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May, 1894.

THE WORLD'S BANNER MONTH FOR CIRCULATION.

Average Per Day:

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25,033 Per Day.

Readers of THE EVENING WORLD leaving the city for the hot months should send in their addresses and have THE EVENING WORLD mailed to them regularly.

Keep insulting loafers out of the public parks.

The confession and conviction of Erastus Wiman are almost a tragedy.

New York's introduction to the "pantata" is sensational and impressive.

The Lexow Committee is bringing out straight tips against "straight" local tickets.

There was a slight going down in sugar yesterday when 2,000 bags sank in the East River.

Mr. Croker is, under all the circumstances, a rather poor witness as to why he went away.

Violators of the law unite for "protection." Shall not good citizens unite for the upholding of their city?

According to definition, Mr. Croker was entitled to rank as a "pantata." But when he sailed away it became a plain case of "Ta-ta!"

The Senate narrowly escaped a serious case of "wool-gathering" yesterday. The backbone of the majority needs still another bracing.

But little refinement was added to the cruelty of lynch law by the Arkansas mob, which allowed a victim to act as his own hangman.

After this week's developments before the Lexow Committee New York almost needs the breathing spell afforded by the adjournment to next Tuesday.

Senator Gray's Committee persists in the use of the sidetrack for its Sugar investigation. The people expected, and have a right to demand, a through line of inquiry.

The day of faithful old servants is not past. A butler of thirty years' service in one New York family has just gone hopelessly insane over the death of the mistress of the house.

It is not surprising to learn that an attempt was made to buy a member of the Lexow Committee. The official barterers in "protection" and such things, in New York, have been living right along upon the principle that whatever is is purchasable.

Promoters of prize-fighting have claimed for a long time that the sport which they represent has been elevated to a place among the sciences. It remained for Inventor Edison to give a practical demonstration of pugilism's new associations. The Wizard will receive the heartfelt thanks of the fraternity of skilled self-defenders.

Gov. Flower gave up his good veto power for the political green goods of the Tammany Central Power. He will gather from the Lexow evidence that he figures, in the parlance of expert operators, as "come-on" and "guy." This is one more interesting development that he didn't expect when he cut off that appropriation for the investigation Committee.

Oil On the stand before the Lexow Committee yesterday a witness testified that he was a member of Tammany Hall and was also a Republican. The politics of the Crokerized Tammany are very much like those of the Sugar Trust, in that they are of the "business" variety. The wedding of the organization to Democracy is, under the present conditions of corruption, a mere "marriage of convenience." Like the Sugar Trust, the trust of the bosses has been playing to the majority.

There is a growing encouragement in the belief that the striking soft coal miners will, after all, accept the Columbus agreement. Their officers, duly authorized to act for them, have told the men plainly that the best that could be done for the time was done. Those officers go so far as to stake their continuance in office upon the acceptance or rejection of the terms secured. It would be the most possible policy for present purposes and future effect if the miners were now to repudiate the acts of their accredited representatives. Their proper course is to resume work Monday next, as the agreement prescribes.

SUNDAY WORLD FEATURES.

To-morrow marks the opening of the Summer resort season. Where are you going this Summer—to the seashore, to the mountains or to some quiet spot in the country? All Winter long new cottages and new hotels have been making their appearance with more or less energy here and there, and in the last few weeks things have been rushed forward to have everything ready for the first hot wave. The weather bureau declares that at last the weather has settled down for a good hot Summer, and next week the vanguard of Summer visitors will begin to arrive at the various watering places. Near New York the regular Summer residents have already opened their cottages, and at the nearby resorts like Bath Beach, Far Rockaway and along the Jersey shore the hotels are already well filled with visitors. Bar Harbor has not yet sprung into active life, and, of course, the mountain resorts are still slumbering in their Winter lethargy.

The "Sunday World" to-morrow will devote three pages to laying before its readers nearly everything that they would like to know about what has been going on all Winter at the various watering places. It will tell you all about the new hotels, who have built new cottages and what general improvements have been made here and there. If you are going to return this Summer to the same place you went last year you will find a story telling all that is new, and giving you a very clear view of the outlook for the season. Besides this, the "Sunday World" will print a very striking page of pictures of the Summer girl of '94, showing her in her various specialties, fads, fancies and frolics at the big Eastern resorts.

Miss Meg Merrilies, that enterprising and very courageous young woman who has already acquainted the readers of the "Sunday World" with visions of life in New York and her varied and unusual experiences, will to-morrow tell of what she saw and did during a stroll along the bottom of the Bay. This young woman, with four pairs of underflannels to keep her from being chilled, attired herself in a diving suit and explored the mysteries of life under water in our harbor. Anybody who has read Jules Verne's remarkable story, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," will have some curiosity to know what Miss Meg Merrilies has to say about her experiences among the fishes and crabs and eels down the Bay.

