

MAYOR OF NEW YORK

Testifies Before the Legislative Investigating Committee.

HE REBUKES AN INSINUATION.

When Asked by Counsel Moss If He Knew of "a Gentleman Named Van Wyck" Being Interested in Pool Rooms He Demanded an Inquiry.

New York, May 17.—Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck was on the witness stand yesterday before the Mazet investigating committee. Mayor Van Wyck gave it as his opinion that the conduct of affairs under the new charter has been remarkably satisfactory, but refused to express any opinion regarding changes in the city officers that might tend to improve the administration of the city's affairs.

There was not much of note about the mayor's testimony, and only on one occasion did he find reason to make an outbreak. Counsel Moss asked him if he knew James A. Mahoney and the mayor said he had had business dealings with Mahoney in Texas ten or twelve years ago. He knew that Mahoney made books on the race tracks, but did not know that Mahoney was running pool rooms in New York city. The mayor had never heard that Mr. Mahoney, Mr. Carroll and Mr. Sexton were jointly interested in pool rooms.

"Have you never heard," sneered Mr. Moss, "that a gentleman named Van Wyck was interested in them?"

For the first time the mayor was aroused. "That is absolutely false," he shouted. He wanted to know who told Mr. Moss anything of the kind.

"These things are not easy to prove," retorted the counsel.

"I never had any connection with any illegal calling anywhere in the world," shouted the mayor. "You knew that I was not interested in pool rooms when you asked the question. You knew that, and you wanted to bring it out for the purpose of creating the impression that I was. I demand that you bring out the evidence here and show that I am connected with pool rooms anywhere in the world or with anything else of an illegal character, and I think the chairman of this committee ought to enforce that request."

Mr. Moss told the mayor to wait a day or two with the committee, and he would learn something that he evidently knew nothing about. The mayor insisted that Mr. Moss be made to call a witness to prove the insinuation. Mr. Hoffman backed up the request. "If we are here to sully honest men's reputations," said the Democratic member of the committee, "I want to go on record as saying that it is absolutely unfair." There was applause at this, and Mr. Mazet ordered the sergeant-at-arms to clear the room if there was another demonstration.

Mr. Mazet said that the mayor himself had accused Hamilton upon what he admitted was only rumor. Mr. Mazet maintained that the mayor's strenuous denial was all that was required. Mr. Hoffman again insisted that the matter be at once investigated. Mazet ended the matter by saying that Mr. Moss had distinctly disavowed any insinuation, and Mr. Moss interjected the remark that he thought he had done the mayor a service. The mayor said that if he knew of the existence of gambling houses he would order them closed, and that if they were not closed he would "come pretty near removing somebody."

Mayor Van Wyck asserted emphatically also that he had never consulted with any one regarding the appointments he had made, and that he himself was the most powerful factor in the city administration, that he was guided absolutely by his own affairs and not by those of Mr. Croker nor any one else. The mayor said that he had dismissed Chief of Police McCullagh because he was not a fit man for the position, and that he had removed Police Commissioners Phillips and Hamilton because they were unfit. The mayor said: "Hamilton blackmailed the casino."

Police Commissioner Sexton, in his statement before the committee, said with reference to the appointment of Chief of Police Devereux, "I wanted to make Devereux chief. Devereux was my friend, and I wanted to make him chief of police, and I retired McCullagh."

President York explained the retirement of McCullagh by saying that it was a case of "politics," and a desire to have harmony in the police department. He said, however, that McCullagh had been a good officer. Both police commissioners acknowledged that they had heard of the pool rooms being run in the city, and said that efforts were being made to suppress them. President York added, however, that gambling had always existed in New York, and that in his opinion it always would exist.

Nine School Children Injured. Canal Fulton, O., May 17.—During the storm yesterday the wall of a school house was blown in and nine pupils were injured, some of them quite seriously. The injured are: Mary Kurtz, skull fractured; Esther Kurtz, ankle broken; Helen Klein, scalp wound; Stella Groff, skull depressed and ankle broken; Grace Herbert, leg broken; Susie Dapp, scalp wound; Tillie Petz, scalp wound and badly bruised about the chest; Mabel Leaver, scalp wound; Jennie Smith, head bruised. Four scholars were buried beneath the debris of brick and wooden beams. They were extricated by the teacher.

A Lavish Farewell Dinner. New York, May 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin took their formal leave of New York society last night at the Waldorf-Astoria. They took it in the form of a sumptuous dinner to 86 persons. It is said the dinner cost \$10,000. Viands, wines, music, service, all were perfect. The Bradley-Martins left this morning for Europe.

The Wealth of the Klondike. Washington, May 17.—Consul Brush reports to the state department from Clinton, Ont., that the washup from the Yukon this year will aggregate \$19,000,000.

