



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 18,268.

SATURDAY'S BRIDGE CRUSH.

The Saturday half-holiday crush at the Bridge entrance in which policemen were swept off their feet, ticket-boxes overturned and substantial brass railings torn away as of the flimsiest construction, is notable for the providential good fortune by which no lives were lost. For several years the conditions have invited a catastrophe such as was threatened by the surging crowd but was so luckily averted. The invitation becomes more cordial every year with the increase of the congestion there and the failure to provide facilities of transit to correspond. Is relief to be delayed until a time of panic brings loss of life and makes better accommodations for the crowd mandatory?

The transportation companies may allege with truth, in the words of Mr. Vreeland's excuse for the crowded condition of Manhattan surface traction, that they are running all the cars they can. But is the city to delay still further the project for an enlarged terminal? More than a year has elapsed since Commissioner Lindenthal broached his comprehensive scheme, which was laughed at until Mayor Low, in his later plans, substantially endorsed it by the flattery of imitation.

What has become of the Mayor's plans, further than the preliminary drafting of them months ago? Some remedy must speedily be devised for a congestion that grows daily worse, and on a half-holiday, with a pleasure-seeking crowd added to the crush of home-goers, attains a maximum of danger.

A NEW FUNCTION FOR JURIES.

The acquittal of Mrs. Lulu Youngs of the murder of Miss Florence MacFarlane, at Rochester, is legally and sociologically important as a judicial recognition at the North of the "unwritten law" as applied to women. Mrs. Youngs, believing Miss MacFarlane guilty of an intimacy with her husband which was the cause of his estrangement from her, proceeded, in a fit of jealousy and despairing rage, to the home of the young woman and stabbed her, inflicting wounds from which she died. Mrs. Youngs was arrested and in due course of time was acquitted after a comparatively brief trial by a verdict which establishes a precedent for a form of self-administered vengeance which heretofore, in the South, at least, has been regarded as an exclusively masculine prerogative.

But a feature of the case of hardly less importance and of even greater interest was the banquet which the jurors gave the vindicated defendant after the trial.

This banquet seems to have been a lively affair, at which there were many warm expressions of sentiment for the guest of honor. The jurors welcomed her at the dining-room door with faces wreathed in smiles. They shook hands warmly with her, they praised and petted her and toasted and eulogized her until she was "almost overcome with joy and her heart was full to overflowing" to quote her words of thanks. And incidentally, man-like, they warned her against the husband for whose love she had committed the deed. "He's a bad lot," was a characterization of one of the sympathetic jurymen.

Woman in the witness box has in her time played havoc with the hearts of many an impressionable juror, but it is difficult to recall a case where court-room courtesy has persuaded a jury to an act of sentiment surpassing this as an affront to conventional decency.

To put this sentimental partiality in full relief, contrast the Youngs trial with that of Rosie Quinn, whom a Manhattan jury sent up for life for killing her infant child in a moment of shame and horror at the realization of her illegitimate motherhood. Rosie was plain of face, awkward and unattractive, and the community was prepared for an application of abstract justice in her case. In the case of the "strikingly handsome" Mrs. Youngs it was prepared for a far different verdict, even for acquittal. But it did not look for the manly expression of esteem which followed.

The Rochester jurors have established a precedent for juries and invested them with a new function of interesting social nature. The after-acquittal banquet for fair defendants is an innovation capable of wide extension. But women contemplating a homicidal act and looking forward to this finishing touch of courtesy from a sympathetic jury are cautioned to take an account of stock of their personal charms before doing the deed.

DOGS AND RABIES.

The fund for the placing of drinking troughs for dogs in various parts of the city during the summer months, the outgrowth of Mrs. Minnie Madder Fiske's humane initiative, founded through The World, is to be put to immediate use by Borough President Cantor. The troughs will be attached to hydrants, from which they can readily be filled and flushed. Several can be provided at once from the money already contributed. Further contributions will be similarly applied by President Cantor as received.

This little act of intelligent kindness to animals will prove a boon to dogs, while diminishing the amount of canine disease in midsummer and occasionally averting incipient cases of rabies. Against this alarming and widely dreaded disease the public is likely to be given an assurance of safety in the muzzling ordinance which will come up for final consideration by the Aldermen tomorrow.

This is a measure long and persistently advocated by The World. It has received the indorsement of the Pastors Institute, the County Medical Society and the Board of Health. It is approved by Commissioner Greene, by President Cantor and by enlightened official and medical opinion. Its usefulness in diminishing hydrophobia is foreshadowed by the good results in London of a similar ordinance which reduced the number of deaths from this disease from thirty-seven in 1884, the year preceding the law's adoption, to none at all in 1886.

