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OLD VATTED ENGLISH.

Byron called our native tongue a "hissing guttural with its spit, spat, sputter, all." We wish he could be alive to read the fine old-rye rhetoric of the resolutions of the Liquor Dealers' Association denouncing Mayor Low. Here is sesquipedalian elegance of expression for you! Here, too, are scorpion phrases beating anything Burke used in reproaching Warren Hastings, winged words warranted to sting through a rhinoceros-like epidermis of self-complacency. It is a pity that the author should be permitted to remain anonymous.

What a choice garland of superior Dublin English it is! "Flaccid invertebrate," "pharisaical pulchritude," "superimposed halo," "flabby," "exiguous," "unequivocal." This is Father Prout at his best. Our old Shakespearean friends "cabal" and "craven" are there, and that sterling Elizabethan phrase "unwhipped of justice. High-hall epithets, mixed-ale metaphors, cocktail tropes, a Cicero with an amphora at his elbow could not have surpassed them.

The student of language will rejoice for "corporationist," which this illuminated scribe gives us. The emergency brings the word into being; "corporationist," we fancy, will not die a-borning, but live for future usefulness. Secessionist, expansionist, why not "corporationist?" The word pops out glowing, white-hot from the fervid rhetoric of the impassioned author of these resolutions, and the world welcomes it.

DIRECTORS ON TRIAL.

In Newark there has been begun a criminal trial unique in New Jersey legal history—the directors of a traction company, one of the cars of which has caused loss of life, are cited to appear in court to defend the charge of manslaughter. Men of large wealth and of social prominence are accused of being indirectly responsible for the deaths of the school-children who were killed in the Clifton avenue collision last February.

Heretofore the theory of the higher railroad officials in regard to such accidents has been that voiced by one of the indicted directors last spring, following the jury's presentation. Having used his best efforts to secure thoroughly competent and capable employees he contended that no further responsibility could rest upon him; in case of accident he was thereby relieved of even remote complicity. It is an attractive theory, by which responsibility is delegated by directors to president, by president to general manager and passed on down the line to the humblest employe on the spot. In this particular accident the effort was made to show that a \$10-a-week section hand, who neglected to thaw out a box of frozen sand and sprinkle it on the icy rails, was the guilty party.

It is not to be supposed that any director will go to prison for the death of these school-children.

The innovation would be too startling. But the trial should bring to light many facts of interest as showing the laxity of management and indirectness of responsibility in what in New Jersey are known as public service corporations, and are showing also why grade crossings of the Lackawanna road have been so long tolerated in the populous section where the accident occurred.

MIXING IN.

Sir Thomas Lipton tells us frankly that we lead the world industrially, which of course we knew. But his explanation is interesting. "In London," he says, "one element will not mix with another; here all are in touch. The millionaire with his mansion on Fifth avenue goes to Wall street and mixes in, and all swing together for the good of the country. There is a kindly feeling here that one man is as good as another. There are no classes, with one pulling in one direction and another in another direction."

Democracy has had no better tribute. The boy playing about his father's bench in the Fourth avenue cobbler's shop does not grow up a cobbler as he would in England; he goes to night school at Cooper Union and becomes a sculptor of world-wide fame. The newsboy studies shorthand, becomes secretary to the President of the Steel Trust and is a millionaire before he is forty. The railroad brakeman rises to be President of the "Big Four," and the boy cording wood for locomotives on the Burlington becomes its general manager. One reason of which is that the men at the top "mix in." They are down here where they can see humble merit, they reward it, and the brains which abroad might be confined to menial labor for a lifetime are given room to expand. It is profitable to master and man alike that they keep "in touch."

AN AGED CONVICT'S FREEDOM.

A man who committed a murder and was sent to Auburn prison for life has been released after twenty-seven years of confinement, and he is seeing the wonders of the modern world with the eager interest of a child. Since Albert Fredenburgh was put behind the bars the telephone has come, the bicycle, the motor car, the underground trolley. Messages are sent without wires across the ocean, fast trains have cut hours off transcontinental runs, wonderful progress has been made in science and invention. There has been a multiplication of millionaires in every community—"one hundred of them born in a bunch in Pittsburg at the creation of the Steel Trust." Prodiges on land and sea of which Mother Shipton did not dream have become commonplace.