The "Sunday World" to-morrow will present a most timely and interesting story, forecasting the chances of the great American yacht Vigilant, which has just arrived in British waters, with her shirt sleeves rolled up, and ready to show the crack English racers that she can beat them all. This is the yacht which last year held the championship and defeated Valkyrie, and now, under the command of George Gould, has stepped into British waters to show her stern to the famous Britannia, the Prince of Wales's celebrated yacht. The "Sunday World" will tell exactly what races Vigilant will try to win, and will give the opinions of the leading British yachtsmen on her chance of bringing back to America all the cups she can lay her hands on.

Among other features of the "Sunday World" to-morrow will be a most charming fiction story by Margaret Deland; a very curious article, with some most extraordinary pictures, of animals of past ages, those enormous beasts that walked the earth before the days of Adam; an interesting illustrated study of the students of the leading American colleges for women and the girl graduates of 1894; an article of special interest to baseball enthusiasts on the birthday of baseball, which occurred just forty-eight years ago next Tuesday, when the first match game of ball was played in this country. To-morrow's "Sunday World" will be a most notable paper, covering every realm of human interest. Don't miss to-morrow's "Sunday World."

PUSH ON!

The Lexow Investigating Committee made a dip into Bohemia yesterday and elicited the fact that the uptown east-side Bohemian saloon-keepers had formed an association for the protection of its members in their business, and especially to enable them to do a Sunday business without getting into trouble. Their operations were on a very limited scale, because they are poor, and they make rather an insignificant showing by the side of the grander scale on which business is conducted in the Tenderloin precinct.

Is it not about time that the Committee should call to the stand some of the notorious owners of the gilded dens of vice in the Tenderloin precinct and in uptown districts, and some of the men who are known to have run gambling houses in the city for years, and to be running them to-day?

What is the use of examining the needy keeper of an east-side "coffee-house" or disreputable resort for poor, abandoned wretches, when the be-jewelled landladies of the golden palaces of vice are to be had? Who cares about a few newsboys who play "craps" when the wealthy keepers of notorious gambling hells are flashing their diamonds and displaying their "rolls" on the race tracks or over the boards of green cloth?

Come, gentlemen of the Committee, push on the excellent work you are doing, so that the whole story can be put before the people before election, and it cannot be charged that any one is simply getting up a case for campaign purposes. The people are after vice, not votes; after plunder, not politics; after blackmail, and not ballots; after police corruption, and not political capital.

The citizens of New York are far more interested in good government than in the next Governor.

Senators, push on your excellent work!

AN ERRONEOUS IDEA.

A Buffalo newspaper expresses surprise that "Democratic journals" in New York should be "the most malignant enemies" of Tammany Hall, which is "the oldest Democratic organization in the country" and "has fought many good fights for the Democracy."

It is an error to suppose that journals having the principles of the Democratic party at heart are enemies, malignant or otherwise, of the Tammany organization because they are the enemies of those who, having gained control of the organization, are leading it astray from Democratic principles, and by their corrupt methods making it a reproach to the Democratic party and an injury to the Democratic cause.

The work of purifying Tammany Hall is now going bravely on. The methods it promotes and encourages are being laid bare before the eyes of the people. Its leaders are fleeing from the wrath certain to come if they stay. Its followers have the penalties of crime held out before their eyes and see that the "protection" on which they have depended can no longer protect.

Are the forces promoting this work the "enemies" of Tammany? Are they not rather its best friends? There are thousands upon thousands of honest Democrats in Tammany who will rejoice when the purification and regeneration are complete, and who are already looking forward to the time when Tammany under new and clean and honest leaders can again claim her proud title as the old Democratic organization of the city.

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

Three cheers for the American boat-builder! Three cheers for the great American yacht Vigilant, which showed her stern to the gallant Valkyrie in all her races for the America's Cup!

When Englishmen have been compelled to yield to American yachts in contest after contest, the cry of the Britishers has always been, "Ah, but look at sea-going qualities, don't-cher-know! Where would these Yankee shells be out at sea?"

Well, the good yacht Vigilant cut her graceful way through British waters yesterday, having reached the Irish coast just fourteen days, thirteen hours and forty-four minutes after her departure from Sandy Hook, doing the voyage in shorter time than any sloop yacht that ever before crossed the Atlantic and beating the Valkyrie's time over the same course.

The Vigilant is expected to be ready for the first of the Clyde regattas in July, and it is given out that the owners, the Gould boys, will do their best to win, and will not toady to Britannia, as it is said some English boats do. Why, of course not. They will beat the Prince of Wales if they can, that is sure. They will have to do their best to win, anyway.

NEWS FROM THE ABSENT.