New York's need of such a safeguarding of the public against attacks of mad dogs is clearly indicated by the number of cases of rabies, 172, treated in this city since Jan. 1.

West Point's Crack Cadets.—West Point, from the number of sons of distinguished soldiers who are cadets there, presents excellent opportunities for the study of "U. S. A." It is interesting to find that the leader of this class, its best scholar and scholar, is Cadet Douglas, Gen. MacArthur's son. Gen. Grant's is no most popular man, his standing entitling him to be in the engineers' corps, a coveted honor, than his grandson is the academy's best polo player. Wellington's remark as to how and bearing in mind how valiantly fought at San Juan, we may stinction for Cadet Smith.

"MAY AND DECEMBER"—NEW VERSION—WITH LOVELY WOMAN AS "DECEMBER"



TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

ERNEST WADSWORTH LONG-FELLOW, the poet's son, is a Gotham artist. He is returning to New York from Japan, where he has been enjoying a long holiday; incidentally studying the art of the Orient.

Harold H. J. Baring and his wife, who was Miss Marie H. Churchill, of New York, have got as far as California in their wedding journey around the world. They expect to spend six months more on the journey and most of this time they will be in California.

Dr. C. M. Hawes has an extremely odd and gruesome photograph which he took during his last vacation at Huntington, W. Va. On the day of the New Yorker's arrival three negro murderers were captured by a local mob, strung up on a single big tree and riddled with bullets. The snapshot taken by Dr. Hawes of the scene is one of the few in existence typifying a real lynching.

William Rockefeller has been giving his personal attention to the work of fighting forest fires on Saranac Lake. He owns a fine preserve in that vicinity and when apprised of danger organized a big force and went into the woods with the enthusiasm of a youth, even using an axe when a man was not handy for the purpose he had in mind. He ate and slept with his men on the most democratic footing.

Eugene B. Howell is an ardent golfer. An evening or two ago he was enthusiastically explaining to a non-golfing friend the joys of "lofting" and describing a recent feat of his along this line on the Ardley links. "I suppose," hazarded the friend, "that you scored a point in the game by doing that. But suppose your stick had broken just as you struck. What would have happened then?" "My boy," replied Howell, reprovingly, "if you want to hear a volley of blasphemy go out and pick a quarrel with a cabman. Don't try to lure me into saying such words."

Joseph H. Choate told a story at a banquet. Chauncey M. Depew arrived late and in his turn told the same story. He did not understand the premature laughter and the lack of tumult when he concluded, and asked his neighbor what was the matter. "You told Joe Choate's story five minutes after he had finished it," Mr. Depew laughed. "Choate's story?" he said. "Why, Adam told that to the snake at their first meeting. I knew Choate would tell it, but thought he followed me."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

"Is Down" is Correct. To the Editor of The Evening World: A says "One of the shades ARE down." B says "One of the shades IS down." Which is right? N. K.

Tuesday. To the Editor of The Evening World: On what day did Feb. 16, 1886, fall? W. F. K.

One Billion is 1,000 Millions. To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that a billion is a thousand millions. B bets that a billion is a million millions. Which is right? A. C. R.

Not Real-Character in Fiction. To the Editor of The Evening World: Was Sherlock Holmes a real man, or only a character of fiction? L. M. S.

Apply to Commandant at Yard. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I apply for a pass to go through the Brooklyn Navy-Yard? C. F.

Last 1896; Next 1904. To the Editor of The Evening World: When did we have the last leap year and when does leap year come again? P. T. M.

The Lady Should Bow First. To the Editor of The Evening World: Should a gentleman raise his hat before the lady bows when they meet? W. D. B.

Friday. To the Editor of The Evening World: On what day of the week did Feb. 24, 1890, fall? F. E. A.

He Cannot Leave the United States While in Office. To the Editor of The Evening World: Can the President leave the United States during his term of office? AMERICAN.

"By Reason or by Force." To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the meaning of the words "Tatione aut vi?" FARRAGUT.

Governed by Health Department. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there a department of inspection of stables? W. N. Y.

IS IDENTIFICATION REALLY A FEMININE "LOST ART"?



