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THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1906.

MOTIVE POWER—POLITICS.

THIRD AVE. R.R.



The receiver who really "received" the receipts.

TO SUCCEED, WORK!

WHEREVER in The Evening World to-day are announced the awards of prizes in the "Success" competition...

The path to success has been pointed out in as many forms of language as there have been participants in the contest.

The way to succeed is to WORK!

HUNT OUT THE RASCALS!

ON Saturday last The Evening World pointed out the fact that a gang of rascally politicians and leeches had for years been looting the Third Avenue Railroad.

Who planned the job? Who got the money? It is the DUTY of the Grand Jury to FIND OUT at once.

Receiver Grant will have failed in his duty as receiver unless he becomes the prosecutor of the thieves as well!

ARE WE TOO RICH TO BE JUST?

IN this column recently were discussed the business affairs of the Standard Oil corporation, which had just declared a dividend at the rate of \$80,000,000 per year.

The millions of dollars so freely manipulated by the magnates of Trusts and trade in this country are indices to the enormous wealth of the nation.

Is it possible that we sometimes feel too rich for our own good? That we bring ourselves to afford those things which we cannot afford?

It is said that the poor are just to the poor. If we were a people less pampered in luxury we might have a greater wealth of consideration for our now and suffering dependents.

The Kaiser congratulated the Queen on the Cronje coronation. It is in order for grandma to condole with William over the sad reception accorded to "The Iron Duke."

Modesty is also the mother of vocabulary. The South coast trolley has developed the "motorner."

\$25 WEEKLY PRIZE \$25

THE BEST DAY'S LOVE STORY FOR THIS PAGE.

Stories must not exceed 700 words—500 words preferred. All stories will be paid for at rate of \$5 each; \$10 will be paid for the prize-winning story.

BRYAN TELLS HOW TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL.

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

"GIVE the young man a chance!" I think that his chance to-day depends more upon his relationship to some rich man than it used to, and more than it ought to.

The young man of to-day is powerless to avoid this, except as he may secure legislation which will protect the God-made man from injury at the hands of

the man-made, the corporation-made person. In the mean time, he must endure it. The American youth, when protected by a just government, has more opportunities than youth of any other nation.

ness man may be counted among the successful one day, and he may be a bankrupt the next. A man in public life may be popular one year, and may be forgotten the next.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

His Blue-Eyed Patient.

It was near the close of a cool September day, and the shadows had fallen so heavily over the long wards of a hospital that the best white coats looked all alike.

No. 16 was wholly unconscious of the pretty picture she made. She lay there softly moaning. A great wheel had crushed her, and she had been brought, bleeding and suffering, to that great home for out-cast, the hospital.

Tenderly the doctor dressed the wounds and gravely watched the first signs of returning consciousness. He was rewarded. The long lashes moved and a beautiful pair of blue eyes looked up at him. They seemed to look into his soul. Never before had grave Dr. Edgar Canton been so thoroughly moved.

Morning came, and with it new life for Millicent Everett. Slowly she began to improve. She noticed the surroundings, her fellow-sufferers, the white-capped nurses and the doctors.

For each and every one she had the same wan little smile; but there was one whose coming seemed to be the only sunbeam of her life. How eagerly she watched for his coming, and how those blue eyes lit up as she saw his handsome, grave face! Every day he came to her and spoke kind words. "Edgar Canton," softly she read the lines:

One morning she watched for his coming in vain. A new doctor came in his place, and, although Millicent would have rather died than confess it, two great tears rolled down her cheek.

One of the nurses came to her and placed a large bouquet in her thin hands, and a tiny piece of paper caught her eye. It was a note addressed to her. Her trembling fingers could scarcely unfold it. Instantly her eyes went down the page to where the name was written in a bold, plain hand, "Edgar Canton."

Softly she read the lines: Dear little friend: I am called away to a distant city, but cannot go without bidding you good-by. I cannot come to you, so



"IS IT BECAUSE YOU PITY ME?"

I start at midnight, and by morning will be many miles from here. When I return you will be almost well again. Dear little girl, I will have something to tell you when I get back. Stay and see if you can guess what it is. I shall be home the first day of the old year. Until then I am yours, EDGAR CANTON.

It was New Year's eve. Millicent sat with her head on her arm thinking of Dr. Canton.

Some one knocked at the door of the room. Thinking it was Mrs. Blake, the landlady, with her tea, she simply said "Come in," without even lifting her head.

