The World.

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MENACE OF FEMININE PROBLEMS.

OF commissions of inquiry and investigation, it may be said we have too many already, yet it would be no bad thing if at the coming extra session of Congress there could be created a permanent Federal Commission to act as a bureau of reference and decision of all questions pertaining to any kind of a woman problem.

At present such questions are piling up faster than the press, the church, scientific bodies and suffragettes combined can handle them. For every question there are forty answers presented, argued, urged, advocated, persisted in and sworn to. It has never yet been proven, for example, that woman is bad; yet half the vocal powers of the nation are employed to explain why she is bad.

Moreover, it is impossible to segregate one woman question from another, or from the mass. Immorality, dress, industrialism, fashions, wages, votes, marriage, babies, somehow get involved in every phase of the discussion. A clearing commission or steering committee is needed. By no other means can our philosophy be saved from confusion and our politics from bickering.

PROPOSALS FROM THE UNDERWORLD.

AMONG contributions coming from all directions to the current discussion of vice and graft problems are some from the underworld, saying: "The time has arrived when the enlightened City of New York should handle the subject practicably and sensibly and not make an attempt to drive unfortunate girls from homes that give offense to no one, to the streets and gutters, from whence they will never be reclaimed."

This means that the keepers of the "homes that give offense to no one" wish protection from the police. As an inducement to public consent to that protection, they hold out a promise to aid in suppressing the white slave traffic. "We have the evidence that can convict," say they; "you have not, therefore should you accept our co-operation."

This is the presentation of the problem as seen from the under side. It is quite as valid as some of the views presented from the upper heights of morality, but will not command much sympathy. It is worth noting, however, as an illustration of the complexity of the problem. We are in danger of confusion worse confounded when brothel keepers proffer a willingness to join hands with reformers to do up the police.

A UNION SQUARE FLOWER MARKET.

WITH the plan of the Central Mercantile Association to establish a flower market in Union Square there is a prospect of redeeming the square from being a resort of idlers and making it a place of beauty and activity. It is, therefore, pleasing to learn that the Park Commissioner approves and that the project will be carried out with the coming of the flower season this spring.

According to the plans announced, the flowers will be sold at popular prices. It will not be solely a show place of conservatory blooms and costly exotics, but a garden of the sweet flowers familiar from of old, the roses and lilies, the pinks and pansies, the geraniums and violets, the daisies and daffodils, whose beauty we know and whose names are in all our love songs.

It is stated that already more than fifteen hundred florists have expressed a desire to share in the market as soon as opened. That means something like a daily public open-air flower show that will be one of the wonders of the city. There will be nothing of the kind to surpass it in the world.

WHEN IS A BARREL A BARREL?

CONSIDERING our enormous interstate commerce, it is surprising that unto this day we have not a Federal standard of weights and measures. Considering further the amount of produce of one kind or another that is shipped and marketed in barrels, it is even more surprising we have no standard size barrel. State standards are good enough at home, but they are about as diverse as divorce laws, and among the States the result is confusion.

An effort is now making to procure the enactment of a Federal statute that will cover the whole subject. It is not going to win success easily. There are many interests that prefer confusion. They make profit by it. But backed by the general body of mercantile establishments and supported as it will doubtless be by public opinion, the desired object will be gained in the end.

It would be well if the statute could carry with it a complete reform of our whole scheme of measurements by the adoption of the metric system. Such reform has been long under consideration. The arguments for it are many. The objections, while formidable, are based solely on the cost of altering existing scales and other measuring instruments. When the purposed Federal statute is under consideration this phase of the issue should by no means be overlooked.

Letters From the People

Tuesday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day of the week did Oct. 5, 1875, fall? S. L.

March 25.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what date did Good Friday of 1853 fall? I am anxious to know as I was born on that day. J. S.

