

The World

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THE ACQUITTAL OF WISKER.

Wisker somewhat unexpectedly goes free, and by the jur's judgment no one is legally to blame for the ark avenue tunnel disaster. The moral blame attaching to the management of the New York Central road and the policy of economy out of which grew the conditions responsible for the accident is sentimental merely, guffing little. It is a kind of blame that has never put a director in jail.

Some items of the testimony at the Wisker trial may be repeated for profitable reconsideration.

It was proved by Wisker's own testimony that he knew the signals only in a general way, and further that he "failed to see the danger signal because of the beam of a passing train."

It was testified to by a brakeman sent back with red lanterns that "the first he knew of the approach of the engine of the oncoming train was when the locomotive under brushed his elbow."

It was asserted that "the company expects the engineers to use the light from the holes in the roof and calls when other signals fail."

Fifteen months have elapsed since the disaster. Has definite action as yet been taken by the road to substitute electricity for steam in the tunnel? Has anything been done to change the old conditions of danger revealed by the testimony above?

Are green engineers, knowing the signals only in a general way, still permitted to run passenger trains? Are they still forced to "feel their way" through the blinding smoke and steam? Has any good come to the traveling public as a result of the lesson, terribly expensive as it was in life and property loss? Does it still run the same risks as of old?

These questions are not offensively put. They are asked of the road's directorate in sincerity and with a full understanding of the impending difficulties that need to be overcome to effect anything like a permanent improvement of operating conditions in the tunnel.

THE SUBWAY LITTER.

"Mr. Parsons, the urbane promiser," Commissioner Vilcox's designation fits. Was it not Mr. Parsons who romped long ago that by May 1 all the rubbish and debris along the subway would be removed? (Was it he who Mr. McDonald who said that if the sub-contractors did not show a willingness to clean up the littered streets he cleaning up would be done by the chief contractor and the expense charged to them?)

With May 1 less than a week away little if any improvement is noticeable—save only for the diminution of the piles of structural iron which have reposed on the pavements in germ-gathering heaps for years. But from fall street on to the end of the line there are few blocks that do not show heaps of rubbish, discarded or broken material, planks, slabs of stone, steam drills, derricks, coil shanties or other forms of contractors' refuse. Where it is not dangerous it is unsightly. In some parts of the 42d Boulevard where double shifts of men are at work to again progress lost by earlier delays, the litter is inconspicuously bad and the noise by day and night never ceasing.

Commissioner Vilcox, acknowledging his helplessness by the terms of the contract to expedite the cleaning up of the streets under penalty, calls on the Rapid Transit Commission to come to the public's relief. It is a plea that the public will heartily support.

LARGE LEGAL FEES.

Senator J. W. Bailey, of Texas, is reported to have been paid \$200,000 for financing a Southern lumber company of large capital. The fee is not of unexampled magnitude. John E. Parsons got \$250,000 for organizing the Sugar Trust, and Judge W. G. Moore was reported to have been paid \$5,000,000, a fabulous sum and probably to be discounted 90 per cent., for creating the Tin Plate Trust.

There have been many legal fees in the hundred thousands. Capt. C. C. Calhoun received \$132,000 for collecting a claim of \$1,300,000 for the State of Kentucky against the United States. The lawyers who settled the Fair estate received \$400,000 for their services. Lawyer Joseph D. Redding was paid \$300,000 for obtaining \$6,000,000 for the Princess Hatfeldt from the C. P. Huntington estate. James B. Dill was reported to have got \$1,000,000 for settling Henry C. Frick's suit against Andrew Carnegie.

Yet there are hosts of thoroughly competent lawyers who in half a century of active service at the bar will not earn what Mr. Bailey receives for a few weeks' work. The great State of New York would pay that sum to the Attorney-General only after forty years of devotion to her legal interests. In many other States, in some of which the Attorney-General is called on to handle the same complex problems of corporation law for which trust attorneys get great retainers, a hundred years of service would be required to earn the Bailey fee. How large a part of it will be earned in life by the 1,200 young lawyers who sought admission to the New York bar last year?

