

CORY'S DAILY CARTOON. THE NEW PURIFIER.



CRIME AND LAWLESSNESS MUST CEASE—ST. RICHARD SAYS SO.

The World.

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"IT IS TO LAUGH!" SAYS A VOICE IN A PEW CORNER.

Macaulay once said: We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodic spasms of morality.

Bishop Potter has started a movement to curb vice. He has been joined by the organized forces of education and morality in New York City.

"It is to laugh!" says Tom Platt, translating Macaulay into the current slang.

And, no doubt, as he sat in his pew yesterday, a monument of respectability, leading in prayer and song, he was laughing heartily behind that pious mask.

Why? Because he is the man who has brought about the present conditions in New York City; because he is the only man who can effectively change them; because he has no more intention of doing it than he intends to run his government of the State of New York in the interest of the people in any other respect.

"It is to laugh!" says Platt as he sees Bishop Potter and the rest racing intently along the side trail, while he sits undisturbed in his pew corner and plots the enrichment and advancement of himself and his family and his friends at the expense of public honesty and public morality.

Poor Croker! Poor, brutal, ignorant, blundering Croker, with your gang of hungry, stupid, crude Van Wycks and Carrolls and Whalens and Scannells and Sextons and Sullivans! Why don't you learn of Tom Platt? Why don't you sit at his feet with the wily Odell and the smug Tracy and the behemoth Roosevelt and learn of the master-rascal how to pluck the goose and snatch its golden eggs without raising such a frightful squawking?

"It is to laugh!" says Platt. What is the reason for rampant vice and crime in New York City?

Why, it is the complete control of the police force by the district leaders of the Croker and Platt organizations. Croker and Platt may be telling the truth when they say that they don't get a dollar of the tax-money from vice and crime. Probably they don't get any of it directly. But Platt gave the police force to Croker, and will keep him in possession of it unless he can get it for himself, so that his district leaders shall run it instead of Croker's and shall make the police force give up to Republican machine heelers and thugs the larger share of the money of infamy, instead of the smaller share as now.

Bishop Potter and the rest are causing a "periodic spasm of morality." But what will be left of it this time three months from now?

"It is to laugh!" says Platt. And he sang his hymn with unctuous glee yesterday. Nothing amuses him so much as the spectacle of guilelessness beguiled.

Who can take the control of the police away from the Croker thugs and the Platt thugs in the various districts? Who can compel a reorganization of the force so that its splendid qualities of courage and obedience shall be used to enforce law and order instead of to maintain the reign of vice and crime?

Platt—Thomas C. Platt—he and he alone. Will he do it? "It is to laugh!" he says.

What will permanently cure the present police evils? Only one thing is necessary: a single executive head of the police force; a man with the absolute power to transfer, degrade, re-

move captains, sergeants, roundsmen, patrolmen; a man who cannot be removed except by proceedings brought before some such body as the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, this decision to be final; a man who will administer his office in the broad spirit of cosmopolitan New York.

When New York has such an executive head of its police force the alliance between the police and the vicious and criminal classes will cease. Until it has such an executive head of its police force the alliance will continue—open alliance most of the time, secret alliance when the New York public is in one of its "periodic spasms of morality."

Will Tom Platt, de facto Governor and Legislature of the State of New York, give New York City such an executive head?

"It is to laugh!" says Platt. By all means get after President "Barney" York and his crew of dive-agents, setters of human traps, invaders of the homes of the poor and the humble. By all means pillory and fling into public disgrace these wretches who are at once the instruments and the beneficiaries of Tom Platt's police system.

But what about Tom Platt? What about those horns half-hidden in the sleeked locks that scantily frame that smug, smirking face? What about that cloven hoof hidden in those shiny Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes? What about the unscrupulous Republican boss whose chief asset is the disreputable Democratic machine in New York City, which he maintains to use as a scarecrow during the campaigns and to trade with and "divvy" with all the rest of the time?

Truly, "ridiculous" is the very word Tom himself would use to describe a "spasm of morality" that doesn't agitate the pew corner where our smooth, crafty, respectable arch-priest against public honesty and public decency sits snugly ensconced. To quote his own words:

"It is to laugh!" Surely Bishop Potter and his earnest allies are not going to permit themselves to be made fools of and tools of.