To Make Two Equal Three.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Replying to Frank H. Ward's "fallacy" I think I have a method of proving 2 = 3. Let X = Y. Then 2 X = 2 Y, and 3 X = 3 Y. Subtracting 2 X — 3 X = 2 Y — 3 Y. Then 2 X — 2 Y = 3 X — 3 Y, factoring (2) (X — Y) = 3 (X — Y). Dividing by X — Y, 2 = 3. Where is the fallacy? H. BRACH.

"Legalized Lawlessness."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

May I add a word to the symposium on the proposed renewal of horse race betting in New York State? Briefly I consider it a black stain on the Empire State's shield. I am not a moralist. I consider gambling a folly rather than a sin. It is a folly I have sometimes committed, at racetrack and elsewhere. But I consider any return to "legalized lawlessness" as an insult to the decent element in New York. And in New York, as everywhere else on earth, the decent element is always in the majority. Correspondents hold up with pride the fact that a race track crowd is orderly and well dressed. That's the foolest bonehead speech I ever heard. Why shouldn't they be orderly and well dressed? They'd be kicked out if they were not and they'd lose their chance at gambling away money most of them can't afford to lose and of robbing their families of money that should go to the home. Dr. Crippen, the murderer, was one of the most "orderly, well dressed" men I ever saw. So are most forgers and other crooks.

ANTI-HYPOCRITE.

The Day of Rest

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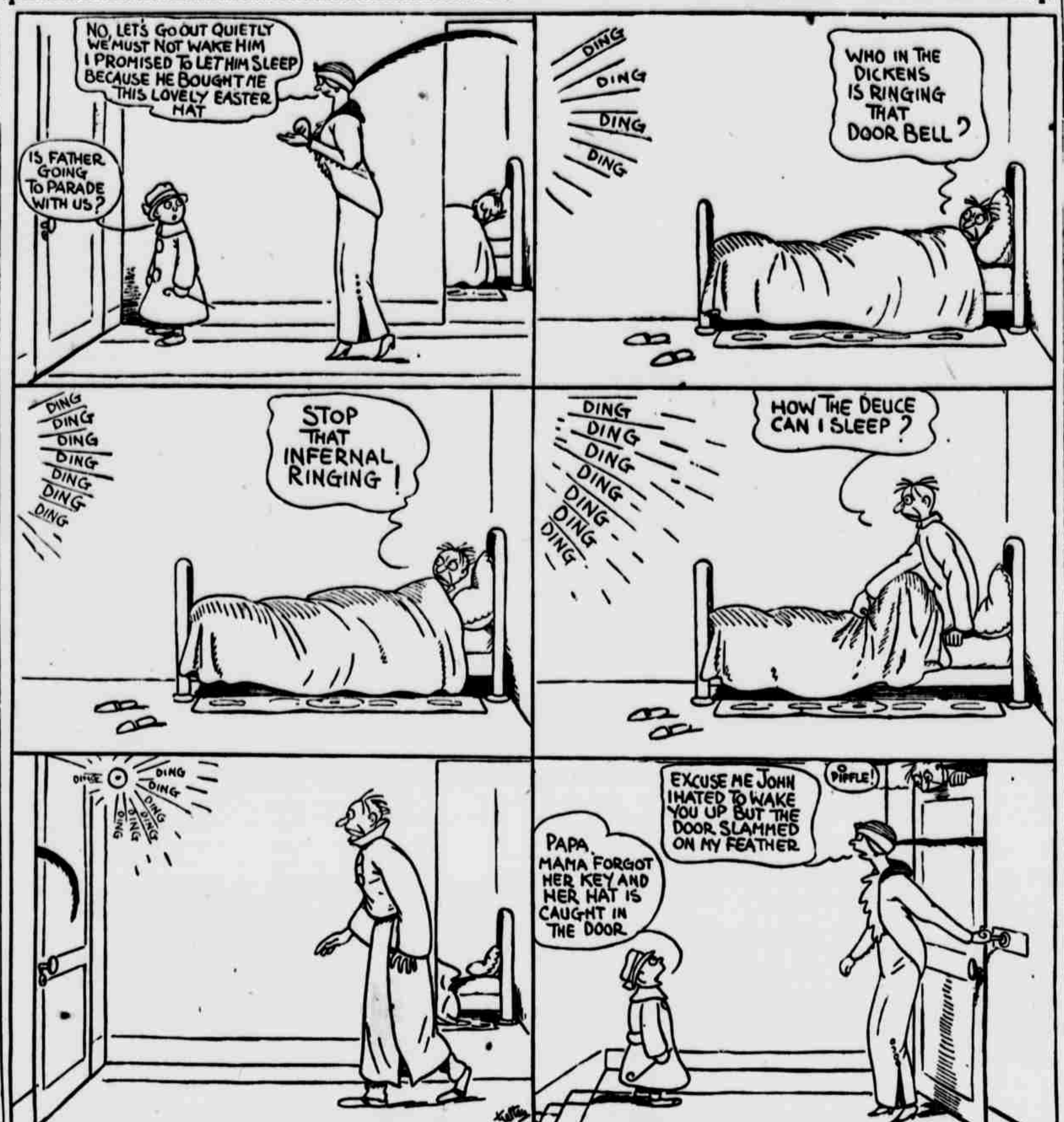
By Maurice Ketten