Mr. Richard Croker has arrived in Queenstown. Everybody will rejoice to hear that his first words to an Associated Press reporter confirmed that assertion of his friends on this side of the Atlantic, that he will be glad to give the Lexow Committee any assistance in his power, should they desire it. This, of course, means that he will be ready to return voluntarily as a witness, should he be wanted by the Committee.

It is to be hoped that the Committee will send Mr. Croker a polite invitation to testify. When search is being made for the money raised by the police and the Tammany district leaders in the city, and when it is found very desirable, indeed, to trace where it goes, an investigation without the ex-leader's testimony seems like the play of "Hamlet" with the melancholy Prince excluded. Of course everybody knows, as Mr. Croker claims, that he is "out of politics now," and holds no public position. But the events being inquired into occurred when Mr. Croker was very much in politics and occupied a prominent public position.

Mr. Croker, with characteristic modesty, says that he left New York suddenly and without announcement, because "he did not suppose the public attaches any interest to his movements." But, indeed, the public does attach a very great deal of interest to Mr. Croker's movements, and would have been delighted to have heard from his lips a history of how he accumulated his Aladdin-like fortune, and what he knows of Tammany methods in general and the police doings in particular.

Mr. Croker's innate diffidence makes him unaware of the interest taken in him by his fellow-citizens, who were astonished and grieved at his flitting.

THE SUFFRAGIST AND HER "POP."

The Populists have indorsed the Woman Suffragists. The Woman Suffragists have indorsed the Populists. There you are. So long as they confine their achievements to indorsing each other, they are all right. Should Senator Peffer and Susan B. Anthony take long walks in the moonlight, holding hands and acting skittishly, the country might blush a little, but it would resume its presence of mind immediately and yell out: "Bully for both of them!"

The Populists want the Government to own and run all the railroads and telegraph lines and banks, with several other paying business enterprises of this land. We presume that now that the Woman Suffragists have joined in with them the Populists will tack a codicil on to their platform insisting that the Government will do dressmaking and conduct millinery shops and soda fountains and ice-cream parlors. This would everlastingly clinch woman's indorsement of the prairie statesmen's cause.

It is so nice to see the Populist and the Suffragist enjoying each other's confidence in this manner. Now they have nothing to do but wait for the day to break when things will come their way. If they care to use the dome of the Pulitzer Building for horizon-scanning they are welcome, but horizons are not in very good working order this year, and they may wear out their scanners long before the scan amounts to anything.

EDITORIAL FEW-LINERS.

Cruelty of Croker.

If Tammany is innocent Mr. Croker is doing the organization a great injustice.—Washington Post.

Indeed and Indeed It Has.

The horrible, uncertain dangling of the Prendergast noose has gone on too long.—Chicago News.

Truth by the Card.

You can't tell your fortune by cards, but you can lose it that way.—Philadelphia Record.

Truisms on a Trust.

Mr. Havemeyer's so-called "political expenses" under any other name would buy as many votes.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Sweet Thought for Philadelphia.

Whatever its faults may be, a town that takes a lively interest in baseball is no morgue.—Oil City Blizzard.

Fair Warning from Louisville.

We give Keiley's Cozzyites fair warning to steer clear of Louisville. There are alligators in the river, and there is work on the streets.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Widespread Need.

What this community needs is more men to follow their own advice.—Chester News.

New York's Sure Thing.

At the beginning of the season New York thought it had a baseball club that was out of sight. Now it is sure of it.—Rochester Democrat.

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.]

Once Upon a Time.

To the Editor:

The devil came to a certain town
To see how things were going;
How his cause was getting on,
And what the saints were doing.
He went around to see his traps,
He climbed up in each steeple,
And then came down with a broad grin,
To shake hands with the people.
Some were caught with the social glass,
And some were caught with lucre;
And quite a host were gathered in,
With the bait progressive euchre.
He saw a crowd upon the street;
To welcome his arrival?
Ah, no, just then the church bell rang,
They were having a revival.
The church bell made the devil sick,
But he, with cordial greeting,
Joined the saints as they went by,
Resolved to go to meeting.

But the devil he was thunderstruck,
As the church door they were nearing,
He found that he was left alone;
The saints were disappearing.
The devil strode across the street,
And in wonder upward glancing,
He saw the hall ablaze with light,
And saints with sinners dancing.
He turned a handspring on the walk,
And as he gained his level,
He softly whispered to himself,
"Doesn't that just beat the devil?
'Tis clear that I'm not needed here,
With things in this condition."
And the devil spread his bat-like wings,
And fled back to perdition. ANON.

Ow! Wow! How Is This?