ENGLISH IN NEW MEXICO.

American Ideas Are Spreading and the Territory Now Making Great Progress.

The territory of New Mexico, which was organized in 1850 and had by the federal census of 1890 a total population of 153,000, had by the same census the unenviable distinction of having a higher ratio of illiteracy among the white population than any other civil division in the United States. Of the total number of white inhabitants in New Mexico over the age of 10 years, 41 per cent. were returned as illiterate, though in the country at large the ratio is only 7 per cent. Moreover, the ratio of illiteracy among the colored population was higher (80 per cent.) in New Mexico than in any other state or territory. The number of Spanish-speaking residents of New Mexico was higher than in any other civil division of the country in proportion to the whole population. The industrial and educational backwardness of New Mexico is a heritage of Spanish rule and Spanish methods, which has been further perpetuated by physical conditions of the territory unfavorable to immigration. The last report of the interior department shows, however, that the introduction of American notions and the acceptance of American methods are bringing about a radical change in New Mexico, the present population of which is put by the territorial governor at 282,000, due in chief measure to the influx of new immigrants.

The educational institutions of the territory are now reported to be in a flourishing condition. The enrollment in public schools is given as 150,327; average daily attendance, 105,819; number of schools, 3,335; receipts, \$1,359,613.88; expenditures, \$1,360,376.16. Seventy-nine per cent. of the present population are able to read and write, leaving only 21 per cent. of illiterates. There has been a marked change since 1890.

It is estimated that the percentage of the inhabitants unable to speak English will not, in 1900, exceed 15 per cent., as against 61.11 per cent. as shown by the census of ten years ago. The chief bar to the admission of New Mexico as a state has heretofore been not the dearth of population or lack of material resources, but the fact that the ratio of illiteracy was so high and the influence of foreign methods and customs so great. By the census of 1890, as before stated, the total population of New Mexico was 153,000 and by the same census Wyoming had a population of 60,000 and Idaho of 84,000, collectively less than New Mexico, but both have been admitted into the union with all the rights of states and with two senators each. Nevada, which has been a state since 1864, had, by the last census, a total population of only 45,000, and Montana had when admitted a population of only 130,000. North Dakota when admitted as a state had a population of only 180,000, and the population of New Mexico nine years ago was very little less than that of Delaware. The large number of illiterate inhabitants in New Mexico, however, has been a bar to the favorable consideration of its desires for statehood, but this bar, it would seem from reports of the interior department, is being rapidly removed. An encouraging evidence of the spread of American ideas in the territory is referred to by the secretary of the interior in his report, quoting the territorial governor: "More men in New Mexico responded under each call than were required to fill our quota, and in their eagerness to serve their country it is estimated that 150 enlisted in the regular army and in the regiments from the states, some of whom are now with the army in the Philippine Islands. Thus New Mexico has furnished 1,099 soldiers for the late war, and would and could have furnished many more had the opportunity been afforded."—N. Y. Sun.

PLAINT OF A MILLIONAIRE.

Not Much Fun in Life for a Man Who Has Acquired Enormous Wealth.

"What is the smallest income on which a man may live in New York?" was the question I asked of a noted banker whose income cannot be less than \$100,000 a year. "Well," he replied, "my household expenses alone amount to \$25,000 a year, and I do not see how I possibly could live on less than that." Then, says the Philadelphia Ledger, a reminiscent smile began to cross his countenance, and, heaving a little sigh, he said: "But the happiest time of my life was when my wife and I and two children lived here on \$2,500 a year. After that, happiness doesn't depend on the amount of a man's income."

"I was quite intimate with William H. Vanderbilt when he was considered the richest man in the country. I met him one day in Fifth avenue and said to him that he ought to be the happiest man in the world. 'I am not,' the great millionaire replied. 'My health is shattered and all the money I possess cannot restore it. I cannot even drive one of my fine horses. It is painful for me to sit down. My only possible exercise is for me to walk down the avenue. I receive threatening letters daily, and my nerves are so unstrung that I am constantly afraid that some assassin will waylay me. I am overrun with people who want to get my money. I am the most wretched man in New York, and I tell you that after a person has accumulated enough to secure him against poverty and gratify his reasonable wants every dollar in addition is a burden and weighs him down.'"

FAITH IN PHYSICIANS.

There Are Many Men Who Do Not Take the Medicine Prescribed for Them.

