDERSON.

The Horse's Succulent Sextant.

To the Editor:

It is immaterial whether the sides of the pasture are 80 rods or 80 miles in length. Being equilateral, each angle of the triangle will be 60 degrees, and the rope being fastened at one corner will describe the segment of a circle, of



which it will be the radius, and which will be one-sixth of the circle, the angle at the centre being 60 degrees minus one-sixth of 360 degrees; thence 50 yards times 2 equals the diameter, 100 yards, which squared and multiplied by .7854 and divided by 6 gives 1,309 square yards, the answer.

A. W. HALL,
254 West Sixteenth street, city.

A Doctor's Problem.

To the Editor:

Take an 8-ounce bottle (64 fluid drams) put into it 320 grains (for this problem it matters not what kind of medicine so we will say 320 grains of Epsom salts), fill bottle with water; we now have 320 grains Epsom salts dissolved in 64 drams of water. Now, take a 6-ounce bottle (48 fluid drams), put into this say 144 grains Rochelle salts, fill with water and we have 144 grains Rochelle salts dissolved in 48 drams of water. Now, take 1 dram out of the 8-ounce bottle and replace with 1 dram from 6-ounce bottle; continue this process, taking 1 dram from 8-ounce bottle and replacing with 1 dram from 6-ounce bottle until the 48 drams have all gone into the 8-ounce bottle. It does not matter what is done with that taken out of the 8-ounce bottle, just throw it away. The questions are: How much of each medicine will be in the 8-ounce bottle? and in what proportion does the medicine in the 8-ounce bottle decrease? And in what proportion does that in the 6-ounce bottle increase from the beginning to end of process? It is rather a difficult problem to make plain, but I hope it will be understood.

E. A. SCAMMON, M. D., Columbus, Kan.

The Divided Circular Field.

To the Editor:

A man owning a circular piece of ground having a diameter of 40 feet, divides it into two segments by a fence 20 feet long. How many square feet in each segment, and what would be the length of one side of a square piece of ground, having the same area as the larger segment, no reduction being made for fence?

J. F.,
Third avenue "L" road.

A Dressmaker's Problem.

To the Editor:

A silk merchant married his daughter to a woollen merchant, and the fortune he gave her was twenty yards of silk. There were twenty knots upon every yard, twenty purses upon every knot, and one guinea and a half, a crown and a half, and a halfpenny and a half in each purse. How much was the fortune?

ANNIE MILLER, Dressmaker,
12 Lee avenue, Brooklyn.

The Bicycle Conundrum.

To the Editor:

If I start on a bicycle for a place at fifteen miles an hour, I am one hour too soon, but if I travel on a tricycle at ten miles an hour, I am an hour too late. How far is it?

FREDERICK ASCHER, 41 Park Row.

The Card-Players' Handicap.

To the Editor:

A makes 20 points, while B makes 17; B makes 50 while C makes 40, or 13 3-5, while B makes 17; so A must allow C 6-2-5 in 20, or 32 in 100 points.

JOEY B.,
82 Grove street, Brooklyn.

With the Problem-Workers.

Correct answers to the wagon-maker's problem were received from Carl Jensen, 213 Richards street, Brooklyn; John Crowe, 428 Thirteenth street, Brooklyn; Michael Rath, 311 West Forty-fourth street.

No answers to James McMillan's poser about killing 30 sheep in seven days, an odd number each day.

The Grazing Horse.—Answer 1,309 square yards, sent in by Samuel Lord, Mott Haven, N. Y.; Max Adler, 144 Delancey street; John Crowe, Brooklyn; John Tighe, 651 East Thirteenth street.

First Lessons in Cooking, a series of instructions for young housekeepers, by Mrs. J. B. Romer, will begin in "The Evening World" next Monday.

HOUSE AND HOME

The Irrepressible Eton.

Tailors and modistes have combined against the Eton suits, but it is not suppressed yet. Not only shop-made, but custom-made outfits are about. One that goes up Madison avenue very often and contains a conjectured Barnard College

girl, is navy-blue serge, trimmed about the skirt with military braid several shades lighter. The jacket rolls back under blue silk facings to show the world a double-breasted vest of yellow doeskin.