It was a saying of Lawyer Walter S. Carter, from whose office W. B. Hornblower and Commissioner R. G. Monroe were graduated, that "a wide personal acquaintance during the first ten years of his professional career will earn a young lawyer probably ten times as many dollars as will any professional reputation he may acquire in that time."

In a city where personal acquaintance counts for more than genuine merit the sagacity of the remark need not be pointed out. It is recommended to the young lawyer who regards his brains and his "shingle" as his main equipment for success at the bar.

PALACE SLEEPING CARS.

The man who was in charge of the first sleeping car between Albany and New York is dead at the age of fifty-nine years. He lived to see the company manufacturing palace cars increase its capital stock to \$1,000,000, and the cars so numerous that the world's population, ancient and modern, mythological, historical, and present, is exhausted to provide names for them. How wonderful a thing indeed has been the development of the sleeping-car industry from the first rude wooden and Wagner pipe-hooped beginnings of a generation ago to the plush and mahogany elegance of to-day. It is remarkable that the demand by the very rich for palatial sleeping cars, especially by women of means, to whom it is as essential as a carriage and pair, has been the stimulus of the growth of luxury.

THE SCRAPPY SISTERS ONCE MORE QUARREL AND COME TO GRIEF.



THE OLD JOKES' HOME.



Mr. John L. Jordan, S. F. C. H., Assistant Superintendent of Buildings.

WE present above a portrait of John L. Jordan, Assistant Superintendent of Buildings for the City of New York, sketched from life. Mr. Jordan has been a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humors since its inception. Notice how proudly he wears his badge.

Mr. Jordan, in his official capacity, has visited the Old Jokes' Home and reports that he finds the buildings in excellent condition, well lighted, heated and ventilated and in a safe condition.

Hence members of the S. F. C. H. need have no hesitancy in taking old jokes into custody and ringing for the busy blue ambulance to convey them to our incomparable institution.

Mr. Jordan officially indorses the Old Jokes' Home, Prof. Josh M. A. Long, Old Doctor Lemonovky, Officer Jerry Sullivan, Joe-Miller, the only horse with a hyphen, the old chestnut that draws the busy blue ambulance, our buildings and our motto.

John L. Jordan is faithful in the discharge of his duties as Assistant Superintendent of all the buildings in New York, as Prof. Josh M. A. Long is faithful in his duties as Superintendent of only one building—the Old Jokes' Home. If you would be a successful office-holder, send a two-cent stamp to Prof. Josh M. A. Long for one of our handsome badges and then you will be holding the office of officer of the S. F. C. H. These Nearly Died in the Ambulance.

Here are a few jokes which you will kindly store away in your memory:

Jim—Say, Fred, my sister is a stenographer and typewriter in a stable.

Fred—Why, I never heard of a stenographer and typewriter in a stable.

Jim—Why sure, she takes down the hay for the horses.

Harry—What is the easiest way to raise the wind?

Louise—To cash a draft.

Mistress (to Maggie, the servant)—Where do you suppose you will go to if you tell such falsehoods as this?

Maggie—Sure, ma'am, I don't care. I have friends in aether place.

H. W. ABELLES.

A Second Childhood Bunch.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Spell live mouse trap with three letters? C-A-T.

Spell dried grass with three letters? H-A-Y.

Spell hard-water with three letters? I-C-E.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

No Premium on 1902 Pennies.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Does the United States Mint give 15 cents apiece for 1902 pennies?

LOUIS SCHWARTZ.

1904 Will Be a Leap Year.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

E. S. B. says that 1904 is a leap year, and E. J. D. says that 1908 is our next leap year.

A. F. R.

November 30.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What date of the month was the last Friday in November, 1867?

J. M. G.

They Fought a 61-Round Draw.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What was the result of the contest between Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett?

C. G.

Apply to Civil Service Bureau.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I get application blanks for New York Fire Department?

HOW THE DOMESTIC DEADLOCK MAY BE FRACTURED.



A Chicago apartment-house owner has reserved one flat in which maids and other employees may receive callers.