And Fredenburgh, smoking his first cigar in years, physically elated and rejoicing in his freedom, almost cries with pleasure, "not knowing what to make of it." Yet it is not an occasion for rejoicing on his part. Except for the dreadful hatred that implicated him in the taking of human life and isolated him from the rest of the world Fredenburgh might have been a part of the bustle and prosperity at which he wonders like a child. He had a better start in life than the former newsboy who is building an \$80,000 palace in Montclair. He had as good an opportunity as the Grand Trunk train boy, whose activities at Menlo Park excite a world's interest. He was fully as well started in life as the farmer's lad who began by selling mousetraps and became a railway king.

The sober second thought of this old convict is recommended to those who cherish in their hearts a hope of some fellow-man. (Translation does not pay.)

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON was doing Luna Park one evening last week with Col. Firth, of the De Forest wireless system. The Irish knight was very much interested in the weighing machines and the weight-guessing contests that are a part of the game. The owner of one of them, after explaining that if he failed to guess Sir Thomas's weight within three pounds the nickel to be paid would be forfeited, looked him over critically and said "One hundred and ninety-six and a half."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, who weighs just 197 pounds. To test whether the guess was due merely to a lucky accident, Lipton stopped at the next weighing machine, where the owner promptly guessed him at 197-1-2.

"Marvellous!" ejaculated Sir Thomas, and when a third actually guessed his correct weight of 197 pounds he turned to Col. Firth saying, "Colonel, you ought to take lessons off these fellows. They have the best wireless system on earth."

John I. Davenport, formerly United States Supervisor of Elections in this city, was at one time a power in Republican politics. After serving through the civil war he became a newspaper correspondent in Washington. In 1888, when a committee to investigate election frauds in New York was appointed by Congress Davenport was made the secretary of the Union League Club Committee having the matter in charge. This gave him his start. When the law for the Federal supervision of elections was enacted Davenport was made the first Supervisor of Elections in this city. He held the appointment until 1892, when the bill was repealed. During his term of office he won notoriety by the use of a cage which he had built in a room of the General Post-Office, in which the prisoners arrested on the night before election were thrown. Though at one time thought to be a wealthy man Davenport is said to have died in poverty.

J. P. Morgan, Jr., was describing a visit that he made to Ireland last year, says the Boston Post. "In Dublin," he said, "my valet fell ill, and I was obliged to send him home to London. Thenceforward I relied upon hotel valets, and never again, truly, some of them were. There was a Derry hotel valet who amused me. I sat in the parlor of my suite one morning and sent this valet to the bedroom for a pair of boots. "Two pair of boots," I said, "are in the wardrobe closet. Bring me one pair, and be sure that they are mates." "The Derry valet busted off and brought back a pair of boots that were not mates, after all. "By Jove, Patrick," I said, "this pair of boots are not mates." "Sure, then, sir," he said, "I don't know what's to be done at all, at all, for the other pair in the cabinet are not mates, either."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Philadelphia Politeness. To the Editor of The Evening World: I see a Mr. James F. Wood, of Philadelphia, takes great pride in the politeness of his townspeople in outlying New Yorkers. I will admit they are very polite during their waking period, which is very short. If you ask a man on a car for any information, by the time you get him sufficiently aroused to be polite you are at or past your destination and his politeness goes for naught. Mr. Wood has travelled very little. If he wants to see the height of civility let him go to that dear Hoboken, N. J. W. J. McGINNIS.

Columbia or New York University Law School. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I apply to study law? My income is \$10 a week. C. M.

Pawnbrokers and the Poor. To the Editor of The Evening World: Here is the way pawnbrokers extort money from the poor. Loan \$150 one year, interest at 20 per cent a year, 46 cents, and 6 cents for a fractional part of a month over the year, total 60 cents (giving the pawnbroker the benefit of the fraction on the odd month's interest). The pawnbroker charges 56 cents, making an overcharge of 4 cents. The law: "On sums of \$100 or under 3 per cent, per month or any fraction thereof for first six months, and 2 per cent, per month or any fraction thereof for last six months." The pawnbrokers that violate the law try to make it appear that the words "or any fraction thereof" give them the right to charge interest on the fractional part of a dollar the same as if a whole dollar were loaned. This contention is absolutely false. The words "or any fraction thereof" have absolutely no reference to the amount loaned, but simply give the privilege of charging one month's interest for any fractional part of a month. To show how this scheme of the dishonest pawnbroker works. The personal property of the poor being of small values, the loans secured must of necessity be small. Often it is only 25 cents, but they are charged as if it were \$1. The pledges are placed during some part of the week and generally redeemed on Saturday. Even with the legal rate, the interest at the end of a year would be astounding. What would it be under illegal charging is almost beyond comprehension. P. T. P.