No tea was put on the table, and Millicent, hearing no one, looked up. Two strong arms encircled her, and with one glad cry she recognized Edgar Canton.

"Darling little Millicent, you have guessed what I have to tell you. It is that on the first day of the new year I want to make the sweetest little girl in all the world my wife."

Tears of joy glistened on the long lashes and she softly whispered: "Is it because you pity me, Edgar?"

"It is because a certain little blue-eyed girl has captivated my heart, and it is for her to decide whether my life will be worth the living."

Tremblesome Sisters-in-Law. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a married man and like to visit my mother-in-law with my wife to spend the evening, also Sunday.

Our typewriter is so smart and bright, and so, the boys declare she's out of sight—A "beaute."

But when they take her out to lunch and try a bluff, And pay the bill (on \$5 per week) they cry "Enough!" J. A. &

A Quarrel Worth Settling. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a stenographer. I earn \$12 a week. The gentleman I am engaged to earn \$30 a week. He urges me to marry him, saying that our joint incomes (\$42) will enable us to live well. But I tell him "I do not mean to work when I am married; if you marry me you must support me."

He tells me I am selfish and if I really loved him I'd be willing to work for him. I make me cry, for I do love him dearly, only I don't think it is my place to work for a living when married. Will people advise us as to which is right? I am very, very much in earnest. FLORENCE P. C.

Rule, Anyway. To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent asks whether a man or his wife should light the fire in the morning and answer the doorbell. I say it is the wife's place. All women are to do it always, and will end by making you their slave. The only way to be happy at home is to let the husband rule. Rule gently if possible. If not, rule anyway. What say wives to this? FAMILY MAN, South Brooklyn.

Aladdin's Lamp Outshone. In the rapid creation of wealth which has benighted the human race there is no story in all the history of the world which equals the marvelous raising of the lamp and the industry in the United States.

THE "CRIME FACE."

By Capt. McClusky, Chief of the New York Detective Bureau.



CAPT. GEORGE MCCLUSKY.

THE faces of many incorrigible criminals are most deceptive and misleading. It is no uncommon thing to find men and women whose appearance declares them to be honest, benevolent and kind, who are nevertheless criminals of thirty or forty years' standing, or whose thoughts have at all times tended in a criminal direction.

Take for example old Charley Ward. Although a notorious and most persistent crook, he has every appearance of being an upright and honorable citizen. His venerable and benign look, his clear and kindly eyes, his long white beard and genial smile, would indicate that he was not a rogue or swindler, but a retired business man, who had all his life enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens.

Take a still more striking case, that of Dr. Kennedy, convicted of killing a woman by crushing her head with a piece of lead pipe. So far as appearances are concerned, he is the very last man whom any one would pick out to commit a crime of such a nature. He is a man of good education and apparently of the most refined tastes and cultured instincts.

Among female criminals faces are especially deceptive. "My face is my fortune" may be very truly said by many a woman of the criminal class. It is by no means unusual to meet with a demure and good-looking young woman who has a long career of dishonesty behind her.

If I were to take forty photographs at random from the Rogues' Gallery and forty from a photographer's studio, it would be difficult and perhaps impossible to distinguish one group from another, so far as the faces were concerned.

On the other hand, there is a certain type of face and manner which we know to be criminal. Men and women are being constantly picked by the police simply because they have the unmistakable mark of the criminal upon them. The furtive eye, the nervousness of manner, the sinister expression of countenance and the suspicious nature of their action betray their dishonest purposes to the police.

It may safely be said that there is such a thing as a "crook face," though it is not correct to infer that there are no striking exceptions to the rule.

The most striking recent example of a criminal whose looks are altogether in harmony with the accusation against him is William Neufeldt, who is charged with killing Mrs. Kronman by striking her repeatedly with an axe. He has what might be termed the typical face of a murderer, and his whole appearance renders it quite easy to imagine him capable of such a crime.

The Curse of Other Countries, Too. An Edinburgh professor says it is the "morning dram" which is the curse of Scotland.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

How to Make It Cheaply.

FOR the benefit of the anxious persons who are thinking of going to the Paris Exposition The Evening World ventures a few remarks.

First-class cabin accommodations can be had on the American Transport Line for \$50 each way. The second cabin is \$30. On the North German Lloyd ships the first-class rate is from \$45 up, with \$4 for second-class. On the Red Star line for Antwerp the rates are from \$50 first-class upward. The White Star, Cunard, French and American lines offer berths from \$15 to \$150 for the voyage over.