There'll be peans of felicity in realms of domesticity  
For ev'ry house may soon contain a "Maids' Reception Flat."  
And no more proposing p'licemen will be told: "Rise from your knees, man!  
I hear the missus comin'. What's your hurry? Here's your hat!"

Stories from Famous Books.

Corporal Ploche and the Emperor.

Corporal Ploche is one of the most delightful characters in the novels of Charles Lever. He appears in "Tom Burke, of Ours," Burke is now lieutenant in Napoleon's army. He falls asleep on a bench in the Tuilleries gardens and is awakened by Ploche, who is that night on guard.

"MILLETONNERES! Lieutenant, was it from your liking the post of danger you selected that bench yonder?" cried Corporal Ploche.

"The choice was a mere accident," "An accident, morbleu!" said he, with a low laugh. "That was what Lazaire called it at the Adige, when the wheel came off the eight-pounder in the charge, and the enemy carried off the gun."

"Rest assured, Ploche, I'll look to this," said he; and he kept his word.

"But why did you not ask for promotion?" said I; "what folly, was it not to throw away such a chance? You might have been an officer ere this."

"No," replied he, with a sorrowful shake of the head; "that was impossible."

"But why so? Bonaparte knew you well; he often noticed you," said Ploche, in a low voice, which trembled with agitation, while he drew his swarthy hand across his eyes and was silent.

He turned presently from remembrance of his regrets and said: "It is a good while past now—I forget the year exactly—but we were marching on Italy and it was in spring, still the ground was covered with snow; every night came on with a hailstorm; that lasted till high daybreak; and when we arose from the bivouac we were so stiff and frozen we could not move. We were all drawn up on parade—it was an inspection, for, parcelled though we were as regiments as

scarcely they would have us out twice a week to review us and put us through the manoeuvres. Scarcely had the General—it was Bonaparte himself—got half way down the line when a shout ran from rank to rank: 'Broad! shoes! caps! hussies!'

"What do I hear?" said Bonaparte, standing up in his stirrups, and frowning at the line. "Who are the malcontents, that dare to cry out on parade? Let them stand out. Let me see them! And at once more than half the regiment of grenadiers sprung forward and shouted louder than before, 'Broad! broad! Let us have food and clothing! If we are to fight, let us not die of hunger!'

"Grenadiers of the Fourth!" cried he, in a terrible voice, "to your ranks. Section division, and third!" shouted he, with his hand up, "form in squares—carry arms!—present arms! front rank, kneel—kneel!" said he again, louder; for you know we never did that in those days. However, every word was obeyed, and down dropped the leading files on their knees, and there we were rooted to the ground. Not a man spoke—all silent as death.

"He then advanced to the front of the staff, and pointing his hand to a canopy of wagons that could just be seen turning the angle of the road, with white flags flying, to show what they were, called out 'Commissary-General, give at the line. Who are the half rations and full ammunition to the veterans of Egypt!'

A shout of applause burst out, but he cried louder than before—'Silence in the ranks!' Then taking off his chapeau, he stood bareheaded before us, and in a voice like the bugle that blows the charge, he read from a large paper in his hand, in the name of the French Republic—'one and in-

divisible. The Directory of the nation decrees that the thanks of the Government be given to the Grenadiers of the Fourth, who have deserved well of their country. 'Vive la Republique!'

"I know it, Captain," said the General, as he rode slowly down the line. "I should know him, I think. Isn't that Ploche?"

"Yes, mon General," said I, saluting him. "It is what remains of poor Ploche; perhaps very little more than half, though."

"Ah! glutton," said he, laughing. "I ought to have guessed you were here; one such gourmand is enough to corrupt a whole brigade."

"Ploche is a good soldier, Citizen General," said my Captain, who was an old schoolfellow of mine.

"You were in Exceciusman's dragons, Ploche, if I mistake not?"

"Two years and ten months, Citizen General."

"Why did you leave then, and when?"

"At Monte Bello, with the Colonel's permission."

"And the reason?"

"Morbleu! it was a fancy I had. They killed two horses under me that day and I saw I was not destined for the cavalry."

