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MR. JEROME'S VICTORY.

"Al" Adams in Sing Sing, with every legal obstructive expedient exhausted in vain, makes his conviction an accomplished fact for which very great immediate credit should go to District-Attorney Jerome.

It has previously been given Capt. Goddard for preparing the way for the conviction of Adams and making it possible. His anti-polity law, under which the "Policy King" was found guilty, is in itself of sufficient importance to warrant the characterization of his east side reformatory work as one of the best public services recently performed by a private citizen.

But this appreciation of Capt. Goddard need in no way lessen our admiration of Mr. Jerome's work. There is credit enough to go around. In the prosecution and conviction of Adams the District-Attorney has revealed himself at his best, giving us a somewhat rare glimpse of the Jerome the city honored in electing him by a leading vote—an able prosecutor, a man of action and of force of character, the beau ideal of a reformer.

We may remember with regret the promises left unperformed by Mr. Jerome—the Wisker fiasco, a very ridiculous mouse emerging from a mountain of obloquy heaped upon an offending railroad; the McAuliffe miscarriage of justice, the minor failures to convict in pool-room and gambling-house cases.

But in the successful prosecution of "Al" Adams proper praise is due the District-Attorney for a most creditable performance.

THE APARTMENT-HOUSE FIRE.

A large Riverside apartment-house of modern construction was burned out Sunday night under conditions that excited the amazement of thousands of spectators. For twenty minutes the flames belched forth from the windows of an entire floor before a stream of water was directed against them. The few police on the scene, busy with the rescue of the tenants, made no attempt to establish fire lines and keep in check the crowd that impeded the progress of the arriving engines and trucks. As a result of these untoward circumstances, but especially because of the absence of fire apparatus in the house, a blaze that should have been confined to one apartment was permitted to eat its way through four floors.

No blame is attaching to the Fire Department, and none to the police; the delay in the arrival of engines and officers was clearly due to confusion in turning in the alarm. But if the stories of tenants are true a very grave responsibility rests on some one for failing to provide the appliances by which the fire could have been extinguished at its start. Is this negligence to be charged up to proprietor or agent, or to the Tenement-House Department or to Fire Headquarters?

There should have been a fire-alarm box in the main hall, and on alternate floors up to the roof an axe and pike and fire extinguisher ready for instant use. Had an extinguisher been at hand a cool-headed man could very quickly have quenched the blaze made by the overturned lamp. Failing that, an alarm box in the hall would have summoned the department within a few minutes.

After the burning of the Windsor Hotel, and again after the burning of the Park Avenue, there were some weeks of strenuous activity on the part of the authorities to enforce the law in the matter of fire-escapes and fire appliances. It is usually so, and then comes the inevitable interim of inattention in which the dearly learned lesson is forgotten and negligence in the adoption of simple measures for safety overlooked.

With the new lesson will there be a new period of activity? The last was directed to the theatres and hotels; if there is to be another it should deal with the "fire-proof" fashionable apartment, which houses many families whose safety at night is largely dependent in case of emergency on the vigilance of a sleepy hallboy.

INFLATED VALUES.

Mr. Richard Strauss is celebrated both as a composer and a conductor. He has a name to the inherited lustre of which he has added some glints of his own. But few will believe that his services as conductor are worth \$1,000 a night to the Metropolitan Opera-House Company, and there should be commendation for Mr. Conried's firmness in refusing to pay him this exorbitant sum. It seems that very recently Mr. Strauss was negotiating for a remuneration of \$250 a night.

The American goose lays many a golden egg for the foreign celebrity, most of all the operatic artist. For a concert tour next season it is preparing to pay a distinguished basso \$1,000 a night, the same who not many years ago received \$60 from the Paris Opera. It has multiplied song-bird salaries five and ten fold. It has often made up the deficit for Mr. Irving's London theatre and given Bernhard returns undreamed of in her ambition. It has built innumerable castles and chateaux in Europe.

But that is why opera costs the New Yorker \$5 a seat, or, at a gala performance such as last night's, \$7. It is a sum wholly out of proportion to the value received, in spite of the fact that that value is greater than at any European opera-house. The theory of a good price for a good article has its limitations.

THE BARBERS' BILL.

The Arlon Hall meeting of barbers was outspoken in its indorsement of the Barbers' bill, so-called, by the provisions of which a greater assurance of cleanliness will be given the customer; and the barber, because of the registry fee and the examination for proof of competency, will find the standard of his shop raised by the preceding of regularly involved in these innovations. The meeting voted to urge Gov. Odell to sign the measure.

It is the experience of all trades that regulation brings improvement in the general character and standing of the business. There has been a minor instance of it in the recent enforced limitation of the push-cart fish peddlers to quarters under the new bridge approach. An order bitterly resented at first has given them an established business and a respectability envied by other push-cart men to whom the order did not apply.

