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The Evening World First.

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Number of columns of advertising in The Evening World in March, 1903..... **1,032 1/2**
INCREASE..... 469 1/2

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York EVER carried in regular editions in any one month such a volume of display advertising as The Evening World carried in March, 1904.

WOMAN DAINTY, WOMAN CLEVER.

The surprising woman upon whom the gaze of Senator Vernon fell—
—was clad in a black travelling gown that fitted her perfectly. From her springing hair down to the toes of her boots... she was of an exquisite daintiness, wholly feminine and stirring. Reddish brown hair, that doubtless had been combed into some resemblance to the prevailing fashion of the pompadour, had fallen into a natural part on the right side and lightly swept a brow not too high, but white and thoughtful.

The voice was a final touch of perfection, and when appeal was made to Vernon's understanding of the situation, "the femininity of it touched him."

What has been quoted is from Mr. Brand Whitlock's novelette "Her Infinite Variety." It is a conception of the woman lawyer in fiction. The quotation is given to run with the declaration made as of fact, at the week's meeting of the Portia Club, by Dean Clarence D. Ashley, of the New York University.

"My experience," said the Dean, "is that the faintest women are the cleverest."

He had such answer for any who still hold "the antiquated notion, not yet entirely extinct" that whenever women are awfully clever "they look like sin." And he continued thus:

Women at the bar today are all that is meant by good lawyers. They are the peers of many prominent lawyers. Nor does this achievement tend to destroy their feminine charms. Bah! for the man who thinks that knowledge makes a woman masculine! Are men conceited enough to think they can make women like themselves?

Of course it is the American woman who is under consideration. She of whom actor Wilton Lackaye said to the Minerva Club, in jesting earnest, the other day, that she has more rights than the woman of any other nation on earth.

If the actor had thought of it, he would have mentioned particularly the right to be as dainty and feminine as she can. A privilege, this, which is so pressing as to amount to a duty. And it does not rest alone on the clever women of the bar.

Dowdiness never was a real hall-mark of feminine talent. To-day it stands for neglect and arouses unchivalrous thoughts. It is the most ungrateful attribute of the "new woman" at law, at medicine, at music, at painting, at any business or profession, when she allows it to "take the shine off" from her newness.

It has been averred that the "new woman" likes to be thought logical; that, having set out with the theory that she is the equal in any pursuit of any new man, she wishes to take what she thinks to be the natural consequence and forego the little courteous attentions from the opposite sex which seem to assume a feminine inferiority.

This is an awful theory. If it were generally acted upon, failure to have a seat offered to her in the crowded car would become the least of the wrongs endured by woman in a world where she sought out her rights.

Fortunately, the theory works invisibly and negligibly—if at all. The woman who invites so extreme a test of "progress" is absent from most places. But it is not true that a willful and unnecessary carelessness in personal appearance is the next thing to an open courting of the ungallant snub?

A man likes to feel—and it is not to his discredit—that his appreciation goes out to a woman who appreciates herself. Toward the person in dowdy petticoats or man-aping attire he cannot feel just that way.

"Woman," said Gladstone, "is most perfect when the most womanly." Which will sound old-fashioned in many ears, but is after all only an old-fashioned way of agreeing to the fact observed by Dean Ashley, above.

For, if a woman is all womanly, she will be for faint effects, and if she be "awfully clever" as well, is not perfection made nearer?

FATE AND TWO FOUNDLINGS.

A little founding boy of eight months has just gone out from Bellevue Hospital bearing a name where once was nameless.

A little girl of the same age went out the same day, like too, with a name supplied.

It is believed that the two were brother and sister—twin children of one mother. Yet they are separated now in guardianship, in name, in religion, in everything.

Fate prepares here for future romance, or tragedy, or comedy, or—what?

Somewhere in the great city two women have read the news of what has happened to the little ones they inserted in a marble-yard at the week's beginning.

These two alone hold the key by which the enigma of the foundlings could be turned to plain reading. One of them, presumably, is the mother guilty of abandonment.

