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FREE BATHS AT CONEY.

The Evening World's campaign for a free bathing pavilion for the poor people at Coney Island met with a gratifying initial success yesterday. The Board of Aldermen, on motion of Alderman Higgins, adopted a resolution requesting the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to authorize the issue of bonds to the amount of \$100,000 for this purpose.

With Borough President Littleton and Comptroller Grout supporting the plan, and Mayor McClellan favorably disposed, its success is reasonably well assured. No public benefit so great and so much needed can be secured in any other direction for the same amount of money. It is a good enterprise to "push along."

Supt. Hendricks's dark-lantern investigation of the Equitable scandal begins to-day. Why add face to comedy-tragedy?

THE MURDERESS.

Again there is a wave of sickly sentimentality over the death sentence of a woman convicted of murder.

Anna Valentina, an Italian woman living in New Jersey, stabbed to death a younger woman who was her successful rival for the "affections" of a man who was the lawful husband of neither. The younger woman uttered a taunt to the older in passing, and was stilettoed with her babe in her arms.

The slayer was fairly tried and convicted of murder. The law of New Jersey imposes the death penalty for this crime.

The Governor was importuned to relieve the prisoner, but has declined to do so. "It is a shame to hang a woman!" cries a clerical sensationalist.

But is it not something worse than a shame for one woman to kill another? Is not the victim as dead when killed by a woman as by a man? Is not the law equally violated? Is not the safety of society equally menaced by all unpunished murders, whether by men or women? Is there any sex in crime?

Capital punishment may be barbarous, wrong or unnecessary. That is a matter for the people to decide in their laws. Possibly women murderers should be exempt from the extreme penalty. But this should be settled by statute—not by sentimental appeals to an officer whose business it is to execute the laws, not to suspend or amend them. Gov. Stokes has simply recognized these facts in refusing to interfere.

Judge Lanning, of the United States District Court, has denied a writ of habeas corpus, and the appeal will act as a stay of execution. But this was done on legal, not sentimental grounds.

Commissioner McAduo has cut out more dead-wood from the police force. But the deep-rooted System remains.

THE FIFTH AVENUE PARK PLOT.

It is published that action is not looked for soon on the plan to "improve" Central Park by broadening Fifth avenue into it. The public interest would be better served if action both immediate and decisive could be had. The matter does not require deliberation. A prompt proclamation by the City Improvement Commission that no scheme will be entertained looking to the diversion or mutilation of the great mid-urban breathing place is all that the plan and the occasion call for.

As far back as 1878, Mr. Herman Knobel, now quoted against the Fifth avenue scheme, led the fight which kept Jay Gould from adorning the Fifty-ninth street front of Central Park with a row of elevated railway pillars. In later years The World roused the public to defeat the movement, backed by Mr. Croker at the height of his power, to turn the west side of the park into a speedway. And on lesser occasions, time and again, has been brought out the determination of the people to keep the great central reservation as it is, intact, beautiful, adequate; the People's pleasure-ground, a Park, and a Park only, forever!

Already cast out of the court of public opinion, the latest plot against the park should be put speedily also out of commission.

Two more lives have been sacrificed to fool bets on the races. The list will lengthen as the season advances, interspersed with defalcations and lost positions.

ARE THE BIG LAW BREAKERS LICENSED?

A correspondent of the Tribune, A. P. Shaufler, protests against the "negligent manner" in which the ordinance against smoke is enforced—or not enforced. He says that he photographed a number of chimneys out of which great clouds of black smoke were pouring, and sent pictures with dates and addresses to the Board of Health. "In two instances," he says, "the nuisance has been abated, but in the others no notice apparently has been taken of the photographic evidence."

This again raises the question: Are the chief offenders in polluting the air of New York—the big corporation power-houses on the east side, for instance—licensed to do as they please? If so, who gets the license money?