IN GAY NEW YORK.

By G. E. POWERS.



AT THE BRIDGE WHIST PARTY.

THE FAIR ONE—Bridge whist is so fascinating! I could play it for hours.

"The bridge might give way under your weight." "I've got a hand like a foot. What's trumps?" "I'm not melancholy by nature and I hate the blues. But I wish I had a stack of them now." "Willie tried to palm off a soda check as a red chip." "They call this 'bridge whist'; but on the other side of the Bridge the only game they play is euchre." "I thought at first this was a poker hand, and I nearly threw a fit when I saw four aces." "Father never says a word while he's playing whist. He's a deaf mute."

CHORUS OF WILLIEBOYS:

HE OBSERVED



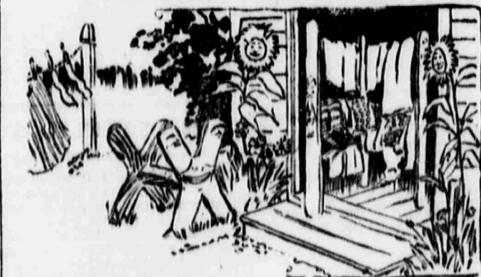
Emerson—Oh, ma, I just saw the porter take a drink. Ma—Sh! You must not observe such things, Emerson. Emerson—But, ma, I thought this was an observation car!

LOOKING AHEAD.



Monkey—Is it true that you shed your skin? Snake—Quite true. Monkey—Well, when you shed next, will you give it to me for a golf bag?

HE OUGHT TO BE THERE.



The Sawhorse—I suppose you'll be at the horse show? The Clotheshorse—What makes you say that? The Sawhorse—Way, you're more shot than horse.

AFTER THE ROAST.



Scrub Player—Now I know why they call it a grilliron.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY Says This Man Is Not Worth a Heart Throb.

A YOUNG GIRL, who signs herself "Maad," writes to me as follows: "Dear Madam: I have been engaged to a gentleman eight weeks, and now he wishes to break the engagement on account of his having a common-law wife who says she has a claim on him."



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

"He also asked me to return the betrothal ring. I love him dearly, and I know he returns my love—at least he loved me up to this recently. "Gradually he has become cooler. We were to have been married this coming winter. What shall I do? I am heart-broken."

God is often wise in denying us our heart's desire, my dear. A man with a past such as your lover's has been would not prove as happy a mate for you as you imagine. A man may break away from such an engagement, but it always leaves a kink in his heart and honor.

The world is full of good, honorable young men who have no such stain upon their conduct. A man who has been tainted to a law-

world's goods. It is hard for an acknowledged profligate to mend his ways and lead a virtuous life, even though he is married with a saint.

It is neither wise nor best for a young girl to enter into the sacred bonds of a betrothal with a man upon short acquaintance. A maiden should know long and well the man to whom she proposes to trust her future.

Your suitor was attracted to you while with you, but, living in a different town, his ardor cooled when you were out of sight.

Such a man is not worth a heart-throb. He brags, my dear, and throws off the affection which has settled in your heart for such an unworthy object. Return the ring, and any other gift which he may have given you, and consider that you are well out of an unhappy union. Do not allow your thoughts to linger upon him.

Fill up every moment of your waking hours, and you will be surprised to find how soon fond fancies will take the place of love in your heart. LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

OUR LAX DIVORCE LAWS, By Bishop Fallows, of Chicago.

An attendance upon the courts where default divorce cases were tried gave me a great surprise. The average time taken by the judge to dispose of each of those I heard presented was a little over eight minutes. Lawyers of high standing have told me that in general the average time was about five minutes, incredible as it may appear. This is less than the time it takes the clergyman to unite parties in marriage.



BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS.

I cannot help thinking some judicial reform at this point to be an absolute necessity. More delay ought to be required in hearing such suits.

It also appeared to me to be one of the easiest things possible for a collusion to exist between the parties interested in these divorce cases, which might not appear on the surface.