It is not a little pitiful to think of the brother and sister so entirely, probably so hopelessly, blotted out. There may come a time in the life of the girl or the boy when that link of human relationship would be of precious moment. Saving, even, might lie in it.

Scarcely can a sign be expected from those in hiding. But, if the twin belief be justly founded, the unknown sister cannot be envied in her knowledge of what has been done.

Is America the Bachelors' Kingdom?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Time governs everything, even our universe; still, it alters not bachelorhood. Therefore, why is America, and why should it remain, the kingdom of bachelorhood, while the continent of Europe has the distinction of a youthful, striving element, bound by the everlasting bands of matrimony? Simply because it is the desire of the average young American girl of to-day to initiate a new way into the fellowship that makes them unfit to receive that most glorious and greatest name of all names, which is that of a loving housewife and mother.

THE correspondent whose letter about American bachelorhood is quoted above is perhaps a faithful subject of the Kaiser, for his views on the American girl suggest a loyal adherence to the principle of the three K's—Kuchen, Kirschen, kinder—cooking church and children—which that exalted monarch once declared must bound the legitimate horizon of womanhood.

If America is, as the correspondent asserts, the bachelors' kingdom, he argues merely by reason of the fact that it is primarily the woman's kingdom, and if here are indeed more bachelors it is not because the men have grown more fastidious, but because the women are permitted a wider choice, and consequently take more time in exercising it.

The feminine half of the "youthful, striving element" bound by the everlasting bands of matrimony, exercised practically no choice in the selection of their lords. For the average European girl has rarely even a veto power when confronted by the future husband her parents have selected for her. Nor is the European man the absolutely free agent in deciding his matrimonial affairs which the American bachelor is proud to be. The average European match is simply a case of matching families—or families of marks, or life, as the case may be.

In America it is conceded that the bachelor, and even the old maid, has a right to existence quite equal to that of the married man or woman. When the American bachelor meets a girl, he generally because he wants to. Not as in the case with the European, because he needs a certain amount of ready money to establish himself in business.

When the American girl marries it is also because she loves; not because she is afraid of being an old maid or of having to accept the alternative, frequently presented to the French or Italian girl of being a spinster.

As a class the average young American girl does not desire or strive to imitate men's ways. Indeed she rarely does so readily, young women preferring the good-fellow attitude to which the correspondent objects. Some schoolgirls and some business women, however, of thirty-five or so. But the only difference between the average American girl and her European counterpart is that she is distinctly better looking and at once more truthful and more intelligent.

A WONDERFUL DETECTIVE STORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Cyril Ballard, a young man, had been killed during a musicale at Paul Craddock's apartments in Carnegie Hall. Several apparently supernatural events attend his death. His belongings, as found in his pocket, but the autopsy reveals no trace of poison in the system. As Gresham and Beckwith, two detectives, are discussing the affair they are joined by a tall, thin Englishman who introduces himself as Gresham as the "ideal detective." To which Gresham and Beckwith refer to him as SHERLOCK HOLMES.

**CHAPTER X.
On the Trail Once More.**

"THERE is something else to be taken into account," said the Englishman as his visitors rose to go. "And it brings me back to a measure to my first improbable theory, which I shall explain to you in due time. I've told you I was waiting until I could receive certain chemicals from my own laboratory in London before I could determine whether or not the tablets found in Cyril's peepin vial really held some subtle poison that had refused to respond to the regular medical tests. Well, those chemicals arrived this morning. I spent most of the day making tests on the tablets and on specimens of the viscera. I've been so much absorbed in the adventure I had to-night that I forgot to tell you earlier about the experiment I made."

"Did you find what the tablets were made of?"

"Yes. They were composed of a strong precipitate of thalesia silicate, Thalasia, as you may know, is one of the deadliest, swiftest vegetable drugs known to the Malays. Its traces are not discernible through ordinary tests. Royce Ballard's knowledge of chemistry must have been above the ordinary if he could procure and use that stuff."

"But what?"

"But Cyril Ballard was not poisoned."

"Not poisoned? Why, I thought you said..."