A tourist company offers a trip over and back, with all hotel expenses, for \$148. Of course, the sightseer will not have a cabin to himself, but if he can withstand this discomfort he is sure to get there and have no worry.

To the cheap tourist a traveler who has often gone to the French capital gives this little bit of talk: "We will suppose that you have bought your steamship ticket to and from the other side. If it's to London, get lodgings the moment you arrive. These will cost you \$4 a week at the outside for one or two persons. The hotels will rob you if they get the chance. See the city. Stay a week. Cabs are cheap.

"If you go via Havre and have no friend to engage rooms for you, see the American Consul. I know now that he has a list of over one hundred Americans who have declared that they are willing to rent rooms during the Exposition. Indeed, some have hired entire houses for it. Have you will not be robbed. Many of them will furnish board, too, and any instructions you will need may be had there.

"Like all Continental tradesmen, the lodging-house and hotel keepers will squeeze you for every cent they can. Then, too, they are strangers, or will be, and an American pension or boarding-house is far preferable.

"Another thing that you must remember is that the Parisian shopkeeper asks about twice what he finally expects to get for his wares. When he names his price, look astonished and start to walk out. He will call you back and beg for an offer.

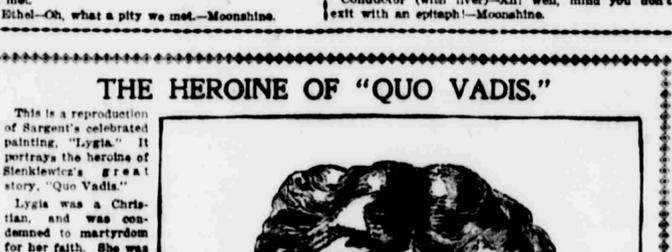
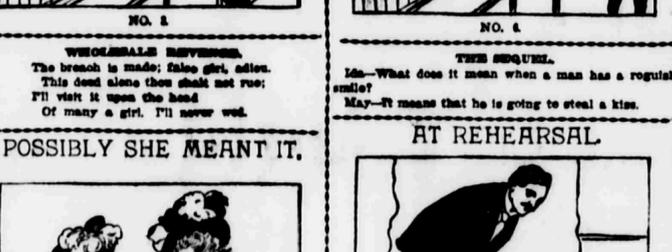
"Don't worry because you can't speak French. You will hear more English there than any other language. In conclusion I would have you read over these rules: "Don't sign any papers. "Don't let your steamship stewards until the voyage is over. "Don't agree to buy anything. If you don't want it then, leave it. "Don't try to be nice to strangers of either sex. "Don't carry more than your day's allowance in your pocket.

Chinese Ladies' Thimbles. Ladies of high class in China use the daintiest thimbles imaginable, some of them being carved from enormous pearls, ornamented with bands of gold, on which all manner of quaint and fantastic designs are engraved.

The Oldest Railroad Man. James Charlton, the retired General Passenger Agent of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, is one of the oldest railroad men in point of continuous service in this country, having started in 1841 as a junior freight clerk in England.

FUN AT A GLANCE.

ALAS, THE POOR MONARCH OF THE FOREST; He is the Slot-Machine's Latest Victim.



RUSKIN'S LABOR IDEAS.

By Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D.



REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D. D.

RUSKIN translated the terms of political economy from the language of things to the language of life. Wealth he found not in the accumulation of things, but in the accumulation of things useful for life. Life is the essential thing in political economy as in art.

At the beginning of his constructive system he placed the State's restriction of marriage. "The beginning of sanitary and moral law is in the regulation of marriage." He would have every citizen well born.

Then he would have every citizen well educated. By education, however, he meant a somewhat revolutionary conception of the work that we thus name. He would have the State provide in a most munificent fashion for the education of its children—not a poor education for the children of the poor, but the most generous education for the children of the State.

School-houses are to be models of beauty and adorned and filled with treasures of art, as the true picture galleries. The curriculum which he prescribes all leads up to the development of life and to the development of the highest form of life—character. "You do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not."

