

The World

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 44.....NO. 18,880.

TAMMANY'S CARE OF ITS OWN.

New Yorkers are well aware of the protective care which the Tammany district leader exercises over his followers. A member of the Mike Monahan Benevolent Association gets into trouble; he may have tapped a tiller or "done" his man and fallen into the clutches of the law. The leader's purse and "pull" are at the lad's service to help him out of his difficulty.

Or a boy who has joined at a chowder party and given promise of future political usefulness gets into a scrape which may mean a term on the Island. The leader's influence is again exerted to see him out of his difficulty; of the twenty-one young men held in heavy bail by Magistrate Onmen to keep the peace for six months as a result of the East Broadway arrests of Oct. 6, how many owe their present liberty to the favor of the district leader?

But it has remained for the publication of the confidential Michael C. Murphy correspondence to show how far this protective care extends when a Tammany administration is in office and to what remote ramifications it reaches, to the detriment of good government and the defeat of the public welfare.

It shows, how, the Tammany clerk likely to be discharged for cause appeals to the leader and keeps his job.

How the proprietor of the lodging-house in doubt about the renewal of his permit appeals to the leader and is not molested.

How the landlord on whose property there have been cases of typhoid fever invokes the leader's pull to secure the revocation or extension of the sanitary order for repairs with the result that the order is indorsed as "Complied with."

How the Commissioner of Jurors revising the Grand Jury list asks the leader to "suggest three or four good names" whose party usefulness and fidelity will be depended on.

How a Tammany District-Attorney who "never forgets" promises "when a favorable chance comes" to "dismiss that indictment against John Murphy."

Most illuminating are those letters by their showing in black and white of Tammany's far-reaching "pull" processes. Most suggestive also of corrupter bargains which a more cautious discretion would not confide to the permanent record of pen and ink.

THE TROLLEY JUGGERNAUT.

Last week saw the killing of Gen. Boyce by a trolley car on lower Broadway, the injury of several persons by cars, and the death from injuries so received of Col. Savage, and two cases of collision of surface cars by which a score of passengers were bruised and some badly hurt.

One of these cars jumped the track in crossing Sixth avenue at Twenty-eighth street and ran with full impetus against the steel pillar which by a device of antiquated engineering stands in the very centre of the street. In the collision of the Eighth avenue trolley and the Fourteenth street car the impact was so violent that every pane of glass in the two cars was smashed.

A friend of Gen. Boyce writes that he stood for some time at the corner of Pine street and Broadway, near the scene of the fatal accident, and "noted" a number of cars running at a rate of speed too rapid for safety to pedestrians. "Something" should and can be done," he thinks as the lesson of this sacrifice of a valuable life to diminish the danger of another such accident.

The peril of the streets was never so general and so imminent as it is now. It confronts the pedestrian every time he darts from sidewalk to sidewalk. At the corners where car lines intersect the confusion attending this peril is heightened by the maze of flagmen and switchmen and signalmen. By night the waving lanterns and flashing headlights suggest a crowded railway yard.

But what is to be the remedy? If motormen are sent to jail oftener will that improve matters? Bars are not likely to intensify the punishment which the remembrance of the human being mangled by his act right before his eyes inflicts on the motorman for years to come.

If the rate of speed is reduced an army of impatient passengers rises in protest.

Yet the weekly, almost daily, tribute of human life to these cars of juggernaut becomes constantly more deplorable.

THE AGE OF MUSCLE.

The recognition of proficiency in muscle as a desirable course of a college curriculum receives official endorsement at Columbia by the institution of a training school for teachers of physical education. This school is to form a separate department with an entire building devoted to the production of competent professional instructors in the science of physical development.

Its establishment marks a wonderful change from the conditions of a century ago. Such colleges as then had any gymnasium at all gave their students the use of an unattractive building bearing the name in which crude apparatus and attendants not possessing the qualifications or deserving the title of instructors riddled rather than invited the boys in quest of physical training.

The lack of muscle-making facilities for students was all the more remarkable because of the excellent equipment of German schools in this line. In New York twenty-five years ago, except for the Young's Men Christian Association gymnasium, one or two German turn halls and a small private gymnasium much frequented near Madison Square, there was little to attract a boy to physical culture.