No Fenders on Bronx Cars. To the Editor of The Evening World: The Bronx being now part of New York City, are not the trolley cars to be provided with proper fenders? The fact is, they are not, and if they were, as they should be, the frightful accident of last Sunday afternoon on West Farms Car No. 234 would have been averted. The death and mangled of this little eleven-year-old boy was something frightful. There is no doubt that the motorman was not to blame, but the passengers, myself and friend being in the passenger's seat and friend being one of them, will not soon be forgotten. LINCOLN CLUB.

SOUVENIR FIENDS LET NOTHING OF VALUE ESCAPE.



The silver service of Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht Erin has been raided and almost depleted by souvenir hunters. Every big hotel in New York complains of serious losses of silver through these conscienceless token hunters. Sahara's desperate Bedouins rob caravans with ease. Our token hunters do the same to caravansaries. The only way to save your goods when these fiends trail 'em down is to hide 'em in a ten-ton safe or stoutly nail 'em down.

OUT AT FIRST.



"Sir," began the young man, "I came to ask your daughter's hand in marriage. I feel that I am not worthy of her, but—" "Young man," interrupted the stern parent, "I fully agree with you on that point and there is nothing further to be said on the subject. Good evening, sir."

OVERDRESSED.



Sandy (in background)—I don't believe dat newcomer really belongs to our profesh. Cinders—Yer don't? Sandy—No. He looks too much like a comic paper hobo.

DASHED ROMANCE.



Weary Wilkins—Lady, I seen Jus' such women in me dreams. Mrs. Coldphiz—Go on; this is interesting. Weary Wilkins—Yes'm; an' den signed de pledge.

WISE LADY.



Tattered Tompkins—What did de lady say? Woful Willie—I sez, "Madam," I sez, "I'm a pore man out o' work," and she sez, "Well, I hain't got nuxtin' in your line." she sez, an' slammed de door in me face!

GROWING A NEW GRANDMA.

Harold was a dear little fellow, only three years old. His parents had gone to a new country in the Far West. It was very different from the city which they had left, with all the dear friends, relatives and, nearest of all, a dear old grandma. Mamma had so much to attend to in the new home that she had little time for the children, excepting to keep them clean and give them their meals. Lonesome, indeed, they were, as mother discovered one day in a manner that brought tears to her eyes. Harold had been very quiet and busy for some time digging a hole in the ground. He had been so earnest about it that when it was completed she went to examine the spot. There she discovered that he had buried a picture of his dear grandma. "Why, Harold," she exclaimed, "what are you doing with this?" "I thought," said the little man, with tears of loneliness streaming down his cheeks, "if I planted it maybe I could grow another grandma!"

A "TICK-TACK-TO" AUTOGRAPH.



This is not a new style of that alluring game "tick-tack-to." It is an autograph. At least the lower half of it is. H. H. Hill, of Cleveland, O., builds his signatures thus: He makes eight vertical lines in blocks of two. The first three pairs are separated by dots. A shorter vertical line divides the third and fourth pairs and a period ends the first three "blocks of two" with a horizontal line, and behold the complete autograph!

THE BREAKFAST MUSH.

The habit of eating a cereal mush as a part of the breakfast has become almost universal with the American people, says the New York Medical Journal. It is undoubtedly a good habit, for concentrated food, such as is to be found in meat and eggs, is not all that the stomach craves; it is well that there should be bulk in a meal as well as plenty of nutritious material. Then, too, the cereals are highly nutritious and they are for the most part mild "peristaltic persuaders," though some of them, oatmeal, has been held to have a bad effect on the swim of some persons who are subject to eczematous affections. Useful and wholesome as the cereals are, no attention whatever should be paid to the contention that they are in any special way "brain foods." Good digestion—such digestion as the ordinary man possesses, is quite equal to the task of providing the system with all the nutritive elements that any portion of it may require from the miscellaneous diet that most of us subsist on. The idea that a perfectly healthy person may be made healthier by a particular diet seems to have taken a strong hold upon many members of the community, but medical men recognize its absurdity, and omit no occasion to combat it, though it must be admitted that it is hardly likely to do harm.