To the Editor:

I have read the several letters published in your valuable paper by "Johnnie Bull," "American" and others. I am an American, born in Philadelphia, but it has been my lot to reside upward of ten years in England and France, and I regret to say that I cannot boast of the pride for the land of my birth as most of my fellow-citizens do. I have experienced life on both sides of the herring pond, and I am very sure that if "American" and others who have written in reply to "Johnnie Bull" should live for a few years on the other side they would not only soon find out what a laughing stock we are, but would acknowledge a very pleasurable difference in all things, and would then refrain from so egotistically bragging about this "land of the free" being so much better than others, especially to Britishers. For my part, I am compelled to own that I am disgusted with my country and shall be glad to get away again to where I can meet gentlemen and be free from colliding with such ill-mannered people as I meet with in almost every sphere of life on this side. I agree with J. Van Alen: "This country is not fit for ladies and gentlemen." KEYSTONE.

Christ and the Commandments.

To the Editor:

Am I to understand by "G. F.'s" answer to "Grace" that Jesus changed the Sabbath day from the seventh to the first day of the week in direct disobedience of the ten commandments, which still stand recorded unbroken, and are taught to every Christian child who attends Sunday-school? If so, he not only disobeyed the commandments of God, but of his Father also, which, in my opinion, is a very bad example to teach children in a Sunday-school. The commandment still reads: "On the seventh day shalt thou rest." This does not look as if it had been changed; and an event of such importance should, in my opinion, have been recorded. There are thousands of events less important than this given great weight in the Bible. "G. F." in referring to the Jewish Sabbath should bear in mind that Christ was a Jew, therefore the Jewish Sabbath was Christ's Sabbath, and Christ was not the man to break the Sabbath or change the word of God. EUGENE L. MAN,
Coney Island, L. I.

Another Cry for Benches.

To the Editor:

We went down to the little and beautiful park at the foot of Eighty-seventh street and the East River last night. The weather had been a roaster during the day, and we expected to have some compensation by breathing the gentle zephyrs from the river, but we walked and walked, and not one bench in sight. The moon smiled on us beautifully, the green grass was inviting, the air comparatively cool. We contemplated the boats on the river, the waters reflecting the silvery light from the firmament, and absorbed in contemplation and tired of standing, we concluded to lie down on the grass for a short rest only. Our delight lasted four seconds. We were warned off by a stern man with a club. Now, Mr. Editor, will you not join us in chorus: Benches! Benches! Benches! for the little, pretty park at the foot of Eighty-seventh street. A. T. C.

Husbands Scarce in Jersey.

To the Editor:

I think "E. C. F." is quite right when he says that most of the girls don't know when they get a good young man; they don't care if he drinks or not, if he only has lots of money to spend on them. I am a young lady eighteen years old; can cook, wash, iron or do any kind of housework, and when I can find a good, sober and steady young man with $12 a week I shall not say no. But it is very hard to find one in Jersey. The good young men seem to look for the flirts and stylish girls and pass the good ones by.
A GOOD JERSEY CITY GIRL.

A Single-Taxer's Rosy View.

To the Editor:

I have read the letter of "Pro Bono Publico" with a good deal of sympathy. He ought not to give way to such pessimistic feelings. It may take some years yet before the single-tax doctrine is fully known; but it is certainly not losing ground, as "Pro Bono Publico" seems to fear. His definition of it as "the mainspring of progress" is apt and just, and in that sense it is growing more and more into the affections of thinking people. A. S. T. S. M.

"Johnnie Bull" Writes Again.

To the Editor:

Strike me up a bloody gum tree, but I seem to have stirred up a hornet's nest. I wrote you a few truths some time ago, perhaps in a chaffing way, and apparently Americans don't relish truths from a foreigner. Perhaps I have been here longer than six weeks and understand America better than my former letter indicated. Your correspondents who enjoy berating and vilifying "Johnnie Bull" are defending the ideal, not the actual America. I would say to my fiery young friend, "Carson, of Yonkers," to take cold baths in the mornings, avoid highly seasoned meats and read Emerson. "True Patriot" is evidently a very earnest young man in quest of information. He wants to know who invented electricity? I would answer that to the best of my knowledge and belief, God did, at the same time that he invented heat, motion and other forms of energy. I don't think railroads were ever invented—rails and spikes were, but railroads were built for the use of the travelling locomotive. As to the inventor of the locomotive and other steam engines, I would say that up to date Watt and Stephenson, of Great Britain, have that credit. This is one great fault of Americans. They claim everything in sight. My first ill impression of Americans came from reading Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "American Notes." Then, again, I have met so many Americans abroad, full of brag and boasting, loud in talk and small in wit. Your readers who have spent much time in London and Paris will, perhaps, corroborate me when I state that in each of these cities there are American colonies who carry out the idea that they are better in all ways than the average American at home, and who do not hide their sneers at their own countrymen. Coming to this country in 1884 for a brief stay in the midst of the Presidential campaign, one candidate's public immorality, the other candidate's private immorality, were apparently the only questions at stake. Since then the most important things I have learned of America are corruption and jobbery. A number of New York's Aldermen were sent to the Penitentiary and more fled from justice. Since then I have learned of the singular spectacle of one man, representing no people, without any elective office whatever, ruling New York City with the power of a despot, accountable to no one, absolutely irresponsible, and dictating to a certain extent the policy of the State and country. In this the freedom your correspondents so loudly boast of? Brooklyn suffered in the same way, so did Buffalo, Chicago and San Francisco. To-day I am called upon to believe that the paid guardians of your fair city, instead of protecting virtue, have beyond question of doubt protected vice in its worst form. I am forced to believe all of these things, and then vilified for condemning such a people and such a system as suffers them to exist. JOHNNIE BULL.