"The proportion of cures in a public institution are greater than they are in private practice," said one of the staff surgeons of the Charity hospital, "and one reason for it is that the patients take their medicine. It's strange, incidentally so, but few people who are ill at their homes really take what the physician prescribes. That's a fact well known among practitioners, and they encounter evidences of it every day. Men are more skeptical than women, and the average man of the world is almost certain to literally throw his physic to the dogs. One might well ask why such folks send for a physician at all. They do it as a matter of habit. A sick man likes to talk about his sufferings, and is willing to pay a doctor two or three dollars to come and listen to him, but he generally draws the line at taking the medicine."

"I assure you I am thoroughly in earnest. A physician very rarely places any confidence in the patient following his directions unless a capable nurse is present. Let me look at that preparation a moment," is a stereotyped bedside formula. The doctor really wants to see whether any is missing. I was amused the other day at a remark of a prominent physician, who invited me to accompany him on a visit to an old citizen who is laid up with la grippe. 'Is there any calomel in that prescription?' asked the patient while it was being written. 'Yes,' said my friend. 'But see here!' protested the sick man, 'my stomach is very intolerant of calomel!' 'Yes, I know,' replied the doctor, 'but it's all right; you won't take it, anyhow.'"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Not an Infallible Sign. Tears do not necessarily indicate a tender heart. Lots of tears are shed for the purpose of softening other hearts.—Chicago Daily News.

TWO MR. SPRINGS.

Strange Coincidence in Names of Two Soldiers at Camp Winkoff.

There were two men of the same name in the Twentieth Infantry at Camp Winkoff, says the New York Press. One, hailing from Massachusetts, is a sergeant of company I, while the other, a Pennsylvanian, is a private in company M.

Soon after the regiment arrived at Montauk Point, Sergt. Spring began to get very flattering letters from a young lady living in a small Pennsylvania town; also express packages, which were none the less welcome for being unexpected. At the same time Private Spring was deciding that he must be able to charm at a distance, because a Massachusetts girl was writing to him in a particularly affectionate strain, and wanting to know if there wasn't something she could send him.

Private Spring thought of a lot of things that he could use if he had them, but as the fair correspondent had omitted to sign her last name, it didn't seem feasible to write for them. Presently both Springs began to get letters complaining that no answer had been received to questions asked in the writer's previous letters.

At the height of the tangle Sergt. Spring was walking along the road one day, when a comrade called his name. He and another man ahead of him both walked back, asking what was wanted.

"Is your name Spring, too?" asked the sergeant.

"That's what," replied the other man. "Francis Joseph Spring."

"Well, that's me, too," said the sergeant.

"Say," he added, as a thought struck him, "do you get letters from a girl named Molly?"

"No, I don't," replied the other. "Not as many as I ought to."

"I do; more than I ought to," said the sergeant. "I guess they're yours."

"I've got some from Sarah that I'll trade for 'em," said the private, grinning.

"That's a go," answered the Massachusetts man, and all was satisfactorily arranged, except for the contents of sundry packages, which had been destroyed.

After that the two Springs met every other day and held a mail exchange.

CHINESE PHYSICIANS.

They Prepare Many Medicines, and Some of Them Are Very Bitter Decoctions.

The taking of a first dose of Chinese medicine is an ordeal which can be better imagined than described. It is invariably a bitter decoction, says Lippincott's. If the patient prefers, the herbs are given him in square pasteboard boxes holding about a pint each, and he "cooks" them at home. A Chinese prescription contains from ten to sixteen varieties of herbs, flowers, nuts, gums, barks and roots. More than 3,000 species are classified and used as medicine, but of these only some 600 are in general use. Whether the patient takes the remedies at the sanitarium or at home, he is requested to present himself every day before the doctor for another pulse examination, so that every change in his condition may be noted and the prescription may be varied accordingly. The Chinese are clever chemists in the line of pharmaceutical preparations, and prepare many medicines for their own use in the form of pills and powders; but these are employed by the Chinese physicians in treating the ailments of white people only to a limited extent. The reason given is that the simple, hot decoctions of the fresh root or plant are the best form, because the most readily assimilated into the system.

The Best Donkeys. The best donkeys come from Arabia. They have clean, smooth coats, hold their heads high and are used only for riding purposes. Many are sent to Persia, where they sell for high sums. They are well looked after and their harnessings are of the richest.

He Invited It. He—The thing I most admire in this world is perfect frankness. She—Then let me tell you that you ought to shave off your postee before you ever eat another soft-boiled egg. Somehow the world seemed dark and dreary to him after that.—Chicago Evening News.

RAG TIME MUSIC.

It Had an Irritating Effect on Mr. Monaghan and He Bounced the Player.

Seven o'clock mass was just out at Xavier's, and the congregation was dispersing gradually from before the broad door of the church, members of it going home in groups of three or four, conversing on the way of the minor events of the day. On the corner of New and Sycamore streets Mrs. Burns, who resides on Lock street, near Eighth, met Mrs. Callahan, who lives on Third Street hill.