What did the Democratic County Committee of Kings County think for a minute that "Pat" McCarran would censure himself for his action in defeating cheaper gas? What do they think he is in the Senate for? And why is he an autonomous Boss?

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

Snuff, Perhaps. Recently I walked into an ice-cream saloon when three young men entered. I particularly noticed them because they were laughing and joking all the time. I saw one of them take out a small bottle and pour a little powder on a piece of paper. He then blew it among the people, and in about one-half of a minute the entire place was sneezing as if their lives depended on it, myself included. Of what was it composed? E. K. Capt. Dreyfuss was Found Guilty and Pardoned. We are having a dispute about the verdict in the Capt. Dreyfuss case at Rennes, France. Will you let us know the exact verdict at the Rennes trial of Capt. Dreyfuss? A. H. Death for Criminals. Referring to the remarks of Judge Amshel in sentencing Tracy, don't you think that in a world where 125,000 people, mostly comparatively innocent women and children, die each day, and from the most terrible diseases, including spinal meningitis, it would have been better if he could have sentenced this confirmed criminal to death after his life of crime and physical and moral filth in the prisons? For one I think the law should be so constituted. ALEXANDER LEAVITT. "Dear Madam" is Correct. To the Editor of the Evening World: A says that a business letter should be "Dear Madam" as a salutation, regardless of the fact that the party may be an unmarried woman. B says it should be "Dear Miss." M. M. Write to Tenement Commissioner Crain. To the Editor of the Evening World: A leak in the sewerage of the house next door to mine is causing the undermining of the foundation of my property and in the last four months I have written to the Board of Health four times but received no satisfaction. Will you kindly tell me how I shall have to proceed to obtain better results? J. H. A.

The End of the Theatrical Season.

By J. Campbell Corey.



How to Train The Memory.

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

MEMORY training, like the acquisition of foreign tongues, seems to be a topic of interest just now. Now, in the first place, it is necessary to consider what are the various purposes of training the memory. These I think can be divided into three classes or sorts:

- 1. The purpose of acquiring and retaining facts in any branch of knowledge.
2. The purpose of remembering, for a period more or less brief, and by a conscious effort, certain facts or impressions, or groups of facts or impressions, as they happen.
3. The purpose of being possessed of what is known as "a good memory."

It is the first of these three classes, and the first section of that class, which is loudly in the outcry for an invigorator of memories, and to which most systems primarily appeal.

Every system of memory training that is not purely arbitrary must, I apprehend, be based upon the well-known and ancient principle entitled "the association of ideas." A certain person has no difficulty in remembering certain extrinsic facts. Thus you may hear a man say: "I always know the exact date of the battle of Waterloo because I was born on June 18." One thing suggests another, and the great object of the memory trainer is, when one thing does suggest another, artificially to induce it to suggest another.

Thus (in the matter of those Balkan capitals), Roumania does not suggest Bucharest, but if you think of maniac and of arresting him, you will never in future forget that Bucharest is the capital of Roumania, because the two names will henceforth be associated by an idea. I give this merely as a random and clumsy illustration of the principle, a principle which is certainly capable of marvellous elaboration and memorize a list for shopping just as successfully as the heads of argument or the good talks heard at the club.

The treatment of numbers is, and must be, more arbitrary and much more artificial. Numerals are not connected with ideas, and cannot therefore, as numerals, be connected one with another. But if one begins by laying down that the first nine letters of the alphabet shall stand respectively for the nine numerals, and O for naught, all the other letters remaining meaningless, one instantly has a basis upon which to construct associations.

A first-class system of memory training will neither be random nor clumsy. It will be carefully planned and worked out so as to gain the greatest possible end by the smallest means. It will be full of minor ingenuities, it will be adaptable, elastic and comprehensive.

The Laughoscope.

"I don't suppose it would be of any use to ask you to stay to tea," she said, as he was about to depart. "No," he replied, "not in that style and tone of voice."

"Can't I go out in the back yard and play in the garden, mamma?" "Certainly not, child. You must stay in and study your nature books."—Life.

