The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 42.....NO. 14,872.

Evening World

THE "JOHN DOE" PROCEEDINGS.

The evidence produced yesterday before Justice Mayer in the "John Doe" proceedings by Stephen Velten places District-Attorney Jerome in a peculiar and embarrassing position.

Velten is the waiter who was one of the witnesses to the removal of McAuliffe from the West Forty-seventh street station on Sunday morning, Feb. 16. He happened to be going by at that time because he had been discharged from his position in Richter's bakery on Friday, Feb. 14, and he was on his way to get his money and tools.

His testimony to this effect was flatly contradicted under oath by his employer, who swore that it was not on Feb. 16, but on Feb. 23 that Velten had called on him.

In answer to this attempt to discredit his testimony Velten gives a clear and connected narrative of his attempt to secure his wages and tools, of the refusal of Richter to pay him, of his application to a police court for a summons, and then to a municipal court on Feb. 20. This testimony is fully established, both by fellow witnesses and by the records of the Eighth District Municipal Court. It is evidence which cannot be shaken.

The important feature of this development, the feature which places the District-Attorney in an embarrassing position, is that it proves that Richter was telling the truth when he admitted to a World reporter that Velten had called on Feb. 16, and that he swore to a falsehood when he subsequently changed the date to Feb. 23.

What was the influence under which Richter changed his mind and swore to a statement which the official records of a court show to be false?

"Living Over a Volcano."—Now that the Pelee volcano has done its deadly work in Martinique wonder will be expressed that people should live so near to a source of danger. But the frequent eruptions of Vesuvius have not driven away the inhabitants at its base, and traffic is going on as usual along Park avenue.

THE REAL EAST SIDE.

In the year book of the University Settlement, Dr. Blaustein, of the Educational Alliance, contributes a paper on the "Inherent Cultural Forces of the Lower East Side" which is of more than usual interest and value.

With no disparagement to the work of the Settlement, Dr. Blaustein calls attention to the fact that "most of the work of social improvement on the east side is being done by the people themselves." He adds:

"It must be understood that the real underlying force is found in the individual and the family. First the individual tries to help himself. Then, if not strong enough to struggle alone, he is given a helping hand by his immediate family, and, if further assistance is needed, by his near relatives. Indeed, the closeness of the family ties and the willingness, nay, eagerness, with which sacrifices are made by the family for its ambitious and gifted members, are phenomena of the east side that startle the stranger and baffle description."

This is a view of the east side which is not usually brought into prominence by the current news events as they appear in the daily papers, and it is not in accord with the superficial impressions of the outside world. But that it is the true view will be the verdict of every one who knows the actual conditions of individual character and family life among the heterogeneous population of the quarter.

It is a view which redeems the present and cheers the future. As Dr. Blaustein says, "The east side is working out its own salvation."

When Plutocrat Dines with Plutocrat.—A Pittsburg dinner at $100 a plate is expensive even for a Steel Trust magnate, but, thanks to the Beef Trust magnates, it is getting to be easy for anybody to give a dinner that will cost more than it used to.

FIELD DAY AT VASSAR.

This is the day when Vassar demonstrates to the college world her superior excellence as a home of the higher education for women. It is Field Day, the eventful May anniversary when the fair undergraduate is waked and called early so that she may array herself in an old rose sweater and prepare betimes for her annual exhibition in outdoor athletics. Wellesley may maintain her pre-eminence with the oars and Smith go in for basket-ball, but in track and field sports Vassar is supreme. There to-day fleet-footed Dianas will speed like the wind over the cinder path, Atalantas fairer than any in Calydon will jump hurdles and ladies with shoulders that Juno might have envied will put the shot, all to the plaudits of admiring and envious but less energetic fellow classwomen. It is the athlete's day. The glory of the girl who has won commencement honors is momentarily in eclipse.

The entries for the Vassar sports are almost as numerous as those for similar events at Eastern "men's colleges" a generation ago. It is a praiseworthy development of feminine college life. Pretty soon a statistician will show us exactly how much larger the average college girl's biceps is than her mother's was. In default of this the evidence is there for the casual observer to see a very superior type of young womanhood.

SECRETARY SHAW'S RUDENESS.

Secretary Shaw is an Iowa man, and in Iowa, as in other agricultural States, they call a spade a spade. This commendable habit of direct speech may become reprehensible rudeness at times, as in the circular which the Secretary has issued for the instruction of home-coming tourists when their trunks are opened by the courteous white-gloved customs inspectors. The course of procedure made necessary is rather irksome but by way of excuse the Secretary says: "If all people were honest these requirements might be avoided, but under existing conditions it has been found impracticable to meet them."