"The top of the mornin' to ye, Mrs. Burns," said Mrs. Callahan. "Sure, you're lookin' like a four-laved clover, with the fine face of ye. How's your old man Dinnis?"

"Arrah, phwat talk have ye woman! Sure me hands are wore to the bone slavin' and scrubbin' day in an' day out. Dinnis, did ye say? Bad cess to him, he's atin' and drinkin' phwat would do three min. Hivin' save us! Honorah, darlin', an' who's that with the awtrich fithers comin' out o' the church?"

"D'ye moind the stollie av'er, Bridget Burns. 'Pon be sowl, 'tis that stuck-up Katie Monaghan that lives the next dure but wan to us. Awtrich fithers, indade! But 'tis no more than right sh should wear them, for a fine fat awtrich she is herself. Since old Jerry Monaghan got put into the waterworks be Jimmy Grogan gittin' his two dawlvers and a half the day, sure ye can't stand the airs they put on, an' I well mind the time when Della Monaghan was takin in washin' to kape the bread in their mouths. Do you know phwat, Mrs. Burns, they have a planny in the house now?"

"A planny! Hivin' save us! An' where would they put a planny in that shackeen of a house? You're jokin', Honorah."

"'Tis the straight thruth I'm tellin' ye. Sure an' they had the divil an' all av' a ruction the other night about it. Oh, ho, Bridget, you'd have split your sides av' ye iver saw old Jerry tangled up with the jude beau of Katie's from Walnut Hills. Last Chuesday night they sint wurrd over be little Mickey axin' the old man an' me to drap in an' hear the jude play the planny. Whin we went in Jerry an' the old woman war settin' out in the dinin' room becase there wasn't room for them an' the planny in the parlor. By and by Johnny Flaherty, the jude, came. He had on pants so tight he cuddin't set down sudden without tearin' them up, and his hair war parted in the middle, and he had on a necktie like a tin-blow fire. Whin we war all seated comfortable me old man Dinnis sez: 'Give me the growler, Jerry, an' I'll go to Sweeney's for a dime's worth.'"

"Ye will not, Dennis Callahan," sez Jerry. "We hove a dozen av' beer in the house. Wait till I fetch a bottle." Be this time the jude had sit down to the planny and he was pounding it away in grate shape.

"Phwat kind of music do ye call that, I dinnaw?" sez I. "Rag-time," sez the jude.

"Shure it sounds purty ragged," sez I. "An' phwat do be the name av' the piece?" "I want a Real Coon," sez he. Just then the old man came in with the beer.

"Ye want a rale coon, do ye, ye spalpeen," sez he. "Do ye think this is Rat row, that ye come lookin' fur coons?"

"D'ye mane to insult me?" sez the jude.

"Insult nawthin'," sez Jerry. "Sit down an' play the planny, an' don't be sayin' we're coons."

"The jude commenced to play agin. 'Phwat's the name of that?' sez I. 'I Don't Like No Cheap Man,' said he. 'The divil, ye don't!' sez Jerry. 'After me payin' \$50 down and \$10 a wake on the planny an' layin' in a dozen av' beer, an' buyin' a new hat with awtrich fithers on it, an' thin this whiskeen sez he don't like no chape man. Lave the house, and go visit your frind Chancy Depoo, ye omadhaun!'

Wild that he grabbed the jude be the rid necktie and phwat there wuz to the sate of his pants, and throwed him threw the dure. Fax, ye'd died laffin to see the way his britches ripped when he sat down suddenly in the gutter, and the luk on his face as he skeddaddled up the strate.

"Lit me tell ye wan thing, Katie Monaghan," sez Jerry after quiet was restored. "When ye larn to play the planny ye'll play 'The Harp of Tara,' or the 'Wearin' of the Grane,' and not be insultin' a decent man by tellin' him in music that he's a chape coon." An Kate said niver a wurrd, Bridget Burns.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pleasant Story About the Kaiser. Apropos of the conferment of the Order of the Black Eagle on Adolf Menzel, the Berlin papers recall an incident which gives a glimpse of the Kaiser's character under its most genial aspect. Two or three years ago, when Menzel had just kept his eightieth birthday, his imperial patron resolved to give him a pleasant little surprise. He invited him to a party, and when the old painter entered the drawing-room he found himself face to face with a living reproduction of his own picture, "Friederick the Great's Flute Concert." All the members of the court circle, as well as the emperor and empress, wore the exact costumes and assumed the precise pose which he had delineated. The young Kaiser then stepped forward and welcomed the guest, and at the supper which followed Menzel was put in the place of honor on the right hand of the Kaiserin.—London Chronicle.

RUNNING SORE ON HIS ANKLE.

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