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Mr. Jarr Fares Forth Upon the Glad Quest of More Trouble.

"DIVISION street, down by the Bowery, is the place to get ladies' hats," said Gus, as he and Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle started out to surprise their respective wives by buying them spring headgear.

"Listen to him!" cried Mr. Jarr. "Didn't I always say he was as thick as the Chicago River!"

"The Chicago River ain't thick," replied Gus. "If you are talking about thick rivers talk about the Hudson; it is so thick they can't build a bridge across it. No, the Hudson River is that thick that it takes twenty minutes in the ferry to cross it at Hoboken."

"Let him rave!" said Mr. Rangle sneeringly. "But look here, Gus, if you want to queer yourself with your wife just you buy her a hat in Division street. Get me?"

"Just the same," replied Gus, "I got a cousin in Oonion Hill what is married to a lady what is a millinary, and she gets all her hats for her customers by Division street."

"Fifth avenue for me!" spoke up Mr. Jarr. "My wife is going to have one of the latest imported French hats from a swell Fifth avenue shop."

"Oh, I say!" cried Mr. Rangle. "You're going to the other extreme. You may be a millionaire, but I'm not. Why, what they'd do to three boobs like us in a Fifth avenue hat shop would be something prespricarious!"

"Let 'em try it;" exclaimed Gus. "I'll bet I'll tell 'em something! Me, I am a peaceable feller, but insults I take from nobody!"

"We won't get any insults," said Rangle, "because I'm not going to pay Fifth avenue rents when I buy a hat for my bride. I'm willing to go as far as I can, so we'll take a middle course. We'll go to a good department store, where we'll get just as good styles as you'd get in those swell Fifth avenue bonnet shops, and still we'll only be paying a fair price."

"Three dollars is enough," said Gus. "My silk hat I only pay five dollars for, and women's hats ain't made of silk like a man's Kelly."

The other two regarded him with withering scorn.

"After this," said Mr. Jarr tensely, "I sympathise with your wife!"

"Me too!" said Mr. Rangle.

"For why? Should a lady woman's hat cost more as a keg of beer?" asked Gus.

"Come on and stop four-flushing!"

And they detrained in the centre of the shopping district.

At the store they selected a horde of women swept in and out. Some carried bundles, others dragged clamoring offspring after them, but all ruthlessly walked over and shoved aside all male persons.

"I tell you what," said Gus, as he regarded the scene askance. "You fellers go in and pick my Lena a hat. Me, my heart ain't good. Here's twenty dollars."

"Your heart is better than it was," remarked Mr. Jarr. "You were talking about a three-dollar hat and now you are coughing up twenty bucks."