Then he would have labor organized in the most thorough fashion. Work is to be found for all, and all are, through a rightful education, to be fitted for work, and then all are to be forced to work. There are to be no cultured idlers and there are to be no untrained bunglers. Co-operative associations commanded themselves but slightly to him. Shops and factories are to be established under government to maintain high standards of art, which will thus force private enterprise up to the government standard. He was no thorough-going democrat, but believed in an aristocracy of his own fashion, the different classes of which, however, were to be all salaried from the State, none of them receiving the "profits" of our present capital nor the "rents" of land as in our present tenure. His ideal looked forward to a genuine collectivism; the control of the means of production by the State for the people as the ultimate ideal.

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POSSIBLY SHE MEANT IT.



Maud—I was coming to call at your house if we had not met.

Eh—Oh, what a pity we met.—Moonshine.

AT REHEARSAL.



Concocted Entertainer—No, no! No music to bring me on. I simply walk on and say something funny. (Smiling.) In fact, I enter with an epigram. Conductor (with liver)—Ah! well, mind you don't exit with an epigram!—Moonshine.

THE HEROINE OF "QUO VADIS."

This is a reproduction of Sargent's celebrated painting, "Lygia." It portrays the heroine of Stenklowicz's great story, "Quo Vadis?" Lygia was a Christian, and was condemned to martyrdom for her faith. She was strapped to the horns of a huge buffalo and carried thus into the arena. Her faithful attendant, Ursula, killed the buffalo with his bare hands, saving the girl from a frightful death.

Through love of Lygia, Virginia, a young nobleman, at least un-bred Christianity. He and Lygia escaped to Sicily, where they were married.

Stenklowicz describes the aesthetic Petroneus's first impressions of Lygia as follows: "He thought Aurora might look like her. . . . He considered everything and estimated everything; hence her face, rosy and clear, her fresh lips, as if set for a kiss, her eyes, blue as the azure of the sea; the alabaster whiteness of her forehead, the wealth of her dark hair, with the reflection of amber or Corinthian bronze gleaming in her folds; her slender neck, the divine slope of her shoulders, the whole posture, flexible, slender, young, with the youth of May and of freshly opened flowers.

Beneath a statue of that maiden one might write "Spring."



BIRTHDAY LUCK For March 1.

If you were born on March 1, no matter what the year or hour, this is the meaning of the day for you: It is an unfavorable day, so be guarded in all matters. Your anniversary is an unfavorable one and there will be much that will occur to cause anxiety. Disappointments are in order. Financial losses, changes and home difficulties. Be guarded at all times and do not seek to enlarge your affairs.—Copyrighted by the Sphinx Magazine, Boston.

EGG FARE FOR LENT. Four Savory Dishes.

Savory omelet is made of three eggs, half a cupful of milk, one and a half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter. Put the omelet pan, with a cover that will fit snugly, on to heat. Beat well together the yolks of the eggs, the cornstarch and the salt. Beat the whites to a stiff froth. Add to the well-beaten yolks and cornstarch. Stir all together very thoroughly and add the milk. Put the butter in the hot pan. When melted pour in the mixture. Cover and place on the stove where it will brown but not burn. Cook about seven minutes. Fold, turn on a hot dish and serve with cream sauce poured around it.

Scalloped Eggs.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Make one pint of cream sauce. Moisten one cup of the cracker crumbs in one-fourth of a cup of cream. Chop fine one cupful of cooked fish. Remove the yolks of the eggs and chop the whites fine. Put a layer of the crumbs into a buttered baking dish, then a layer of the chopped yolks, white sauce, minced fish, yolks rubbed through a fine strainer, and so on until the material is used, having the crumbs on top. Bake until brown.

Curried Eggs.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Remove the shells carefully and drop them in hot water to keep warm until ready to use. Moisten some boiled rice into a form resembling a nest. Place it where it will keep warm. Place a teaspoonful of chopped onion in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter and cook until the onion is a light yellow, but not brown. Add a tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with a half tablespoonful of curry powder and dilute with a little cold milk, then stir in slowly one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Let it cook until the cornstarch is clear, add pepper and salt. Wipe the eggs dry; roll them in the sauce to get evenly coated with color, and place them in the nest of rice. Pour in enough sauce to moisten the rice.

Eggs and Tomato.—Cut bread into slices three-quarters of an inch thick, then into circles. With a smaller cutter cut half-way through the bread and remove the centers. Fry them in hot fat; fill in the centre with well-seasoned tomato paste, and place on each one a poached egg.

Their Typewriter. Our typewriter is so smart and bright, and so, the boys declare she's out of sight—A "beaute."

But when they take her out to lunch and try a bluff, And pay the bill (on \$5 per week) they cry "Enough!" J. A. &

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