Wants Work, Not Suffrage.

To the Editor:

I would humbly ask the public at large where would be the advantage to the majority of workingwomen should they gain the full right of suffrage? I am a workingwoman, but heaven knows I do not want the ballot. If those same influential men and women who believe they are benefiting the workingwoman by striving to give her the privilege of voting would but give her employment, then they would be truly beneficial to their sisters. God did not give woman the right to vote, but, oh, surely he gave her the right to live; but how can life exist without sustenance? For months and months I have been seeking employment as a stenographer and typewriter; I have advertised, I have answered advertisements, I have walked, I have written, I have even begged for work. Must one then lie down and die? Surely there is some way of obtaining work. Can no one give me advice? If I could but secure a temporary position, even in another line of work, it would suffice until I could secure a stenographer's place. Doubtless there are thousands of other women in New York who, like myself, are out of employment. On our behalf I exclaim, we do not want "rights." Women's rights will not give us work; the ballot is not bread. A DISHEARTENED ORPHAN.

They Are Superior.

To the Editor:

Will you please say to "S. M.," of Union Square, that one of the individuals coming under the head of "Female Typewriters," take exception to his remarks. "Man against man," and "woman against woman," are all very well in their way, but when it comes to "Man against woman" or her vocation in this life, it certainly demeans, and proves the assailant to be anything but "a manly man" or a perfect gentleman. No doubt "S. M." is a silly, weak-minded, bald-headed old bachelor, who has been rejected by a typewriter, probably for the reason that he is unable to cope with her intellectually, socially and financially. He is evidently jealous of her superiority over man in general and himself in particular. While she earns most likely $18 or $20 a week, he has to be content with $8 or $10? Does the shoe fit? Explain, then, why so many marry their employers. Simply because while under their supervision the men have a chance to learn their true value, their superiority and their many virtues. With you it is a sure case of "sour grapes, "S. M.," "sour grapes." DAISY BELL.

"Johnnie Bull" and "American."

To the Editor:

After reading "American's" letter one can only wonder which is the greater donkey, he or "Johnnie Bull." I half suspect "American" is no real American at all, and after such productions as his letter one feels ashamed that he should even append that name to it. We have quite as many faults if not more than our transatlantic cousins, and they can justly bring a terrible array of prominent Americans who have disgraced their country, and are now in our prisons and penitentiaries, if we talk of their swindling "upper" ten, &c. The Lexow Committee is not calculated to make Americans particularly proud of their political government, at least, just now. Let me advise "American" to read a little and know what he is talking of before rushing into print. AMERICAN.

What Is Love?

To the Editor:

Oh, what is love? Is it to dream and sigh
And fret and ponder till the aching brain
Believes the tender passion but a pain?

Or is't to think all beauty in one eye
Is centred, and that brightest glances lie
Therein, or that upon one smiling face
Dwells sweetest loveliness; that perfect grace
Belongs to only one beneath the sky?

Or is't too long to fold within the arms
One whom we fancy is the heart's desire—
Whose very touch doth set the soul on fire,
Who seems all others to excel in charms?
Or is it to believe in one we find
Perfection of all good in humankind?
JACK, Mariner's Harbor, S. I.

No "Molly Man" for Her.

To the Editor:

"Bill Jones," you are right. I want to shake hands with you or otherwise indorse your sentiments regarding "Molly Men." In my opinion they are only fit subjects for "an woman's home." As stenographer and typewriter for a large concern employing only male help (myself alone being the exception), I naturally come in contact with many of these self-same "Mollies," and pray, therefore, that the gods deliver me from ever calling one "husband." The majority of them are ill-natured bachelors, cranky and hard to please, to say nothing of their close-fisted qualities. Shake again, Bill! I'm with you every time. Hurrah for the manly men!
AUGUSTA OF HARLEM.

Four Loaves for a Nickel.

To the Editor:

My attention was called to the bread question by "X. X.'s" letter in your paper. I thought I would try the experiment of having my bread baked at home, and find that using flour at $4.50 a barrel, my bread cost me about one cent and a quarter a pound loaf. Formerly I paid five cents for the same size loaf. A handsome saving, three and three-quarters cents per loaf. REX.