"Me, I would give fifty dollars not to go in that place. Fighting with women, except my Lena, I ain't used to, and I'm tired of that."

"I gather from Gus's disjointed remarks that he thinks we look too much like a forlorn hope or a committee on resolutions or something of that sort," faltered Mr. Rangle. "I agree with him. We'll do much better if just one of us goes in and picks all three hats. Jarr, you are always eager to listen to hen cackle. You know what's what in women's wear. You go in and buy three hats, and Gus and I will go see the moving pictures or bowl a frame at the first joint, or something. Here's twenty dollars too."

"One for all, all for one!" said Mr. Jarr firmly. "I am not expert on feminine frippery any more than you two skates are. So you'll trail with me."

Mr. Rangle tapped his head significantly to Gus, behind Mr. Jarr's back.

"Let's make a sporting proposition of it," he said. "We'll match coins. The odd man goes to the front for the bonnets."

Mr. Jarr was game, but he little recked the head tapping was the old signal. Rangle and Gus saw they held their coins heads up. Mr. Jarr's was heads also.

The second trial Mr. Jarr held tails. He was the victim.

"I'll know where to find you two," he said, cheerfully. "There's one on the corner has pool tables in the back!"

And, with a fool's valor, he plunged inside the ladies' paradise, where male angels fear to tread!

Conquests of Constance

The "Sweet" Boy

By Alma Woodward

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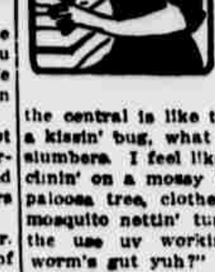

"DO yuh know," whispered Constance solemnly, "I'm in danger uv bein' forcibly extracted frum my job—I feel so tropical!"

"Tropical?"

"Yeh. This here mildly heated atmosphere we've been havin' these last few days has did things to me. Why the very buzz uv the wire comes to my ears like the sighin' uv the wind through the date palms; an' the shirred voice uv the central is like the angry sizzing uv a kissin' bug, what wakes me frum my slumbers. I feel like I ought to be reeclinin' on a mossy bank, under a lallapaloosa tree, clothed in shadows an' a mosquito nettin' tunic. Oh gee, what's the use uv workin' when the hookworm's gut yuh?"

"I'll get you a glass of ice water—that'll bring you up north quickly," I volunteered generously.

"Now don't get joky, little one," she reprimanded, "I have forgot that that commodity is still on the market for anything except external application. Naw! It ain't that I need. It's excitement. That's it. I want to run into a experience that'll make my heart call every drop uv blood in my body home to roost! I want my teeth to do a chatterin' act, in Texas Tommy tempo, frum nervous suspense. I want to feel a real doggone thrill, that'll make me forget to remember if my spinal column is runnin' vertical or on the bias!"

"My goodness!" I gasped. "Has any one been introducing you to the soft and soothing pill, that you have these convulsions of the imagination?"

"What? Dope? Me? Nix! No, I guess it's spring in my veins. Ain't it funny? Spring ought to mean all that's soothin' an' I'll-be-good-mother. But it acts altogether diff'runt on me. As soon as spring shoves winter into the down-and-out lodge, the hankerin' to kill a Chinaman creeps on me."

"I don't like your mood to-day," I lectured sternly.

"Aw, forget it," she disrespected, "I can't stand no Parkhurstin' to-day, my angelic disposition is in a tango tangle. It even slips me to pull out the neat slab fur your approval.

"He wus the 'Sweet Boy.' A complexion like a chiffon scarf, eyes that wus wide an' violet color, the mouth uv a cooin' babe an' hair uv cornsilk, dipped in coppery gold! He could 'a' been a ad fer most any kind uv taloum powder. The kind uv kid whose mother always wus COMPLETELY dressed fer early breakfast with father!