"Ha! ha!" said he, with a sly laugh; "had they been donkeys, the thing might have been different—eh?"

"Yes, mon general," said I, growing red; for I knew what he meant.

"He referred to a time when I had stolen the body of an accidentally-killed donkey, belonging to a vivandiere, and cooked it to save my comrades from starving."

"Well, what shall I do for you, besides? Any more commissaries to row—"

"Ploche has no bad time to gratify you in that way."

"Ah, mon General! 'If you would only hang up one now and then.'"

"So I intend, the next time I hear of any of my soldiers being obliged to eat the donkeys of the vivandieres."

And with that he rode on, laughing, though none save myself knew what he alluded to, and, me too, I was not disposed to turn the laugh against myself by telling. But there goes the vivandiere, and I must leave you, mon Lieutenant. The rain will be over in a few minutes."

THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

He Finds that New Yorkers Never Forget.

TWO things about New York strike me hard every time I come," said the Governor from Saint Louis. "One [time I stop at the Gilesey, get to know some folks, swap some stories, eat together, take a few quaffs of good cheer, say good-by-see-you-again-some-day. Next time go to the Holland with Western people, meet other fellows, swap stories and so forth and say good-by. Now all the time I'm at the Holland I never see hide nor hair of any of the Gilesey boys, although I'm no hermit and I love Broadway as a cat loves milk. When I come back again, go to the Gilesey and there's the same old gang I left three years before. I get ready for a good handshake all 'round, but they just say casually, 'Good morning, Governor,' or 'Been away a few days, haven't you?' And I never see hide nor hair of the Holland crowd, but sure as fate when I put up at the Holland again they are there and all remember me and all say 'howdy' in that easy just-saw-you-yesterday sort of way."

"New York is the easiest place on earth to disappear in, for everybody lives in the narrowest sort of a circle and doesn't care a continental for anybody else's circle. No one makes any fuss about you if you do disappear, and they won't kill a fattened mosquito when you return. But New Yorkers are the greatest people on earth to remember folks they have known. Years don't count at all."

"Got a colonel out in Saint Lewis, fine old man, who has lived seventy full, round, generous years. Born and raised in Paris, Kentucky, which, he is fond of saying, is the grass plot around the gates of Paradise. Came to New York after an absence of twenty years, strolled around looking for landmarks and found one. 'What's yours?' says the barkeeper."

"I want," says the Colonel, "I want some of that Bourbon you keep in bottles made like a log cabin."

"The barkeeper says he never had such a bottle, but he calls up an older hand."

"Log-cabin Bourbon?" he says. "Why, Colonel, how do you do? Haven't seen you for quite a while. How're things down at Paris, Kentucky? We haven't any of the Log Cabin left, but here's a little twenty-year Robison County."

"You see, the barkeeper remembered the Colonel and his stories of Paris, although he hadn't seen him for twenty years, and he set out the only drink fit for the good old soul to drink as naturally as if it had been twenty days instead of twenty years since they met."

THE NEW HORRORS OF WAR.

Being a Wail of a Weary Linguist.

We learned to twist our weary brains in task vocabulary. To speak the names of battle scenes in foreign lands choicely. We needed lots of training, but at length we spoke with ease (at least we told ourselves we did) such awesome words as these:

Eilon Kop, Moddersprutt, Nek Isandi-wana, Luxon, Guam, Somaliland, Cavite, Samar, San Juan, Majuba Hill, Menandah, manana, Ho-Ilo, kopje and the other terms of war.

The war-dogs fled. The greatest joy that their departure gave us was that from gruesome names like those the Dove of Peace could save us.

But now, as we're beginning to enjoy the speech of peace, There comes a Jap-war rumor that entails such names as these:

Niu-Chang, Manchuria, Mukden, Taku-shan, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Marquis It6, too. Why WON'T folks scrap in places where a plain American Won't have to paralyze his tongue in naming one or two?

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



Oh children! On our pedestal Willcox's form is upreared. He lately heard someone repeat That many miles of park and street Are in condition far from neat. He orders now, with sudden heat, The subway rubbish cleared.