There Are Gay Typewriters.

To the Editor:

I have come in contact with a number of lady typewriters and have found them to be true and perfect ladies with intellectual faculties and good common sense—far above the giddy society girl of to-day. There are exceptions to all rules. The gay typewriter also exists, but why make all suffer for the failings of a few? I would advise any man if he loves a typewriter, to marry and be proud of her. M., Broadway.

A Gang with a "Pull."

To the Editor:

I am constantly insulted by a gang of loafers that hang around Ninth avenue and Fiftieth street, and have made complaints to the policemen on the beat, but it does not make any difference. They are there day and night, and insult passing women. I am a respectable working girl.
Miss K. M.

Working Girl's Country Week.

To the Editor:

If "Dottie" will address Emma Floyd, Summit, N. J., box 300, she may hear of something to her interest. Having been a young girl in your circumstances once myself, I can sympathize with you. E. F.

BRAIN FRESHENERS.

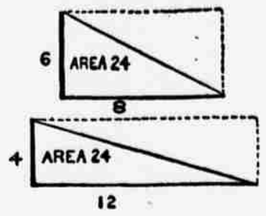
[This column is for mathematical problems. Only the popular kind that exercise and refresh the mental faculties and do not require elaborate algebraic solution will be printed. Our type does not include algebraic signs, so it will be impossible to give answers in which these are used. The names of the first ten persons sending correct solutions will be printed. Address answer to "Problems, Evening World, P. O. box 2,824, New York City."]

Those Right-Angled Triangles.

To the Editor:

Some young students, who seem to be much interested in the problems propounded by parties of advanced education, have called my attention to a problem by a Mr. H. A. Jones, the solution of which has not appeared hitherto. As all those problems, however simple, have an educational tendency, this one should not have been slighted by your contributors, every one of whom, in our opinion, is a voluntary teacher to those who have not had the advantages of an early education. Problem as stated to me: "Find three right-angled triangles of different dimensions, but whose areas are equal."

As the following solution is intended for young students not far advanced in geometry and mensuration, we shall try to make it sufficiently comprehensive. There being no limit to areas or dimensions, we will select a rectangle 6x8 feet, area 48 square feet. Dividing this rectangle by a diagonal, we get two right-angled triangles, the area of either equalling 24 square feet. So we find our first parent right-angled triangle—altitude, 6 feet; base, 8 feet; hypothenuse, 10 feet; area, 24 square feet. As we must retain this area throughout, to find our second triangle we will now cut off from our first rectangle 2x8 feet, containing 16 square feet, from which we form a rectangle or square of 4x4 feet, which we add to the end of the remaining portion of our first rectangle (6x4 feet), the area



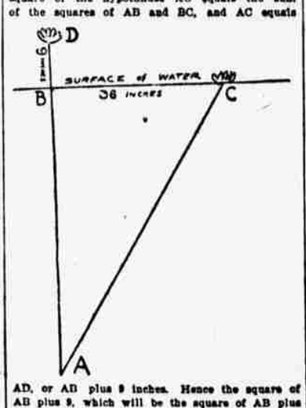
of which was 32 square feet, and get our second rectangle, 4x 12 feet, with an area of 48 square feet. This rectangle we divide by a diagonal as before, and find our second right-angled triangle—altitude, 4 feet; base, 12 feet; area, 24 square feet. We trust the foregoing is sufficiently plain for young students to see how we find our triangle of equal area and different dimensions. We now adopt a shorter method than the foregoing: To find our third, we reduce the altitude from 4 to 2 feet, and divide the area by this altitude, and double the quotient will be our base—24 divided by 2 equals 8, which, multiplied by 2 equals 16, our base. Our third triangle has an altitude of 2 feet, base, 16 feet; area, 24 square feet. To find our fourth triangle we reduce the altitude to 2 feet, then the area, 24, divided by 2 equals 12, and 12 multiplied by 2 equals 24, our base. Our fourth is, altitude, 2; base, 24; area, 24 square feet.

By Theorum 47.1, Euclid, the square root of the sum of the squares of the altitude and base will be the hypothenuse of each of the foregoing right-angled triangles, all of which will be different, as are the sides. Half the altitude by the base, or half the product of the altitude by the base, will give the area of right-angled triangles in mensuration. M. O'D. FLEMING,
203 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Lotus.