"He used to tell me my eyes were liquid radium, tempered with sunbeams; an' once when I fergot the belladonna, he said the tired, silver whiteness uv 'em bruised his heart. Why, never once, durin' our whole friendship did he get wise that this here facial topography uv mine wus a one night stand affair, playin' a continuous engagement!

"Well, I tell yuh it's great sometimes to look down frum a pedestal, an' see someone kow-towin' to yuh—frum the region uv the dust—an' I drank in that green, young worship uv his, like I wuz a vacuum apparatus. Then, one night, come the rude awakenin'.

"He took me to one of them near-Chinese, swell joints, where they're tryin' to ree-vive the chop suey habit. Two tables away, wus a dame in gray (SOME outer layer, it wuz) and a feller. An' the lady had aboard the roundest, smoothest, jokiest, little cargo yuh ever seen! She had just got to the stage where the head waiter called her down fer feedin' the tenor cabaret singer chop suey frum the end uv her gold lorgnette, when all uv a sudden, Mother's Babe, with muh, lamps her—an' his soul goes out in pity fer her misfortune (which same misfortune must 'a' cost the guy with her SOME coin, to fasten it on to her) an' he ses 'Poor little thing!'

"POOR LITTLE THING! Why, that dame's neck had 'how to live to be a hundred years old' in every pleat uv it, an' she was harnessed as tight as a frankfurter! So I ses, 'How old do yuh get her?' Sez he: 'Not more'n twenty-two. Isn't it a shame?'

"Twenty-two! Sufferin' legal limits! When yuh couldn't 'a' fractured her expression with a axe! Then suddenly, I come to, with a start, an' realized that all this 'frum the heights' stuff he'd been handin' me, he had seen through the same pair uv smoked glasses. An' I got such a let-down feelin' I launched him cold. Yuh see, I dreaded the time when he'd cut his eye-teeth an' shed his blinders!"

Sam Loyd's Puzzles.

THE TREE PROBLEM.—A little boy chopped down five peach trees, six apple trees, four pear trees and one cherry tree, which altogether made one-half of one-quarter of one-half of his father's orchard. His father asked: "What are you doing, George?" and George replied: "I ain't doing nothing." Now, did George tell a lie or not and how many trees are left in his father's orchard? (Answer will be printed to-morrow.)

Women Who Helped Build America

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 24.—MARY LYON, "Mother of Women's Higher Education."

THIS is the story of a quiet little woman who fought all her life for women's best good and who lost that life, in early middle age, in the service of one of the women she had helped. America owes her much. Her own sex owes her a debt that cannot be paid. Her story is not dramatic or exciting. To many it will not even be interesting. It is the simple biography of a simple woman, who burst open the locked gates of Learning to her sisters.

She was Mary Lyon and she was born in Buckland, Mass., in 1797. Like most of America's other great women she began her career by teaching school. For this work she received seventy-five cents a week. To the hour of her death her personal income never reached $4 a week.

In those days the average woman had less education than has the ten-year-old girl of to-day. The few women who privately sought to gain a better education were looked upon as freaks. Miss Lyon dreamed of Higher Education for Women. But when she put her dream into words she was laughed at by some men and denounced as a "new woman" by others.

Quietly she set to work to make her dream come true. By eloquence, by logic, by the gentle force of her own personality she toiled away at the seemingly impregnable wall of public prejudice. All she asked at first was a chance to found an institution that should "train women to the highest usefulness." And under the tireless pressure of her appeals the wall began at last to crumble—just a little.

A Woman's Brave Fight.

The Governor of Massachusetts sanctioned her plan in 1836. The next year Miss Lyon opened Mount Holyoke Seminary, a small, ill-equipped institution.

There were few pupils, and these few were not adequately housed nor cared for. There was almost no money and there was scant allowance for teachers. The girls for the most part were poor. The qualifications for entering Mount Holyoke Seminary were higher than what was then considered a "finished education" for an American girl.