"The brown tablets which were found among his peepin tablets were deadly poison. But it chanced that he took none of them."

"How do you know?"

"By my examination of the viscera. There are no traces of thalesia poisoning found there. I used an infallible test, but nothing appeared."

"Then how did Cyril Ballard die?"

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

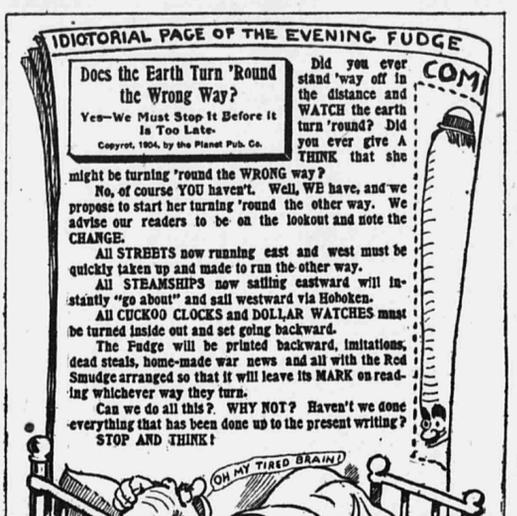
Mr. Peewee Has an Adventure in a Rathskeller.



To-Day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Was Written by L. E. Minton, 380 Ninth Street, Brooklyn.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1.—J. E. FRANCKE, No. 196 Third avenue, New York City; No. 2.—JOHN M'KENNA, No. 65 Reade street, New York City; No. 3.—WILLIAM CAMINSKI, No. 51 Exchange place, New York City.

To-Morrow's Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Gook, "Don't Be a Rubber Overshoe!"



The Fatal Chord;

or, the Baffling Mystery of the Carnegie Hall Murder.

may not be as bright financially over there; but life will be more peaceful. "It has been such a long wait," sighed Iris, "and now that fame and wealth have at last come to you, I can hardly realize that the weary delay is over."

"Yes," answered Sturd, binding tenderly over her white hand, "nothing can check our plans now. Nothing except..."

"Dr. Watts!" announced a servant. "The lovers start!" Von Rickerl with impatience at the breaking up of the tete-a-tete, Iris Durand in surprise that a man whom she had scarcely met three times in her life should presume to call on her.

The Englishman, reading at a glance both emotions, entered the room. "I am afraid I intrude," he said, gently, as Iris came forward to greet him, "but believe me, the intrusion is necessary. Ah, Herr von Rickerl, I hoped to find you here. I am fortunate."

"Iris's surprise at his visit gave place to greater amazement at the change in the visitor's manner. Heretofore he had always appeared to her a silent, stupid man, with somewhat lackluster eyes and drooping jaw. To-day his eye was keen, his jaw set and his voice and bearing those of alertness and high intelligence."

"But, Dr. Watts," began Iris. "Pardon me," interposed the Englishman, "I have taken the liberty of studying New York incognito. May I, in confidence, lay aside that incognito for a few moments and resume my own name?"

"My friend, Mr. Beckwith, whom I asked to join me here, will vouch for me. Have I your permission, Herr von Rickerl, to ask a question or two?"

"Certainly," answered the mystified German, "but..."

"They deal with the Ballard murder," continued the Englishman, apparently engaged in smoothing out his gloves, yet never ceasing to scrutinize Von Rickerl's face.

"The Ballard murder?" echoed Sturd. "Yes, you were there, I think, when Ballard died."

"I was, I stood within a few feet of him," replied Sturd with a slight shudder. "You saw another man, I think, in the alcove where the piano stood. Can you describe him?"

"No, I did not notice him especially, nor remember until afterward that he was there. All I know is that he was in evening dress, like the rest of us."

"You were not well, that evening?" said the Englishman, suddenly. "What was the matter?"

"Sturd glanced up in surprise. "Yes, I was not well. I had been working too hard and my nerves were shaken."

"You had not seen a doctor, I believe?"

"No, I do not like doctors. A friend, an acquaintance, at least..."