To the Editor:

I suppose it is meant that the tip of the lotus is at a height in the first position of 9 inches above the surface, and that it moves forward 36 inches and becomes submerged. Diagram will illustrate relation of things. Depth of water, BA; distance along surface to point of submersion, BC, and direction of stone when submerged, AC, forming the right-angle triangle, ABC. Now, the square of the hypothnuse AC equals the sum of the squares of AB and BC, and AC equals



AD, or AB plus 9 inches. Hence the square of AB plus 9, which will be the square of AB plus twice 9 (18) times AB, plus 81, also equals the square of AB, plus the square of BC. Subtracting from their equal quantities the square of AB, which appears in both, the remainders will be equal, and we have 18 times AB, plus 81, equal to the square of BC, which is 1,296. Subtract 81 from 1,296, and there remains 1,215, equal to 18 times AB, whence AB equals 67 1-2 inches, which is the depth of the water.
A. W. H.

The Cow Problem.

To the Editor:

In answer to "Another Cow Question" I submit the following: The cow will feed on a space equal to the area of one circle 19.58592 feet in radius (which is the furthest distance it can go from the posts or rail), and a rectangle 39.1918 feet by 25 feet. The total number of square feet upon which it can graze is 1869.25, which is also the number of pounds of grass the cow will eat. T. FRANCIS HANNAN,
Albany, N. Y.

The Hexagon and Circle.

To the Editor:

A man has a circular field 100 feet in diameter in which he describes a hexagon whose lines terminate in the circumference. What is the area between the perimeters of the circle and hexagon? A. SCHEUPLEIN.

Locating the Well.

To the Editor:

Three brothers, whose residences are at the vertices of a triangular area, the sides of which are severally 10, 11 and 12 chains, wish to dig a well which shall be at the same distance from the residence of each. Determine the point for the well and its distance from their residences.
JOHN TIGHE, 651 East Thirteenth street.

How Is This for a Stickler?

To the Editor:

What number must be added to 479 so that 75 times the sum may be less by 30 than 95 times 239? FREDERICK ASCHER, 41 Park Row.

With the Problem-Workers.

A. Scheuplein sent the correct answer to the grazing cow problem.

What was the matter with last Saturday's problems? Too hard for you?

W. H. Betts, New Haven, Conn., sends the only answer received for the fencing problem. The dividing fence will measure fifty rods and it will be 166 2-3 rods distant from the wider end of plot.

Mr. O'Sullivan's answer to his problem about the pot of beer is 7.06511 cubic inches. P. O'Donovan, 507 East Fourteenth street, sends this answer. W. H. Betts answers 7 cubic inches. No solution sent with either answer.

Mixing Coffee—William O'Sullivan, 849, East Fortieth street, says four pounds at 18 cents, four pounds at 32 cents and seventy-five pounds at 30 cents should be mixed with twenty-five pounds at 10 cents to make a mixture worth 25 cents per pound. Alex Gurteenth, 88 Henry street, says twenty-five pounds at 10 cents, five pounds at 18 cents, thirty-five pounds at 30 cents and twenty-five pounds at 32 cents. Both correct. If the problem is viewed in this way: W. H. Betts, New Haven, Conn., says seventy-five pounds each of the 18, 30 and 32 cent coffee.

HOUSE AND HOME

Sleeves Nothing but Frills.

Sleeves are all frills. When the modiste asks for thirty yards of silk to make a perfectly plain little house dress the customer groans and wonders what she intends to do with it. Put it in the

sleeves, of course. A long-armed girl can stand ten ruffles between her ears and elbow, and if the sleeve comes down to her wrist there may be room for half a dozen more. This style is very attractive in light, small figured silk or lawn.

Home Decorations.

It is not well to follow the caprices of fashion in decorating your home. In the matter of wall paper, for instance, take into consideration the size and location of the room. If it receives the cold north light use a warm-tinted paper, while a gray paper may look better in a room with a southern exposure. A delicate, retiring wall enlarges a small room, while a flaring, bold design contracts the apartment unto suffocation.

Strawberry Shortcake.

One quart of flaour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter and sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Bake in two layers, one on top of the other, with butter between. When cool, split with a knife and cover with berries which have been sprinkled with sugar. Put the other layer of crust on top. Cover this with berries and serve, accompanied by cream, either plain or whipped. If you like, this can be flavored with vanilla.

Lovely Spring Hats.

Among the many pretty head-dresses for this Spring is a smart little bonnet of deep yellow straw, trimmed with black roses and a bow of geranium pink velvet, two handsome jet-headed pins being fastened at each side, while it is tied with narrow strings of black velvet. A beautiful hat is of butter-colored straw, the brim of black lace caught up at the left side with a band and bow of pink miroir velvet fastened with a brilliant buckle.

Another charmingly pretty hat has a crown of coarse black straw caught up fantastically and becomingly with two pink roses and a jetted osprey. It is trimmed at the left side with a bow of black moire and at the right side with clusters of pink roses. A toque of white guipure, bordered with jet passementerie, is trimmed at each side, in front, with a black jetted Mercury wing, which rises from a cluster of deep red roses, two little bunches of rosebuds being placed at the back.