This fact raised a storm of protest; so wild a storm, in fact, that Miss Lyon did not dare for ten years to include such unheard-of studies as Latin and French in the seminary's curriculum. Girls who studied those languages at Mount Holyoke in the early years did so as a side issue and almost by stealth.

Each pupil was obliged to devote an hour a day to household work. Not only did this help to pay the seminary's expenses, but it silenced the clamor that higher education unfitted women for housework.

Yet ever Miss Lyon was pressing onward, gradually moulding stubborn public opinion to the creating of colleges for her sex and to the belief that grown women were fit to be at least as well educated as the average public-school boy.

More than three thousand girls in all studied under Miss Lyon and went out into the world to spread their teacher's beliefs. Hundreds of these girls and their own pupils, actuated by Miss Lyon's beliefs, went also into the foreign missionary field, spreading the Gospel to far lands.

The Last Battle.

Mary Lyon lived to see her dream accomplished. She lived to hear laughter turn to applause; to know the seed she had sown was blossoming into a world-wide educational and religious movement. This was her reward. And this alone. For all the pay she would accept was a salary of $200 a year (about half of which she always gave to foreign missions) and a home at the seminary she had founded.

One night in the winter of 1849 she rose from a sick bed and went out into the bitter cold to act as nurse for one of her pupils who was ill. The strain and exposure killed her.

THE END.

The Day's Good Stories

Entertaining the Parson.

THEY were entertaining the minister at dinner, and after the dessert had been eaten little Johnny said: "Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr. Hobbs?"

The minister laughed. "Well, Johnny," he said, "since you are so polite, I believe I will have another slice."

"Good!" said Johnny. "Now, ma, remember your promise. You said if it was necessary to cut into the second pie I could have another piece."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Dry Season.

"I HEARD that you were going to be married to Archie Blueblood, Esther. Is it true?" asked one young society woman of another.

"Be married to him? I should say not! Why, I wouldn't know what to do with him! He can't ride, play tennis, golf or drive a motor car!"

"Well," said the friend, "he can swim beautifully, you know."

"You wouldn't want a husband that you had to keep in an aquarium, would you?"—Tit-Bits.

The Colored Man's Advice.

A COLORED man was brought before a police Judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the Judge asked him how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be of no use, Judge," said the man, "to try to 'splane dis ting to you all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full o' shot an' git no chickens, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, Judge, yo' bettah stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Valuable Man.

MERCHANT (to detective)—Some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He's been taking in more money than any two of .... men we have and I want him collared as quickly as possible.

Detective—All right. I'll have him in jail in less than a week.

Merchant—Great Scott, man! I don't want to put him in jail; I want to engage him.—The Boston Transcript.

Future Delivery.

A FIRE insurance agent tells this one:

"We have some funny experiences in our business. One day a small merchant of the hill section came to me and insured his stock of ready-made clothing for $3,500. He was going out with the policy when I reminded him that he had forgotten to pay the premium.

"'How much is it?' inquired my customer.

"'Oh, just a little matter of $24.'

"'Well,' said he, 'suppose you just let the premium stand and deduct it when the store burns down.'"—Exchange.

The May Manton Fashions

Pattern No. 7802—Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.

GIRLS are wearing dresses closed down the front this season, as well as their elders, and this one is both pretty and practical. There is a plait over each shoulder which provides becoming fulness. The sleeves are sewed to the armholes, and waist and skirt portions are in one and the belt holds the fulness at the waist-line. In one view the dress is shown with the tunic cut out to form a slight V and finished with a silk collar. In another it is cut high and the edges scalloped. These two treatments are equally desirable and each shows a good effect. Such a frock as this one can be utilized for all the simple, pretty washable materials and also for such wools as serge, challis and the like.

For the twelve-year size will be needed 4 3-4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 3-4 yrads 36, or 3 yards 44, with 7-8 yard 18 inches wide for the trimming.

Pattern No. 7802 is cut in sizes for girls 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.