It is very, very trying to be told identifying Is an art wherein we women most conspicuously fail. To say man (that mere nonentity!) can beat us at identity Is a libel every woman can identify and nail.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

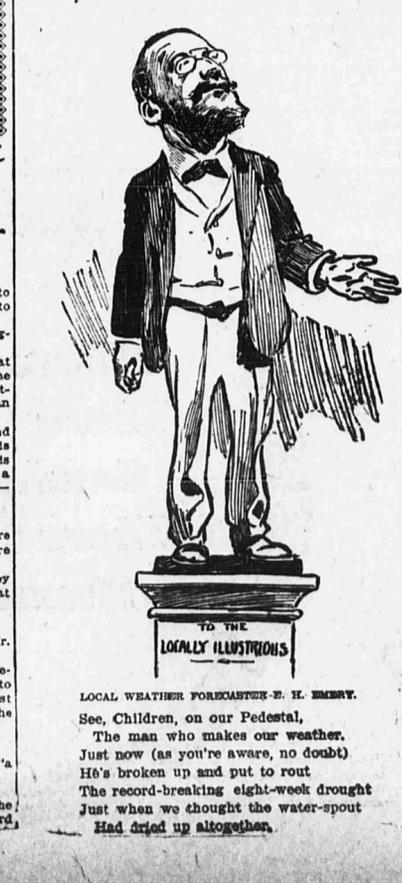
AN ODD MATCH PUZZLE. RING TRICK. THE DANCING PEA. JUST INDIGNATION. IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE. DOING THE FAIR THING. THE POSTAL LAWS.

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF WILLIE BOTHGATES.

His Father Learns of His Sins and Philosphizes on Their Import.

A YOUTH engaged Bothgates' attention on the trip from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street to Forty-second street. He was a sturdily built youth, his face lacked color, but his eyes were bright, his hair thick and glossy and the hint of a coming mustache darkened his upper lip. I guessed his identity from Bothgates' attitude toward him, at once affectionate and severely reproving. The boy protested vigorously against the line of Bothgates' argument, but the old guard went calmly on making statements and emphatically giving forth the law. "What y' think?" Bothgates said to me. "Willie's been smoking cigarettes and going to the races. It's got to happen to every kid. I knew it would come some day. But, do y' know, I been thinking it was a long way off. Remember the first time he slied at kissing me when I came home. They was some of his boy friends around and they'd been gying him some, I guess. Well, I jest grab him playful like I always do, and I says: 'And whod' you lick to-day, Willie?' and leans over to kiss him. Just as I always do since he was born. He broke away and skipped. 'Well,' I says, when I got over the surprise of it, 'that's all right; he's getting growed up and us American men don't kiss.' Then I thought some day he'll be smoking cigarettes and going to the races and doing a whole lot of things we'll never tell him about. "Yes, I thought it out then and I thought a lot since, but it didn't stick into me that the boy was really getting to be a man. I've laughed about his sweetheating with girls, but kids begin that so early, and is so open about it they don't seem to be growed up 'til they begin to act like married folks. "He gets on this morning and I just see him throw a butt away. Maybe I didn't hop his collar. And yet, what's the use? I might as well buy them and take them to him and say, 'Here, Willie, your pa brought you some cigarettes; smoke hearty, son.' Might jest as well. "It was 'cause I was surprised that I hopped him for the cigarettes, but the races—that's different. I travel a lot up and down this town and it's all kinds get on the train. But I never see a gentleman sport yet. You hear about them, but they don't ride on the 'L.' I could tell you a book about sports and I couldn't tell you any good of them. They're all out for the stuff, and they ain't anything they ain't ready to do to get it. I don't want Willie to mix with them. "I like to see fast horses, but what do they race for? So as to see which horse is fastest. Every man's got his own opinion, and he jest can't help backing that opinion with his money. It's as natural to a man as backing a bluff with his fist. If you go to see races you bet, you get mixed in a game you don't know—another man's game, and that's no safe play. "I never lick Willie since he was a little feller and had a tantrum because his ma wouldn't let him pull the cloth off the table. Red Head, she cried for a week, and I felt like a spell of typhoid. But I tell him this morning I'll race the hide off'n him if I ketch him going to any more races. "And yet, what's the use? I might as well buy him his ticket and say, 'Here, son, go and enjoy yourself,' for if I ain't raised him right he'll do it anyhow. It's jest this way: You bring children up to a certain point and then you got to just trust them. If you've done had by them you'll find 'em out then. If you've done good they may be a little fly, but jest rest easy; they'll stick to the rail, all right."

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



LOCAL WEATHER FORECASTER - E. H. BERRY. See, Children, on our Pedestal, The man who makes our weather. Just now (as you're aware, no doubt) He's broken up and put to rout. The record-breaking eight-week drought Just when we thought the water-spout Had dried up altogether.