Lived on Chocolate for Sixty Days.

A Frenchwoman has just concluded a remarkable and very interesting feat. With a view of testing the sustaining powers of chocolate she has lived upon that preparation alone for sixty days, and has lost but fifteen pounds in the interval.

Cauliflower Au Gratin.

Cauliflower au gratin is a favorite dish with all who are fond of this vegetable, which, if it can be said to have a fault, is that of insipidity. By the way, if you call it delicacy of flavor it will taste a great deal better. Boil the cauliofiwer, drain, lay in a dish and pour over it a cup of drawn butter well seasoned; sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and brown by holding a red-hot shovel so close to the cheese that it singes and takes fire. Blow out at once and send to table. If the juice of a lemon and a half teaspoonful of French mustard are added to a cupful of drawn butter, and it is then poured over the boiled vegetable, it is called "cauliflower with sauce tartare."

New Ideas in Silver.

A new fruit dish is a large, crumpled, indented oval, on the bottom of which appears fruit in its natural tints.

New silver cuff-buttons of deep blue and red enamel are double and bean-shaped, with a tiny silver wreath on the enamel.

Silver receptacles with covers to hold mucilage, cologne, shoe polish and other necessaries of life, are provided for the Summer travelling season.

Celery.

Very few persons think of serving celery save in the natural state, but celery should be served in other forms. From the stalks and leaves, which are not desirable for serving raw, a cream-of-celery soup may be prepared. Any cook book will give directions, though it will not say it may be made from these pieces; but it can, as experience has taught me.

Celery-in-cream sauce, as directed for cabbage, is a dish fit for an epicure. Prepare it in the same way.

Scalloped celery also is very good. Put a layer in a shallow baking dish and cover with cream sauce. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake quickly.

The Argentine Girl.

A pen portrait from a foreign correspondent of a typical Argentine girl presents a very charming picture. In the bloom of youth, and maturity as well, for she is fully developed at fifteen, she is beautiful to look upon, with her erect and splendidly proportioned figure, perfect oval face, hair as dark as night, and lustrous eyes, shaded with long, curling lashes. A tinge of European blood gives her cheeks the dainty pink of a damask rose. And as her full, red lips part in a smile over teeth of that pearly perfection rarely seen, she is a fascinating object of sensuous beauty. To complete the enchanting picture, she must be clad in some soft, clinging material, made in the latest Parisian styles, with here and there a gleam of diamonds, and a coquettish hat to frame her dainty face. A woman in the highest sense of her peculiar nature, and yet a child with all the vivacity of youth. She captivates with her beauty, but in mind and soul there is something wanting which physical perfection does not satisfy, and the charm is soon gone, for at twenty-five, when the American girl is just at her best, the Argentine girl is passee, growing corpulent and coarse very rapidly as she approaches middle age. Her habits are indolent, and she is addicted to the use of rouge and powder to such an extent that her original complexion is entirely concealed.

Fashionable Parasols.

The fashionable parasol has a slender stick, long rather than short, with a knob on the end. Crooks are out of date, and the knob must be small, scarcely wider than the stick, and oval. This genteel knob is overlaid with gold and, perhaps, jewelled, or it is cloisoned, or it is of crystal, with an open gold fretwork over it. Other handles are of carved ivory. The points should match the knob, and very fastidious people buy the set of knob and points and order the sunshade made. Heavy guipure insertions laid over color are of crimped chiffon. Changeable silk is somewhat out of date.

A Large Sheet of Cake.

One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three-quarter cupful of milk, two and one-quarter cupfuls of flour, two eggs, butter the size of two, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Put together in this order: One and a half cupfuls of sugar and the butter well creamed; add the beaten whites, then the milk (putting in one teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of lemon). Add the flour (with the powder in it), and, last, the beaten yolks. It will be a nice, fine-grained cake. Bake about forty-five minutes in a fair oven.

For Orange Cake.—Add the rind of half an orange and a teaspoonful of orange essence—of course, omitting vanilla, &c.

For Almond Cake.—Add a tablespoonful of almond extract, and before baking spread over the top one-half cupful of chopped almonds.

For Cocoanut Cake.—Add a cupful of cocoanut (the unsweetened) to the butter and sugar and one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract.

For Current Cake.—Add two cupfuls of prepared currants and a teaspoonful of lemon extract.

Latest Bonbonniers.

Bonbonnieres are taking and have taken an almost endless variety of shapes, but it remained for these last days to introduce the flower-pot of dainty Dresden china, fitted with a silk bag-like top. The pot is of medium size and will contain a generous supply of sweets or a flowering hyacinth with equal ease. It is lovely in itself, and has the rare merit of serving a definite end when the bonbons have become things of the past.

Ragout of Peas.

A ragout of peas needs but to be eaten to be appreciated.