"An acquaintance named Royce Ballard, who dabbles in chemistry and medicine," interposed the Englishman, "told you of some sort of tonic that was good for bracing the nerves and sent you some. And you wrote, thanking him, I think, and asking if the medicine was swift, sure and..."

"How—how do you know all that?" gasped Von Rickerl. "He promised me he would not mention it. I wanted the tonic to get me into condition for my concert at Carnegie Music Hall the next afternoon, but he promised me..."

"Oh, he kept his promise as far as I know," said the Englishman. "He didn't tell me. I merely deduced it."

"You can deduce his stories," began Royce, curiously. "Then..."

"Oh, not always. But it will not take a genius to deduce a perfectly happy life story for Herr Von Rickerl," said the Englishman, with a glance toward Miss Durand. "Thank you for answering my questions. They have told me what I already believed. I am none the less glad to have my belief confirmed."

As he descended the steps of the Durand house he met Beckwith.

"Come," he suggested, linking his arm in the latter's, "let's go around to Royce Ballard's rooms. Gresham will meet us at the door. I've found out all I want to know about Von Rickerl. He's as good as the murderer as that sweet-faced sweetheart of his. The time's come to spring the trap on Royce. He'd better get ready for Cyril's wedding."

"He's in all right," remarked Gresham with a grin. "Shall we go up?"

"What's the joke?" asked Beckwith. "The grin still played about the detective's face."

"Why, he drove here in a carriage half an hour ago. A girl was with him. That Bona Pittan, the artist. They went in, and I threw a half dollar into the carriage driver to tell me where they came from. He said they'd just been married down at the Little Church Around the Corner. Good joke on Royce."

"So she's blackmailed him into marrying her under threat of exposing him as his brother's murderer?" mused Beckwith. "Well, of all the wasted sacrifices! He hates her like poison."

"But she loves him," amended the

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

A Suggestion for Kickers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to suggest a reminder to the chronic kicker, who complains about children playing on the streets on Sunday. Apparently he has forgotten all about his own childhood days. It is a proven fact that children kept in the house, not getting any change of air, but continuously inhaling the foul air generated in most of all these tenement-houses of New York City, are delicate and sickly. You cannot expect any person to stay in the house on any day, especially in the summer time. Making noise is one of the greatest pleasures to children, so why not encourage it? For pleasure causes good spirits and health. Providing the police enforce the law, they also would have to stop surfaces and elevated cars from operating on Sunday. Cars make more noise than all the children of New York put together.

616 Miles; 34 Yards.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please state what was the world's twenty-four-hour single bicycle record made in 1897? JOHN FRANCIS, M. Cordang rode 616 miles 34 yards in twenty-four hours on a single bicycle at the Crystal Palace, London, Sept. 15, 1897.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Did Sharkey ever fight forty-seven rounds in one battle with Jeffries or in two battles? M. G. S. Jeffries and Sharkey fought twice. The first time Jeffries won in twenty rounds; the second time in twenty-five.

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Have Hill and M'Carren Stolen All the Chalk for the Cues?

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the Brooklyn delegation goes to Albany instructed for Parker."
"Once again," answered the Man Higher Up, "Patrick Henry McCarren has run down all the balls. It is now Charley Murphy's break on a new game, but it looks as though McCarren and Hill had stolen all the chalk for the cues. This action of the Brooklyn delegation kind of ties a hawser around Murphy's dark horse and puts a padlock as big as a bushel basket on the stable door."

"The Tammany leader who tries to swing this State has a job ahead of him compared with which the labors of Hercules size up like a game of marbles. The leader of the Democracy north of the Harlem River holds all the aces and seventy per cent. of the trumpets the way the State stands to-day. The hatred of the man up State for the man of New York City is deep and fervid when it gets into politics, and mixing the hayseed Democrat and the Tammany man is like making a salad dressing with carbonic water."

"The foundation of the antagonism between the up-State citizen and the New Yorker is jealousy. You can't get any of them to acknowledge it, but that is what it is. This jealousy is of long standing, and because of it the up-State people have been able to keep a hammer-lock on Tammany Hall year in and year out. The Republicans are in the same fix, but the local Republican organization is not entitled to any consideration when it stacks up for delivering the goods."