Cobswiger—How did he get the raw-foot fad? Codwell—He married a cooking-school girl.—Harper's Bazar.

The ray malaria germs combine in demonstrating friskiness. They hear a trust will make quinine almost as dear as whiskey. —Washington Star.

Mrs. Gwilliams (of the fat above)—Your children woke me up at 6 o'clock this morning with their noise and I didn't go to sleep again. Mrs. Flint—Did they? The darlings! They are so full of life.—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Pinkie—Mr. Hunkle, you must have heard of my brother. He has done considerable writing. His pen name is Omus Vymus.

Old Hunkle—I didn't know there was such a thing as a "pen" name. I thought it was always a number.—Chicago Tribune.

The Man Higher Up.

By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that some people are making a boiler because the streets are so dusty that a man has to breathe in his hat when he walks in the open air."

"What do people expect from old Dr. Woodbury, the pavement masher?" queried the Man Higher Up. "Hasn't he discovered a method of separating potato peelings from coffee grounds by the use of a patent magnet? Isn't he the inventor of a new style dump cart that can be changed into a hansom cab when the city adopts municipal ownership of all transportation facilities? Dr. Woodbury is too busy to keep the streets clean."

"He is making islands in Long Island Sound out of concrete composed of ashes and remnants of hash collected from boarding-houses. All the gasoline used in his automobiles is squeezed from bottles gathered from glove-cleaning establishments. Even now his chemists are at work on a plan to manufacture gas for use in the public buildings from the bread remnants his carts accumulate. The chemists figure that gas is what makes yeast rise. Why waste the gas in unused bread, when it can be extracted and put into tanks by simply reversing the process of baking? Nothing is wasted in the Street-Cleaning Department. Even the debris of the pavements is blown in through the open windows of the dwellings of the people, where it serves as an excellent preservative of furniture and carpets."

"The hardest knockers against old Dr. Woodbury are the very people who shriek the loudest to have him retained as Street-Cleaning Commissioner by Mayor McClellan. The Mayor was informed that he would grab his administration from the start if he told Woodbury to go. He listened to the voice of the people and kept Woodbury. If he keeps Woodbury much longer the people won't have any voice."

"They keep Fifth Avenue pretty clean," remarked the Cigar Store Man. "Yes," replied the Man Higher Up. "That's the street Dr. Woodbury uses on his way up and down town."

Mysterious People We Meet.

By Robert Hichens.

MANY people assume certain manners as they assume certain clothes, and change these manners more seldom than they change their clothes. Some think it improper to be grating to be grating, to be more grateful to be drooping and melancholy, to gaze wistfully, walk mournfully, and sit as if before the baked meats of a funeral feast. But of all the people who indulge in travesty, I think I get most amusement out of the mysterious people.

Bated, forever bated, is the breath of the mysterious person. Directly he comes into the room you are conscious of the presence of the unutterable, and know that it will speedily be uttered into your most private ear. When he speaks he "takes you aside," so that none other may know that he is telling you that the weather is damp and that there is a deal of influenza about. As the discuss with you such dreadful subjects as the price of hobnailed boots, the fluctuations of stocks, the merits of President Roosevelt and the economies of the Administration, his head approaches yours, his lips pout secretively, his eyes glance round warily to make sure that no one is within earshot to betray him and you.

The gallows is surely in his memory. He wishes to avoid it. He wishes—kindly wretch!—to save you from it also. Meet him half way. It is such fun to do that. He responds sensitively to the slightest mysterious encouragement and thinks he is impressing you and that you believe him to be a strange and remarkable personage, and that you will go away and say, "Glad I met John Smith. Interesting man. Not every day you come across a man like that."

Many women are mysterious. Indeed, I have met more mysterious women than mysterious men. The mysterious woman is often small, but her hats are large, plumed like a hearse, and generally black as night. Pale is her face and languid her manner. She tries to look consumptive and succeeds surprisingly often. As a rule she has little to say but says it in such an awful manner that it takes on a notorious importance and for the moment appears to be impressive.