Strawberries in Jelly.

Strawberries in jelly make a good dessert. A little gelatine is melted in cold water, and to it is added the juice of a pint of red currants. This is sweetened. About a pint of hulled strawberries are added, and the whole poured into moulds and set on the ice to harden.

Henrietta, Cashmere or Serge.

Henrietta, cashmere, serge and such black goods, if of a good quality, well repay one for all the cleaning given them. Remove the grease spots thoroughly from the goods, then wash in warm soapsuds, using a pure, not strong, soap, in which dissolve borax at the rate of a teaspoonful to two quarts of water; rinse in very blue water and iron on the wrong side, while damp, with a moderate iron

Do not rub the goods on a washboard, but souse them up and down and wring very gently, so as not to pull or twist the fabric.

Another plan suggests soaking the black cashmere in warm soapsuds for two hours, then dissolving an ounce of extract of logwood in a bowl of warm water and adding sufficient water to cover the goods, and then allowing them to stand in this mixture all night. In the morning rinse in four waters, and to the last add a pint of sweet milk; clap the material between the hands in place of wringing, hang on a line until nearly dry and iron while damp on the wrong side. Always iron until the goods are perfectly dry.

Pimples.

For pimples on the face, bathe it occasionally in a soothing lotion composed of a weak solution of borax and warm water. At night use very warm water on the face; then dry and rub into the pores an ointment made of flower of sulphur and lard.

The Study of Manners.

A new course of study has been introduced in the curriculum of the Elmira Female College, being a systematic study of manners. The Council of Etiquette formed in the college is made up of representatives from all the college classes, and to this council disputed points are submitted. It looks up authorities, considers weight of evidence pro and con, and finally decides according to the rest of the students. Some of the subjects thus presented have been "Manners in Public Places," "Letters and Letter Writing," "Chaperons and Their Uses," and others. The broad question of manners cannot be too much studied or too well understood. When it is brought down to finical questions of etiquette, which can never be decided for all time in all places, too much considering of them is both tiresome and harmful. The kind thing is usually the right thing. It is while one is hesitating over what Mrs. Grundy has decided to be the right thing that the opportunity to do the kind thing passes.

Don't Walk Against the Wind.

In one of Oliver Wendell Holmes's books the doctor in the man comes to the front with a suggestion that we all might well profit from. It is, in walking for pleasure or for the sake of exercise never to go against the wind. Walk with the prevailing current of air, is his advice, and then take a covered car back again.

Sea-Net and Tortoise Shell.

A hanging that smells of the sea is a large fish-net to the meshes of which are fastened many light shells. A fringe of the small shells accumulated in a Summer would be effective for a curtain to be used in a seaside cottage. A stuff curtain of quiet color could be made very attractive if embroidered with an all-over pattern of seaweeds, with real shells judiciously worked into the design. A large polished tortoise hung against the meshes of a fish-net of golden brown became more beautiful than any one had imagined it to be when it was hid in a cabinet.

Souvenir Pillows.

The craze for souvenir pillows is superseding that of souvenir spoons. They are of all shapes, sizes and materials, from gingham to costly brocade, and they must have a meaning. One young woman has sofa pillows made from pieces of each dress in her wedding trousseau. A romantic matron shows one made from the dress which she wore on her first meeting with her "liege lord;" another of the gown worn when he asked the all-important question; a third from a piece of the wedding dress, and the sweetest of all from baby's christening robe.

One collection in a city studio is made entierly of ginghams and percales; the handsomest being of percale, a white ground with red popies scattered over it, the material costing 10 cents a yard. Many pillows are embroidered with the owner's crest as on notepaper or table linen.

Men, or at least bachelors, are forced into the craze, young women presenting them with pillows sufficient to "ease their hard lot in life." One young fellow has his room decorated with pillows made from the flags of every nation. In some circles heart-shaped engagement pillows have taken the place of engagement cups.

Baked Milk.

Put milk in an earthenware jar. Cover the opening with thick white paper and bake in a moderate oven until the milk is as thick as cream. This is often palatable to invalids who do not care for milk.

The "Sailor" of To-Day.