THE RIBBON FISH.

Charles F. Holder, the naturalist, believes that what people see in the ocean and mistake for sea serpents are really ribbon fish. This curious deep-sea fish often grows to a large size. Dr. Andrew Wilson, of the University of Glasgow, chronicles that Lord Norbury, while trawling in the Firth of Forth one day hauled up a ribbon fish which, when stretched upon the deck of the ship, which was of forty tons burden, was longer than the vessel, or sixty feet in length. Says Mr. Holder: "The fish is literally like a ribbon. Those handled by the writer were beautiful diaphanous creatures, and apatched with black tiger-like stripes. The forehead is very high, and from the top of the head rise a series of dorsal spines, eight in number, a vivid coral in color, which when erect resemble pompons or a red mane, giving the fish a most fantastic appearance."

THE BIBLE BRICK.

E. G. Acheson, of Niagara Falls, while he was searching for the best clay to make crucibles, read the statements in the fifth chapter of Exodus about the use of straw and stubble in the manufacture of ancient Egyptian bricks. He procured some straw, had it boiled and mixed the dark red liquid thus obtained with clay. He found that the plasticity was greatly increased. Investigation showed that tannin was the active agent, and when he treated other clay with a solution of tannin in water he obtained surprising results. The strength and plasticity of the clay are increased and the tendency to shrink and warp is greatly reduced. In this process sun drying is far superior to burning, and in ten days the clay is better tempered than in months or even years by the old process.

JOKE WAS ON THE DOCTOR.

One of the best stories told of the late Sir Andrew Clarke is the following: At a dinner party one night he noticed that the lady sitting next to him at table passed a dish to which he helped himself plentifully. He asked if she did not like it, as it was excellent. She replied: "Oh, yes, I like it, but my physician forbids me to eat it." "Stuff and nonsense," said Sir Andrew; "it could not hurt any one. Who is your physician?" To which the lady, whom the medical magnets had forgotten, answered, with a demure twinkle in her eye: "Sir Andrew Clarke."—London Spark Moments.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

The mending of expensive silk stockings is a new profession which is not overworked, and which pays exceedingly well the few women who are fitted for it. A single evening's dancing often rubs a hole in a silk stocking and there are comparatively few women who are rich enough or extravagant enough to discard an expensive pair on that account. Nearly all the better class shops employ one or more expert darning and pay them well. These women are able to match the weave of the stocking so precisely that the darn is absolutely imperceptible. They also crochet or knit a heel to perfection.

DAY BY DAY.

FROM day to day the seasons pass, From day to day the years roll on. From day to day the moments glide, As one by one they're come and gone. From day to day we eat our food, From day to day we draw our breath, From day to day we live our life, For good or ill, from birth till death. Oh, let us then from day to day, In tune with Nature learn to live; Put care and worryment away, Nor thought to coming sorrow give. We do not eat "to-morrow's" food, Nor shed our tears for "next year's" woe; Then revel in to-day's best good, As day by day we onward go. CORA M. V. GREENLEAF.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



(Thomas A. Edison, who is the consulting engineer of the Marconi Telegraph Company, has just had a heart-to-heart talk with Sig. Marconi and says the wireless is O. K.) Behold upon the Pedestal. The great boss electrician. He knows from A to Isard. And Marco, can bet his gizzard on the Monio Park machine!

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

DOC'S VERDICT. Little Willie ate some apples; They were very green, you know. Quoth the doctor: "Count out Willie; 'Twas a solar plexus blow!"—Indianapolis Sun.

JOHNNY'S KNOWLEDGE. Teacher—Why, Johnny, I thought you knew your alphabet. Johnny—I don't know the names of the letters nor the way they come together, but when I see the alphabet all together, I know it fast enough.—Boston Transcript.

THE TRIUMPH OF REASON. "And you gave him your heart?" "Oh, mamma, how could I withhold it, after he had confessed himself utterly unworthy of it!"—Detroit Free Press.