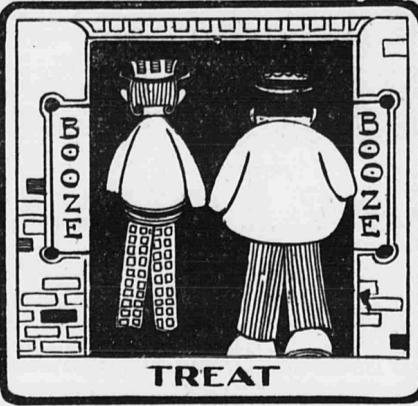
As a phase of the remarkable change of opinion about gymnastic training it is now possible to see bankers after hours paying a visit to a professor of physical culture or devoting fifteen minutes of a busy day to exercise in their private offices or going through a regular course of muscle movements before bedtime. A census of gymnasium patrons in downtown offices would show surprising figures. And it is making the "professors" rich. Practically soon we shall have these professors exhibiting college degrees to attest their proficiency, and the Age of Muscle may then be said to have arrived.

Times Refused—Julia Huret passed pleasant hours on what he denominated the coldness of Americans in courtship. The Paris critic would have been interested in Miss Weneck's wooing of J. Hanna Wilson. After Joanna had said "No" to his suit forty-nine times Harry said a word at her to persuade her to change her

No. III.--Little Tragedies Strikingly Told in Four Words.



MEET



TREAT



REPLETE



DEFEAT

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Complain to Department of Highways.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The sidewalks near my home are and have been in a dangerous and broken condition for a long time. What city department ought to look after that? A. R.

A Henry George Query.

To the Editor of The Evening World: J. B. says that Henry George, sr., did not run for Mayor of Greater New York against Seth Low, and says that Henry George did not run against Van Wyck for Mayor of Greater New York. Is he right? J. F. Z.

How to Avoid a Lonely Life.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A. H. bewails his lonely life and says he dare not call on girls of his acquaintance. Courage, Mr. Bachelor. You have not met the woman you really love. If you had, bashfulness would vanish and you would walk through fire to win her, just as this poor bachelor girl would live on a crust with the man she loves. You have the advantage in that you can court the woman you love. We women have to wait to be asked. PEGGY.

No. Wear a Frock Coat.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it proper for a gentleman to wear a Tuxedo suit to an afternoon dance? E. W. K.

"Bum" Versus "Tramp."

To the Editor of The Evening World: In reference to the query, What is the difference between a "tramp" and a "bum," my opinion is: A "tramp" is a man who travels around all day looking for employment and at the same time praying not to get it. A "bum" is a man (not necessarily out of employment) who hangs around the corner saloon waiting for his friends to treat him to beer or whiskey. MAGNOLIA.

Wants to Stop Blushing.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Can any reader suggest to me a remedy for blushing? B. C.

"Between You and Me" is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that "between you and I" is correct; B says "between you and me" is correct. Kindly decide. J. A. M.

Both Have Played in That Part.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Who played the leading role in "The Prisoner of Zenda"—Hackett or Botham? J. W.

Man Precedes in Ascending, Lady in Descending.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Should a lady precede a gentleman going upstairs, or should a gentleman precede a lady? K. L.

He is Eligible.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is a man born in this country of foreign parents eligible to be elected President of the United States? F. H.

At Hanover, N. H.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where is Dartmouth College? R.

No. They contain Prussic Acid.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Are the kernels of a peach stone eatable? INQUIRER.

No. 330 Fifth Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the nearest evening school for men to No. 330 East Eighth street? Y. T.

Three Great-Grandmothers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to Mrs. Millford Reed of New Brunswick, N. J., who says her daughter has two living great-grandmothers, I should like to say that my two little girls have three great-grandmothers living, and are also the fourth of four generations living. MRS. CHARLES A. RICE, No. 53 Barrow street.

One Hundred and Fourth Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the nearest evening school for girls and women to One Hundred and Eighteenth street, near Eighth avenue? H. A.

A MARKET ROMANCE.

He called upon his sweetheart, The fairest girl in town; 'Twas noticed in the parlor That Gas was going down. Her father's heavy footsteps He heard were coming near; Activity in Leather Soon filled his soul with fear. Outside the lordly mansion He fell by cruel chance, And blocks of Rapid Transit Showed quite a quick advance. But there can be elopements When love is true and real; So there was consummated A Western Union deal. —McLaudburgh Wilson in Washington Times.

The Man Higher Up Scores Man Who Didn't Register Sherlock Holmes.