It is likely that the small and low-priced barber shop will gain most by the Barbers' bill becoming a law. Attention to cleanliness and the use of antiseptics will result in a better service, for which a better grade of price may be charged, with a simultaneous gain of a customer by the shop and a prospect of added patronage.

ARDENT ARCHIE AGAIN PROVES HOW UNSWERVING IS HIS LOVE.



THE OLD JOKES' HOME.

By Roy L. McCordell.



If you want a badge send a two-cent stamp to Prof. Josh M. A. Long.

RHYME WITH REASON IN SPRING SEASON.

THE summer is coming; we hear its voice in every whispering wind that blows, bidding the weeping woods rejoice and waking to life and love the rose. "Come out!" "Come out!" The chorus goes from humming bees and birds awing. Then pity the heart that callous grows and does not heed the songs they sing. The old jokes waken once again; they feel spring's sap within them stir. Forget is every ache and pain; one more their wisest begin to whisper. 'Tis wrong to let them labor still, or with false strength at large to roam. So capture them with right good will and send them to the Old Jokes' Home. The S. P. C. H. in springtime gay, its mighty power grants. Send for a badge without delay, and call the busy ambulance, drawn by the famous chestnut steed, Joe-Miller, who a hyphen wears, who or crack of whip has never need when old jokes to the home he bears. Be famous with these famous men, whose names will live in tale and song—Old Doctor Lemonosky and Prof. Josh M. A. Long!

An Enemy of Old Dr. Lemonosky.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long: I protest against the continued torture of the defenseless inmates of your Home by that fake, Old Dr. Lemonosky. He is testing his vile nostrums on the toothless old jokes. Old Dr. Parkhurst should raid Old Dr. Lemonosky. His so-called liver pills are not made fresh every day, as the very best liver pills are, but are made of liverwurst.

JONAS JINGLEBY.

(Not of the S. P. C. H.) Sent in from Southold, L. I. Prof. Josh M. A. Long: I received your badge O. K., and send you an old fellow to put in The Evening World's Old Jokes' Home.

Why are cashmere shawls like dead people? Because you can't make them here (hear).

CLARENCE CONKLIN, S. P. C. H., Southold, L. I.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

The Age Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to F. L. C.'s "age problem:" He says A is twice as old as B was when A was as old as B is now. A is 21. How old is B? B is 15 years nine months. Solution: X equals the difference of their ages. According to the conditions of the problem B was 10 1/2 years old when A was B's present age. B was 10 1/2 when A was 10 1/2 years plus X. A's age now equals 21 years minus X. A's age then equals 21 years plus X. A's age then equals 21 years minus X. 21 minus X equals 10 1/2. X equals 10 1/2. The difference of their ages equals 10 1/2 years. Therefore if A is 21 years old B is 15 3/4 years.

Mrs. T. F. CAREY, Hoboken.

Against Marriage on \$5 a Week.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to D. C., who asks if he is justified in marrying on \$5 a week, my advice to him would be to give up the idea as soon as possible and wait until he makes \$20 or \$25 per week. Then he may start to think about marrying.

LICHTER.

"Thirty Years' Experience."

To the Editor of The Evening World: D. C. asks if he cannot support a wife on \$5 per week salary? No, you cannot. I speak from thirty years' experience.

It is on Broadway, Near Thirty-third Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is the Manhattan Theatre on Broadway or Sixth Avenue. H. T. 1896.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What was the last leap year? W. M. S.

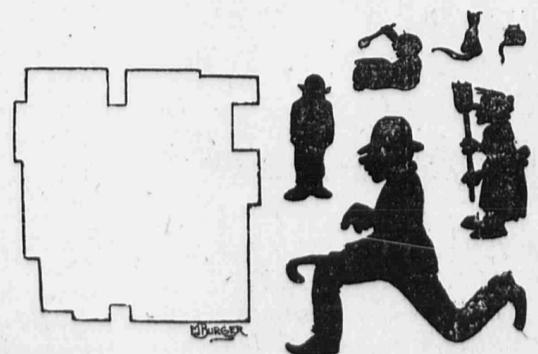
A BUNCH OF LOCAL "MAD MULLAHS."



If you're looking for Mad Mullahs, they'll be found 'neath other colors Than the weird and woozy banner-folds that drape So-ma-li-land. For old Gotham—burg of gladness!—can produce more all-round madnes And a bigger batch of cranks than ever joined the Mullah's band.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A SILHOUETTE PUZZLE



Cut out the silhouette figures and place them all within the outlined space in such a way that none of them shall touch the edge of the space nor touch each other.

GAME FOR SHUT-INS.

The players, one or more on a side, sit in a window overlooking the sidewalk at a time when people are passing by. The passing people are sort of animated playing cards. All persons going in one direction count for one side; those going in the other direction count for the opponents. The winning score is fifty points. A man or woman counts one.