So smuggling tourists are thieves, are they? When your Aunt Angeline returns from Paris with a lot of choice old Valenciennes in her trunk which she has neglected to "declare," she is a criminal seeking to rob Uncle Sam! Bearing to cheat him out of money which he is collecting for his own good—and because to evade is but lessens it will enable him to give her a better government. Like Pan Ali, "It revenue him, but to help it." And men in positions of trust do not accept the cigars the porter has brought to his car door from Havana. And Harold is chagrin to mortifying in the Criterion Club when he distributes among his college friends some of the London clothes he has sworn are his own personal wardrobe, but which he was commissioned to buy. It is all very sorrow of the Secretary and very impolite.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

SHE'S A DEAD SHOT.

Back to the woods, ye burglars!
Back, ye lawyer galoots!
For Hetty Green now carries a gun
And doesn't shoot no chutes.

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

"I see that a chorus girl has become a comic opera prima donna in five weeks."

"That's much longer than it takes in most cases, isn't it?"

VERY FUNNY.

"A New York man has been telling Boston how police corruption can be stopped."

"Good joke, eh? I think I can hear Devery laughing at it now."

FOR REVENUE ONLY.

"Matches are made in heaven."

"Then there ought to be heavy duty charged on the importation of some of them."

$100 A PLATE.

When the Steel Trust has its dinner
'Twill be pie and cake and quail;
You can bet its menu won't emerge
From an empty dinner pail.

A MOVING STORY.

"He refused to move this year, but my wife cried until I consented."

"Her tears moved you, I suppose?"

BORROWED JOKES.

CHOICE OF EVILS.

aller—Why do you permit your office boy to smoke cigarettes all the time?

Lawyer—Oh, he can't whistle when he is smoking.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

IN AFTER YEARS.

Mrs. Newed—Is your husband as affectionate now as when you were first married?

Mrs. Oldun—Only when he has been doing something he's ashamed of.—Chicago News.

NOT ANNOYING.

"How did you like the new preacher, dear?" asked Mrs. Fijjit when her husband returned from church.

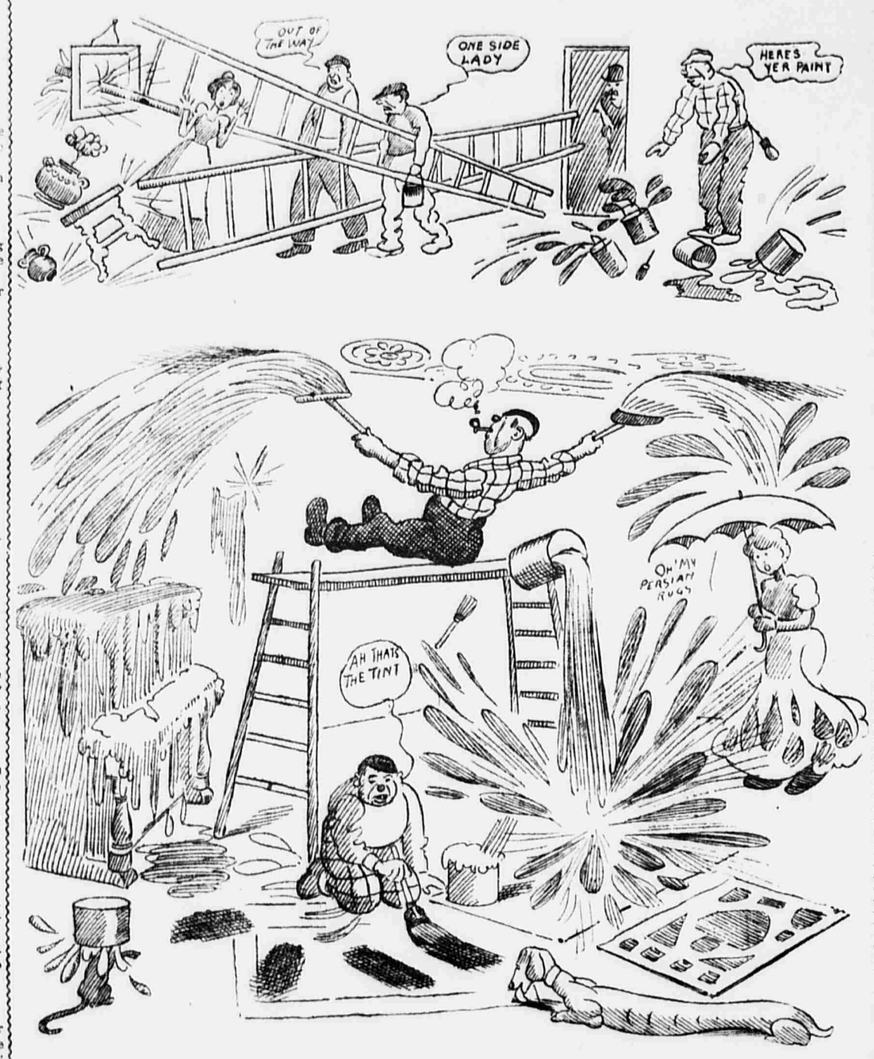
"He's great," replied the husband. "He woke me up only once."—Ohio State Journal.

