

DOUBLE PAGE.



THE EVENING WORLD'S

The Evening World.

HUMOR OF THE NEWS BY EVENING WORLD CARTOONISTS.

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THE WORLD'S TUNNEL PLAN.

Except for its very simplicity, which may at first view make railway officials suspicious of it, the feasibility of The World's suggestion of a safe and practicable plan for running trains through the Park Avenue tunnel is self-evident.

To make the entire tunnel a single block of the block signal system now in use.

To allow but one train at a time on any one track in the tunnel.

To increase the speed of trains in the tunnel, still keeping within the limit of safety for a clear track.

These recommendations, if carried out, will entirely eliminate the danger of a recurrence of the conditions that now make it possible for an incautious engineer to run down a waiting train ahead.

They are, in effect, a practical extension of the unheeded recommendation of the Coroner's jury, after the accident twenty years ago, that "each outgoing and incoming train, when passing through the tunnel, be advised of the train immediately preceding it and also of its reasonable headway."

Pending the completion of the Central's promised terminal improvements looking to similar precautions for safety, there is no valid reason now discoverable why The World's plan should not prove a workable and satisfactory substitute for the loose methods which for ten years and more have made the danger of rear-end collisions constantly imminent.

The cheers which greeted the name of "our old leader" at the Sullivan love-feast for Nixon in the Bowery last night were hardly as loud as a New York Central non-explosive torpedo.

MORE LIGHT ON RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

It appears from Manager Franklin's testimony yesterday that "good, reliable, conscientious engineers," as well as green ones, were in the habit of running past danger signals in the tunnel.

Consider this evidence in connection with the previously elicited facts that smoke and steam made the signal lights frequently invisible; that engineers, even when they left their cabs to look for them, could not always determine accurately the color of the lights, whether white or green or red; that torpedoes—the last warning of immediate danger—usually failed to explode; and when so considered the inference is a fair one that every train entering the tunnel homestretch which ends at the Forty-second street station begins a free-for-all, go-as-you-please race to get there, in which Chance is the judge and timekeeper and the passengers' safety the stakes.

The establishment of a cooking school for the poor girls of Irvington and Tarrytown adds another to Miss Helen Gould's numerous charities.

OPERA-BUFFE PUGILISM IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Sharkey-Maher mill in Philadelphia for the Irish championship last night possessed vaudeville features superior even to those that have made other ring fiascos notable.

It was a great triumph for Quaker City orderliness, but it was rough on the "sports" who had paid \$5 each to see a decisive knock-out contest.

"Florrie" Sullivan has begun his war on tenement-house red lights and cadets in the Eighth District with commendable vigor.

Letters from the People.

They Began Race Together, but Quit. To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that Robert Walther rode in the 1900 race with Miller. B says no. Which is right? OTTO KAMPER.



UNCLE SAM FINDS HIS SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE POWERS VERY PRESSING.

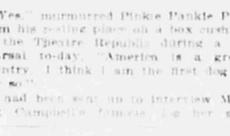


FATHER KNICKERBOCKER FEELS THE WEIGHT OF THE UP-STATE LAWMAKER.

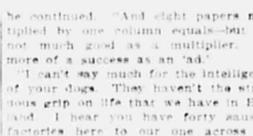


His Impressions

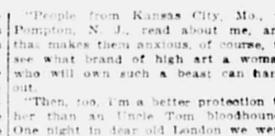
"Yes," murmured Plinkie Pankie Poo, from his cozy place on a box cushion in the Theatre Republic during a rehearsal for the American in a great country. I think I am the first dog to say so.



The Real Thing at Hotels.



Counting Up the House.



I'm a Life-Saver, Too.



How to Dress Well By Mme Louise

liberty satin ribbon bow in the centre front, girle of the same, with a Rhine-stone buckle in the centre back. MME. LOUISE.



Harriet Hubbard Ayer on Points on Etiquette.

Meet Hudsons with Calmness. Dear Mrs. Ayer: I was going home Monday, about 6 P. M., on the Third Avenue train. A lady came on the train—she sat down next to me. My dress was a little bit spread over her seat.



Grace Duffie Boylan on HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN.

learn the way. Then we grow up, and God sends other little ones to us so that we can teach them what we have learned.

\$5 \$5 \$5 \$5 \$5 HOW TO ENTERTAIN A ROOMFUL OF GUESTS.

Everybody has more or less hospitable instincts. Many, no matter how kindly disposed toward their friends, are lacking in ideas on entertaining.