Boy or girl counts two. Lame person is five. Fat man counts fifteen. Red-haired girl counts twenty. Short man with tall woman counts fifty and wins the game. A dog counts minus one. Man with silk hat counts three. Policeman counts minus five. Fireman with child counts five. Three men or three women together count minus three.

CONUNDRUMS.

How can you make a tall man short? Borrow \$10 of him. When does a bather capture a bird? When he takes a duck in the water. Why should a cabman be brave? None but the brave deserve the fair (fare). In two letters state the destiny of all earthly things. D. K. Which is the strongest day of the week, Sunday; all others are week days. Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's rule? It hurts the pupil. What city in Massachusetts is blessed? Noly-oke. What is fire? A noun with four letters. What State resembles a woman's gown? New Jersey. What comes next to a cent? Two cents. When is a cow next to a cow? When she is turned into a field. What part of the fish weighs the most? The scales.

MAGIC MUSIC.

One of the players is sent out of the room, and the rest then agree upon some simple task for her to perform, such as moving a chair or touching an ornament. She is then called in and some one begins to play the piano. If the performer plays very loudly the seeker knows that search for. When the music is soft she knows she is near, and when the music ceases altogether she knows that she has found the object she was intended to look for.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

THE ONE FLAW.

At last we're to be married! With joy my bosom thrills, To think that all is settled— That is, except the bills. —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE REAL THING.

"Tell me, Harold," she said, as the gentle old horse they were driving along the country road dropped into a walk. "Am I your ideal girl?" "No," he said, fervently; "you're my real girl." Whereupon the horse, finding himself totally neglected, stopped and began to browse. —Chicago Tribune.

ENTITLED TO CLEMENCY.

The prisoner had been found guilty of having six wives. "George Washington Hockafus," said the Judge, "what have you to say why sentence of the Court should not be pronounced upon you?" "Your Honor," responded the prisoner, his pale cheek flushing with indignation, "is that the reward a man gets in this country for havin' a large family?" —Chicago Tribune.

TAKING.

Nell—I don't know how to take young Mr. Softleigh. Belle—Why, has he asked you to Philadelphia Record.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

Lawyer—What is the plaintiff's attitude in this case? Witness—Recumbent, sir. Lawyer—How's that? Witness—She lies about it constantly. —Chicago Daily News.

SHAW'S FAMOUS POEM.

Its Popularity Makes Him Sad and Imitators Are Numerous.

WHEN Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw was Governor of Iowa he thought he was famous. More fame was thrust upon him when President Roosevelt invited him into the Cabinet, but he did not know the real article of fame until he wrote the following verse:

"Go ask papa," the maiden said; He knew that her papa was dead; He knew the life her father led, And understood her when she said: "Go ask papa."

The lines have been so widely quoted that Mr. Shaw was asked how he happened to write them. In response to the note of inquiry he sent the following, which shows that finance has not wholly estranged him from the muse of youth:

"Go ask papa," the maiden said; And now I wish that I were dead; To writing jokes I was not bred; To indiscretion I was led, And think I must have lost my head When I told what the maiden said— "Go ask her pa!"

LESLIE M. SHAW.

The sad tone of this delicate poem is probably due to the fact that his mail has been flooded with remarkable efforts by persons of high and low estate to imitate his incomparably witty morceau. Below are given a number of verses which have been sent to Mr. Shaw by persons whose names are more widely known than his poems.

"Oh, pshaw!" was all Depew would say When asked the author of the lay He quotes so often day by day, Was it urbane of Chauncey to say: "Oh, Shaw?"

CHAMP CLARK, Congressman from Missouri.

They have a version in Chicago written by a man who thinks he is a Presidential possibility, and Windy Cityans believe his verses the model on which Mr. Shaw based his lines, but this has been disproved:

I'll ask mamma," she coldly said, A dozen times her ma had wed, Dakotaward the talk had led, And as she needed tips she said: "I'll ask mamma."

CARTER HARRISON.

New York's Mayor, not to be outdone by a mere West-erner, has given a sheet of notepaper to the following quip:

"Go ask Odell," the boss replied When asked why heavily he sighed; One knew not, truly, what he sighed When, cynic-wise, the boss replied: "Go ask Odell!"

SETH LOW.

Another famous contributor to the symposium is the most famous New Yorker. Like Shaw he has dropped into poetry for the first time, and on reading Dr. Parkhurst's declaration that Jerome would gladly run for the office of Czar of all the Russias he wrote:

"Go ask Jerome," the preacher said; The Russians wanted to be led By one whose brain on red blood fed; "He'll take the job," the preacher said; "Go ask Jerome."

JOHN DOE, of New York.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



Next, Children, on our Pedestal At Whitney take a peep. The man "square" horsemen all know; He's got a little racing horse, He thinks it's got the steam and goes To rip up the suburban course And get the "ball" to sleep.