It would appear from a survey of the whole situation that the principle upon which we are now acting in American society is to make divorce desirable and respectable. The lax and variant laws prevailing in the various States seem to clearly indicate the fact.

Public opinion must be aroused in

view of this deplorable condition of affairs. In some way reckless marriages must be prevented. Stricter methods of legal administration must be devised. Proper delays in hearing suits for divorce must be urged. Penal inflictions ought to be visited upon husbands for cruelty, desertion and neglect to support as well as for the graver offenses. And even under the present reprehensible system all religious and ethical teachers ought to impress upon the community the truth that the least obligation of society to grant divorce does not imply in the least any moral obligation in consequence to apply for it. Hear and forbear should be enjoined as a sacred duty upon all entering into the marriage covenant. We need a revival

of the old-fashioned regard for marriage.

Such a man recognize with Prof. Bryce the family to be "the one fundamental and permanent problem of human life and society," and with Prof. H. H. Adams that "the family perpetually reproduces the ethical history of man and continually reconstructs the constitution of society."

The ease with which divorces were procured in ancient Rome and which were the indications of her inevitable ruin is almost paralleled in our own day. Like causes will produce like effects. Destroy the family you destroy the state. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

VERY COMFORTABLE.

ROY M'CARDELL'S BOOK OF VERSE.

"Old Love and Lavender" is a handsomely bound little volume of verse by Roy L. McCardell, the well-known newspaper and magazine writer of this city. Many of these verses have been printed in prominent newspapers and magazines, but there are some poems never before printed, and all attest Mr. McCardell's skill as a versifier.



This is a dressing gown of gray cashmere, trimmed with cerise lace.

THE CORRECT AUTOMOBILE DRESS.



THE AMERICAN CHAUFFEUR.

THE correct automobilist's apparel has been frequently made a subject for discussion in American automobile circles. While the question has been pretty clearly decided abroad, in this country, thus far, no special form of "horseless" garb for men has come into general acceptance either through the fad of fashion or the instrumentality of common sense.

The tender age of the new sport in the United States may be the reason for this condition. Whatever the cause, it is certain that the American chauffeur has not taken kindly to the leather suit, so popular on the other side of the sea. It is true he has, with reluctance, accepted the foreign chauffeur's cap with its two-story-and-a-half-base-ment aspect, and it is quite possible that it will only be a matter of time when the complete outfit of the foreigner will be generally worn here. On the other hand the American enthusiast has evinced a disposition to affect a compromise by affecting "knicker" and golf hose as the means of balancing his concession to the Russian headgear.

The accompanying illustration, taken from the Automobile Magazine, shows a well-known New Yorker, who is also an automobile enthusiast, garbed in the latest and "correct" automobile costume. The cap, coat and trousers of this costume is made of knaiit, the leggings of pigskin, the shoes of strong brown leather, laced and having on the soles a series of cleats which serve as "chocks," facilitating a sure footing and a proper manipulation of a foot brake when riding.

THE SOCIAL BALANCE. "So your wife is to give a reception?" "Yes, she has to; she's under obligation to so many people."

WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS.

EVERY industrious woman is not necessarily a busybody. The small girl is seldom a heroine to her own small brother.

The coal bills are becoming a question of burning importance. A physician declares that people who sleep with their mouths shut live longest.

Why is it that you always have an irrefragable inclination to cry at a wedding?

If you want to find out something from a woman just say the opposite of what you think she thinks. A great many weary mothers will sympathize with the old lady's description of heaven as a place where she could put on a white apron and stay "soot."

HOW WALES EATS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is very conservative in the matter of eating and drinking. He dislikes long lists of comestibles, and as to beverages it is well known to his friends that only certain wines are acceptable to His Majesty. He is also very particular as to what cigars he smokes. The half-apparent likes to sit down at a fixed hour to his meals, and, very rigidly, waits for nobody. Indeed, it is recorded of him that on one occasion a relative of the Prince, a personage of a high degree, arrived an hour late for luncheon. His Royal Highness observed, "I hope you will like the coffee; it is sth quite hot."

THE BABY.

Only a tiny bundle of love That the whitest impulse wakes— A mite that the fairies brought from above, But, gee! what a noise it makes!