LOSES EITHER WAY.

"Now that my engagement to Edgar is broken off, I wonder if he'll ask me to return the jewels that he gave me?"

"If he doesn't ask for them I'd send them back at once—for in that case they're not genuine!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE FLAT-HUNTERS--NO. XI.



Days of paint! And days of paste! That daze each little woman,
And keep her fussin', almost cussin'; frettin' round and fumin'!
For where the paper-hanger fails the furniture to spatter,
The painter's bound to come along and let his colors scatter.

ODDITY CORNER.

YOU MIGHT TRY THIS

We have two plain glasses of even size. Their rims, if put on top of one another, apparently close hermetically. When we pour any fluid, preferably water, slowly over the top of the two glasses (as shown in figure) we expect to see the water run over the sides of both glasses to the table. However, this will not be the case. The water expands on the top of the upper glass, drips down its sides, and collects in the inside of the lower glass. Both glasses must be rubbed dry before the performance.

SOMEBODIES.

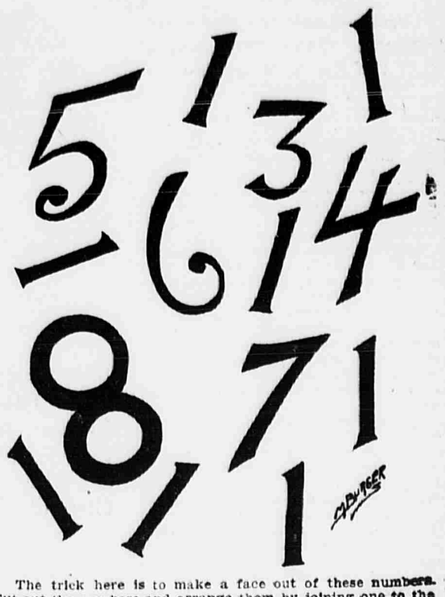
HARDY, REV. E. J.—has not been shot by Chinese soldiers. The shots hit the boat the author of "How to Be Happy Though Married" was on and not him.

MORTON, MISS MARY—youngest daughter of Levi P. Morton, devotes most of her time and income to caring for the unfortunate children of this city.

NAST, THOMAS—there are two of him, both cartoonists, too. They are father and son, and it is the father who has been appointed Consul-General at Guayaquil in Ecuador.

TOLSTOJ, COUNT SERGIUS—denies that he is trying to have annulled the excommunication of his distinguished father by the Greek Church. He says neither of them desires a reconciliation with the Church.

A FACE OF FIGURES.



The trick here is to make a face out of these numbers. Cut out the numbers and arrange them by joining one to the other or placing side by side, or any way you like, so that they will make the picture of a man's head.

HIGHROADS TO HAPPINESS.

By GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN.

XIV.—Women and Vines.

(Copyright, 1902, by Grace Duffie Boylan.)

The charming simile of the oak and the vine is not applied to men and women folk as often as it used to be. Because the vine, perforce, has put out strength and taken a deeper hold on life, that it may stand alone. It happened in this way:

The ivy twined about the young oak and laid caressing arms around his shoulders in the old, old fashion. But the great tree fretted as she nestled close and asked:

"Why do you lean on me like this?"

And she answered:

"Because the god of the forest sent me to your arms for strength," and she laid her head on his bosom. "And, besides, when I had crept to your feet you called me up to this shelter."

"I know, I know," he replied, impatiently. "But you smother me. I cannot feel free."

"My arms are light and loving," she whispered.

"Yes," he growled, "but they might as well be chains. Take them from my neck and let me breathe!"

So the vine loosed her tendrils and unclasped her arms, and the oak flung his locks as he sang to the stars, and stretched his hands, joying in freedom.

The little vine lay prone for a while on the ground; then slowly, and by degrees, raised herself and stood without support. But she was swayed by every breeze and beaten down by every tempest, and her heart cried all the time for peace and rest.

The god of the forest came that way, and he pitied her and taught her to strike deep roots into the kind earth and to rise and stand alone.