"DID you register?" asked the Cigar Store Man. "Sure I registered," answered the Man Higher Up. "I was Johnny-on-the-spot. And on election day I'm going to deliver the goods. Where are you on the register thing?" "I didn't register," explained the Cigar Store Man, "because I was so busy here at the store that I forgot all about it until late Saturday night, when the registration places were closed." "Why, say," said the Man Higher Up, "you're a moving picture of a big percentage of this community. All through the year you holler like a man coaching a base-runner about municipal corruption and all that sort of stuff. You are the man who advocates taking the Board of Aldermen out and hanging them to lampposts. To hear you talk one would think that you get around to the polling booth before daylight on election day and help to take down the shutters. But you don't vote, because you're not registered." "Whenever you hear a man arguing politics as

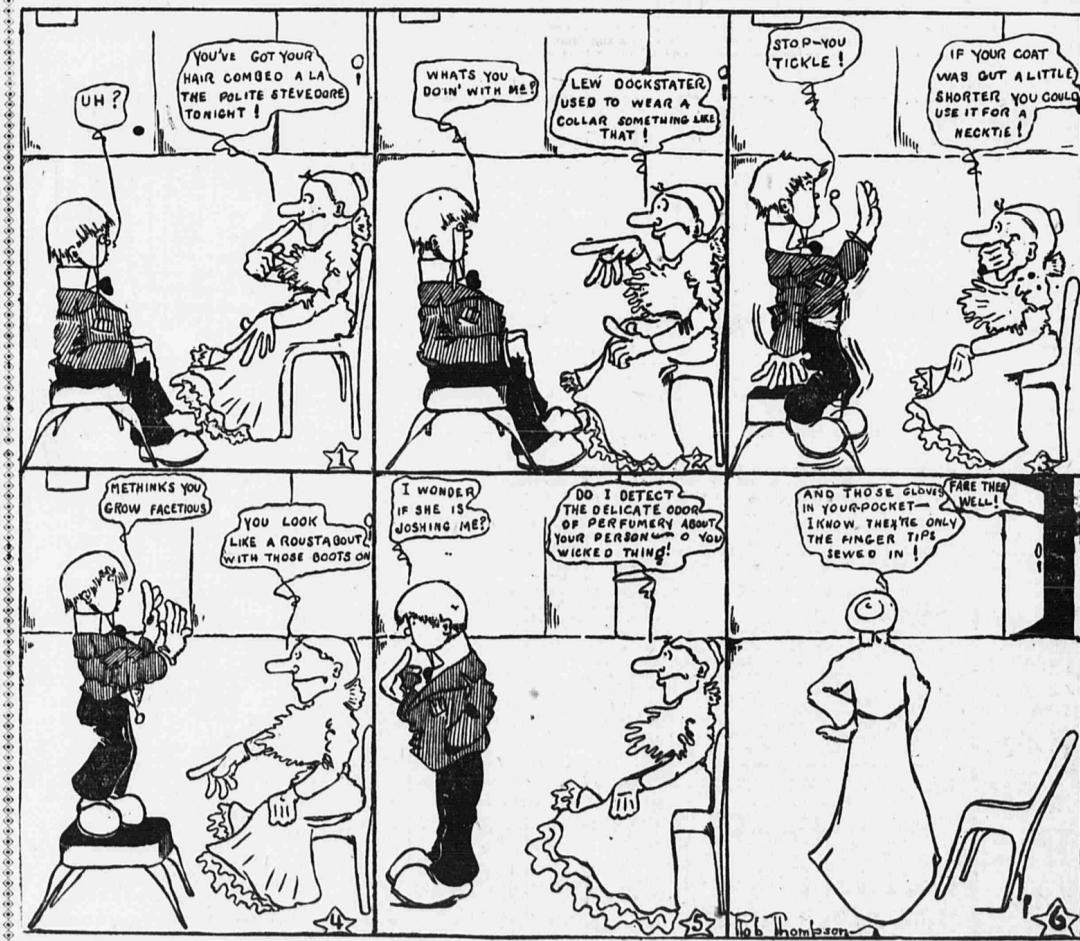
though he had a wind gauge attached to himself and was getting paid by the foot for the air he exudes it is an even bet that you could search the registration books with a microscope and not find his name on them. The men who write letters to the newspapers screaming about the rotten administration haven't got any more right to vote than a Chinaman half the time. The loudest political arguer I know has been in this country for twenty-two years and has never taken out his first naturalization papers. He wore crape on his hat when the Queen died and sat up nights to pipe the bulletin boards when King Edward was sick. "I know a lot of business men who never vote, but they never fail to register their kick at the administration that's in or the one that's trying to get in. They run up against you and me and tell us what we ought to do to turn the rascals out, and on election day they go to the links. Every day could be election day for them, but they wouldn't any more go to the polls than they would apply for board in a small-pox hospital. It's