Think over your acquaintances and friends. Are not some of them mysterious, and are not they highly considered, are not they called "interesting" on that account? There are many spurious things in the social world, but few things are more spurious than that reputation for being interesting which is gained by the mysterious manner. And half of the world at large is tricked. For every-day perkiness is called brilliance, mystery wisdom, assurance greatness, and the puppet in the mask a giant in the sunshine.—Chicago Tribune.

A Three Minutes' Forum.

American Manners.

THE average American man is so much more polite, agreeable and considerate to the average woman than all other men seem rough and indifferent by comparison. In this department if in no other the American man has no rival. He is the best-mannered creature in the world to the casual human being—especially female human being—he brushes elbows with in the course of the day's march. He doesn't use half as many "Thank you's" as the French, or bow and smile so much, but he will give himself trouble to open doors, to hail carriages, to get up and offer his seat in omnibuses, to help beruffled women onto trains and hold the baby while the mother helps off the rest of her offspring.

The Servant Question.

NEARLY all the solutions offered to settle the servant-girl problem tend toward one end—the complete abolishment of the kitchen as an adjunct of the modern home. One of these kitchen exterminators recently suggested that a company be incorporated with sufficient capital to establish in the districts of a city large kitchens under the management of competent chefs, with a properly organized force of assistants and helpers. These various district kitchens were to be controlled from a central station, and were to prepare and distribute meals at the residences of subscribers, the meals to be served in properly constructed, self-heating receptacles, the necessary dishes to be sent with the food, and, if desired, an assistant to arrange the table or a waiter to serve the meal.

Isn't New York Cozy?

THERE is nothing cozy about New York. It is not a city where a stranger can readily make a nest and feel at home. It does not welcome the foreigner with a smile and a polite "Now make yourself happy and comfortable." It says, tacitly: "Well, now that you're here I suppose you'll have to stay, but don't get in the way and bother people." Paris, on the other hand, is the coziest city in the world. It welcomes the new-comer in a thousand ways. It offers him the finest education in the world for nothing, before him for miles lie the charm and wonder and mystery of those fascinating streets—each with its own character—some as full of history as an egg is of meat.

A Japanese Card Game.

A GAME popular with both grown people and children in Japan is played as follows: One hundred well-known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts, each part printed on a separate card. The host has the hundred first halves which he reads aloud, one by one. The hundred second halves are dealt to the other players, who place their "upward" upon the "Tatami," or thick mat of rich straw on which they sit. As the first half of any proverb is read the holder of the second half throws it out, or, if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbors, seizes it and gives him one of his own. The player who is first "out" wins. It is a very simple game, but it affords a great deal of amusement to the players. For the quick-witted and resourceful are constantly seizing the cards dealt to the other players, who place their "upward" upon the "Tatami," or thick mat of rich straw on which they sit.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

The Coachman in Society.

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The recent advent of a coachman in circles of higher society has evoked some comment not wholly deserved. The AFFINITY between the coachman and society is CLOSER than it may seem. When rich young men can find nothing to do they take to COACH DRIVING as an occupation. The Vanderbilts favor this form of amusement. It is probably IN THE BLOOD of the family, which turns naturally to TRANSPORTATION.

Personally the nearest we ever get to the coachman is to scrap with a cab driver. We do not mean to argue that they are in the SAME CLASS because both drive horses, NOT AT ALL. The coachman is an aristocrat and the cab driver is something we do not care to state publicly.

We would not care to take a cab driver into ANY circles which we were interested. They are de trop so far as WE are concerned.

Coachmen are men of great poise and DIGNITY. We once knew a coachman who had his WHISKERS trimmed by a plumb line. He had next to no ACCURACY in all things.

Freakishness in the Styles—By T. E. Powers.