And there came a day when the whirlwinds drove their chariots upon her and she did not flinch, and she only bowed and courtesied in the maddest storm. Then the oak called:

"Why are you so cold and far away? Once you were glad to rest your proud head on my bosom. It grieves me to see your bold and independent ways." But the vine answered:

"I did not want to stand alone, but you, my lord, desired it to be so. Now my heart must yearn for its old place in vain. For I am firmly rooted where I stand and may not reach your breast."

There is not one woman in a thousand who is a wage-earner through any desire for independence or for any wish to usurp the place and pocket the salary of a man.

Nature designed woman for the home; and every preacher since the eloquent Paul of Tarsus has begged her not to depart from her ancient, if limited, province.

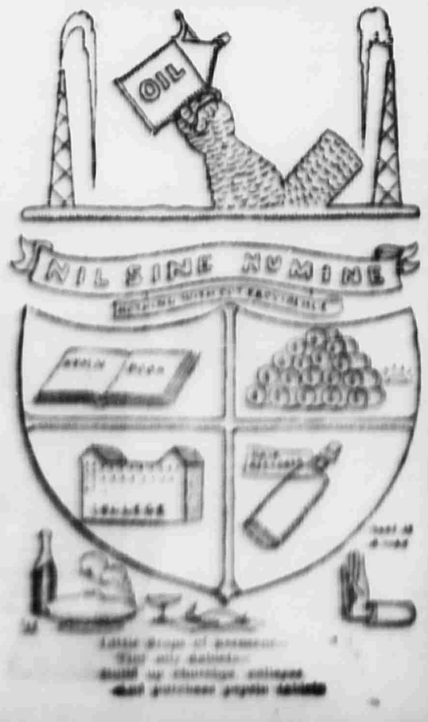
All of her instincts incline her in this way. She wants a home to live in and a love to live for.

When she works it is because she has been obliged to lay aside, perhaps forever, the sweet thought of clinging to some stronger breast.

The vine has been compelled to unclasp her arms and stand alone.

NEW COATS OF ARMS.

NO. 2—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.



A BRET HARTE STORY. "WHEN THE WATERS WERE UP AT JULES'."

(Copyrighted, 1901, by Street & Smith.)

When the waters were up at "Jules" there was little else up on that monotonous level. For the few inhabitants who calmly and methodically moved to higher ground camping out in tents until the flood had subsided left no distracting wreckage behind them. A dozen half-submerged log cabins dotted the tranquil surface of the waters, without ripple or disturbance, looking in the moonlight more like the ruins of centuries than of a few days.

People took it naturally, the water went as it had come, slowly, impassively, noiselessly, a few days of fervid Californian sunshine dried the cabins, and in a week or two the red dust lay again as thickly before their doors as the winter mud had lain.

The stage coach from Marysville made its usual detour and stopped before the temporary hotel, express offices and general store of "Jules" under canvas, bark and the limp leaves of a spreading alder. It deposited a single passenger—Miles Hemmingway, of San Francisco—but originally of Boston—the young secretary of a mining company despatched to report upon the alleged auriferous value of Jules. To this he had been by no means impressed as he looked down upon the tumbling waters from the box seat of the coach and listened to the driver's lazy recital of the flood and of the miraculous escape of it to the whitefolks.

It was the old story of the southwestern miners indolence and incompetency—strong resentment with and distaste for, on the northern basis of thought and morality. There was theft and fraud and contempt of laws and rights without that struggle against these which makes citizens strength and civilization. And he had for his professional report compared the quartz mill and machine shop with Allegheny and Pittsburg.

Perhaps a different person and a different mood would have discovered in this simply the picturesque side of life. Perhaps a man who had just passed a week in the gold belt, who had heard nothing but talk of gold, who had seen the gold dust weighed in the scales, who had dreamed of gold, who had seen the gold in the pan, who had seen the gold in the quartz, who had seen the gold in the mortar, who had seen the gold in the crucible, who had seen the gold in the bullion, who had seen the gold in the coin, who had seen the gold in the mine, who had seen the gold in the stream, who had seen the gold in the sky, who had seen the gold in the earth, who had seen the gold in the air, who had seen the gold everywhere, who had seen the gold in his dreams, who had seen the gold in his nightmare, who had seen the gold in his sleep, who had seen the gold in his waking, who had seen the gold in his mind, who had seen the gold in his heart, who had seen the gold in his soul, who had seen the gold in his life, who had seen the gold in his death, who had seen the gold in his grave, who had seen the gold in his heaven, who had seen the gold in his hell, who had seen the gold in his God, who had seen the gold in his devil, who had seen the gold in his world, who had seen the gold in his universe, who had seen the gold in his eternity, who had seen the gold in his infinity, who had seen the gold in his—Pshaw! Perhaps a man who had just passed a week in the gold belt