too much trouble, don't you know. "The good, steady voter is the humble citizen who gets his salary in dollar bills and could lose the roll in his ear. He sits at home nights, reads his Evening World, considers the way things are going with him and his affairs, sizes up the situation and casts his ballot the way he thinks. You never hear him arguing politics. Lots of times the political arguer votes the other way from his talk. "We have too many elections, anyhow. The politicians are so afraid that the State election may affect the city election or the national election may affect the State election that the leaders are always putting up election numbers like the stage attendants in a continuous vaudeville house." "I can swear my registration in later on," said the Cigar Store Man. "That's another brand on the citizen who neglects to register on the days set for registration. He talks for a clean ballot until he is blue in the face, and then goes and commits perjury so that he can cast his vote," replied the Man Higher Up.

A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA. BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE. (Permission of Geo. Munro's Sons.) CHAPTER I. An Odd Commission. TO Sherlock Holmes she is always THE woman. I have seldom seen him mention her under any other name: There was but one woman to him, and that woman was the late Irene Adler, of dubious and questionable memory. I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other. One night—It was on the 20th of March, 1888—I was returning from a journey to a patient (for I had now returned to civil practice), when my way led me through Baker street. As I passed his well-remembered door I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes again and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers. His manner was not effusive, it seldom was; but he was glad, I think, to see me. "Watlock suits you," he remarked. "I think, Watson, that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you." "Seven," I answered. "Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness." "Then how do you know?" "I see it, I deduce it. How do I know that you have been getting yourself very wet lately and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?" "My dear Holmes," said I, "this is too much. You would certainly have been burned had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess; but as I have changed my clothes, I can't imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice, but there again I fall to see how you work it out." He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long, nervous hands together. "It is simplicity itself," said he; "my eyes tell me that the side of your left shoe, just where the fire-light strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by some one who has very carelessly scraped around the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you had a particularly malignant boot-slicking specimen of the London slavey. As to your practice, if a gentleman walks into my rooms, smelling of iodine, with a black mark of dirt on the side of his top hat, and a bulge on the side of his top hat to show where he has secreted his stethoscope, it must be dull indeed if I do not pronounce him to be an active member of the medical profession." "I could not help laughing at the ease with which he explained his process of deduction. "When I hear you give your reasons," I remarked, "the thing always appears to me so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself; though at each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled until you explain your process. And yet, I believe that my eyes are as good as yours." "Quite so," he answered, lighting a cigarette and throwing himself down into an armchair. "You see, you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room." "Frequently." "How often?" "Then how many are there?" "How many? I don't know." "Quite so; you have not observed. And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed. By the way, since you are interested in these little problems and since you are good enough to chronicle one or two of my trifling experiences, you may be interested in this. He threw over a sheet of thick, pink-tinted note-paper which had been lying open upon the table. "It came by the last post," said he. "Read it aloud." The note was undated and without either signature or address. "There will call upon you to-night at 7.45 o'clock," it said, "a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the royal houses of Europe have shown that you are one who can be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber, then, at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wears a mask." "This is indeed a mystery," I remarked. "What do you imagine it means?" "I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Inensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself—what do you deduce from it?" I carefully examined the writing and the paper upon which it was written. "The man who wrote it was presumably well to do," I remarked, endeavoring to imitate my companion's processes. "Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff." "Foolish—that is the very word," said Holmes. "It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light." I did so, and started slightly. (To Be Continued.)

The Woman No Man Will Marry.

The Flippant, Jestng Thing Who Is Always Having Fun with Her Sweetheart.



Fun and Philosophy in Bugland.



A Columbus Bell.

There is a bell at Washington whose history dates back to the very beginning of modern civilization on this continent. It is a trifling affair as regards size, its dimensions being only 8 by 8 1/2 inches; yet its notes sounded to call the great discoverer Columbus to prayer and sacred worship. It was brought from Spain in December, 1492 and set up in a church at San Domingo. It was the special gift of King Ferdinand and bears the initial of his name ("F") in old Gothic characters upon its surface.

Mont Blanc's Ghost.

A ghost has appeared on the Mont Blanc range. He was first seen by a peasant on the Montanvert slopes, and has since been nightly patrolling those slopes and the Aiguilles Glaces. The ghost is described as a tall, shrouded figure, with dull, staring eyes and a face of ashen whiteness. Many people consider that a practical joker is at work, whereas others suggest that the ghost is a smuggler.