"The mountain and canal Democrats are sure that Murphy has a candidate of his own, and they have a sneaking idea that it is George B. McClellan. They are afraid that if the delegation from this State went unrepresented Murphy could pull wires in St. Louis, get up a deadlock, have Bourke Cockran spring McClellan's name in one of those fine oratorical pieces of work and stampede the delegates."

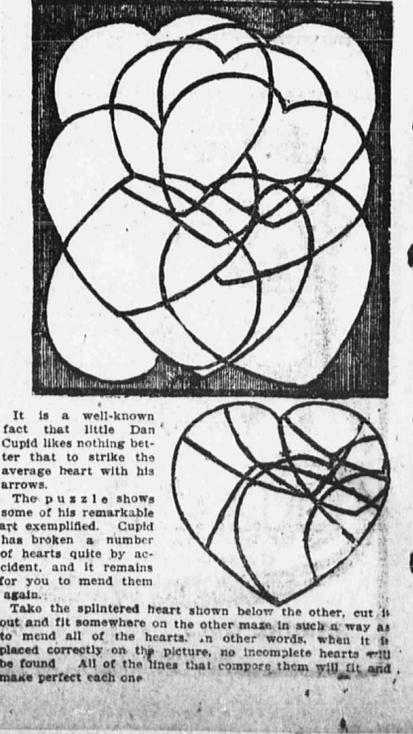
"Of course, if Murphy did this and McClellan was elected, Murphy would be the national boss. He would be the successor of Mark Hanna as a President-maker, and nobody in the State could get a job without the Tammany indorsement. And then there would be such weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth up State that you would think the Adirondacks were falling down."

"Do you think Tammany will have any influence in the St. Louis convention?" asked the Cigar Store Man. "Well," replied the Man Higher Up, "the only convention that I can recall in which Tammany had a swing was at Kansas City four years ago, and you know what happened to Bryan."

GOSPLETS in Rhyme.
By the Passer-by.
Skit-sky.

H OOROO! Bravo! Hooh! Arrahgawon!
The jaw-demolishing Eastern scrap is on.
The Japs have rushed impregnable Port Arthur.
Which Tsar nor Tsarovitch could hold no farther.
And, felled in each attempt to founder Junks,
Have chopped the Petropavlovsk into chunks;
Full seven hundred barrels red where they shot 'em.
Less four, are growing seaweed at the bottom.
Despatches read—or so we take them off—
They've in a vice Vice-Admiral Makaroff,
While Grand Duke Vladimir's nephew, Grand Duke Cyril,
Has, all unshaved, escaped the Yellow Peril.
Sakes! what a jibber-jabber it must be
When Slav and Mongoloid do clash at sea!
Only—Sage Reader, please excuse the hint—
Ere yet this Gosplet stars itself in print
It's not unlikely all will be retracted.
Which now by cable's bravely been enacted.
Though Togo struts to-day a giant, midge,
No toga then his triumph will abridge;
Should those drowned gunners rise again to air
And, ghost-like, to their noiseless guns repair.
The fatal wound which slew a "skil" or "vitch"
Will heal again and only seem to tickle.
What wonder, though, the facts are hard to tell
Of those whose language is an evil spell?
Like that heartrending diver, in despair,
The editor must grimly swallow air.
Suppose, like them, we loaded names and shot 'em.
Spelled Brooklyn "Crooklyn," or else Gotham "Got-em."

Puzzle of the Broken Heart.



It is a well-known fact that little Dan Cupid likes nothing better than to strike the average heart with his arrows.
The puzzle shows some of his remarkable art exemplified. Cupid has broken a number of hearts quite by accident, and it remains for you to mend them again.
Take the splintered heart shown below the other, cut it out and fit somewhere on the other mass in such a way as to mend all of the hearts. In other words, when it is placed correctly on the picture, no incomplete hearts will be found, and all of the lines that compose them will fit and make perfect each one.