



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 15,197.

RESPONSIBILITY OF DIRECTORS.

The directors of the North Jersey Street Railway having been indicted for the Clifton avenue disaster...

Until the disaster occurred I was not aware of the conditions existing at the Clifton avenue crossing.

That is to say, the directors pass the responsibility on to the president, the president to the general manager, the general manager to the superintendent...

It is a plausible theory. But by its logical extension we have the direct responsibility dissipated between the motorman, who could not control his car...

Direct responsibility is thus lost. But these humbler employees had nothing to do with the policy of economy which maintained the danger conditions at the crossing.

AN OLD CHOP-HOUSE.

The passing of Ennis's chop-house in Fourteenth street brings reminiscences of the back room in which John Kelly and afterward Richard Croker sat in unofficial state dispensing Tammany's vast patronage.

The chop-house survives in New York, but the chop-house era has gone along with its contemporary brick and brownstone. The palace hotel and the pretentious restaurant have replaced the modestly exclusive grill rooms where a chop or steak eaten in masculine privacy had its charms for the palate not less renowned than Astor Gallery banquets.

All save one of the surviving chop-houses have succumbed to the feminine invasion. The robust feminine appetite of the present generation, with all its affection for lobster, finds a grilled loin chop with malt accompaniment a reliable article of diet.

SUNDAY BASEBALL.

A game of amateur baseball in progress Sunday on a field near One Hundred and Thirty-first street and Convent avenue was interrupted by the arrest of the manager of one of the nines and the dispersal of the players.

The arrest was made on complaint of the Sabbath Day Observance Society, which desires to make a test prosecution to secure an interpretation of the law.

It is well to have this perpetually recurrent question settled now authoritatively at the beginning of the ball season. Either Sunday baseball is permissible by law or it is not. If it is not, let us have the decision and abide by it.

LAST OF A CLIPPER SHIP.

The demolition of the old clipper ship Macauley occurs at the very height of the busiest season in the history of the immigration office.

The coincidence is worth note because the Macauley had the enviable record of 70,000 new citizens brought safely across the ocean in her long career.

The trip to the land of the free was a more momentous undertaking in the days when the Macauley was new than now. It was, where possible, a family party affair; emigrants from the same village arranged to cross in the same vessel, and the journey, consuming a fortnight in a swift clipper, or perhaps a month in a packet, was diversified by births, marriages and deaths en route.

AN APPROPRIATED UMBRELLA.

An arrest in Watertown for the appropriation (can we say theft?) of another man's umbrella was followed by the discharge of the culprit on the return of the abstracted article.

No hint is given of a determination on the part of either party to the case to carry it higher, but it clearly deserves a Court of Appeals decision.

govern in the infliction of punishment. "It is a sin to steal a pin," and the theft of a railroad carries with it a penalty.

The Illiteracy of the Poor.—The Rev. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay deprecates the illiteracy of the abject poor, "who of necessity must think of the needs of the body and therefore can think of nothing else."



Oh, Fudge! Oh, Furr! THE RAID WAS TIPPED OFF! Some Minion of the Old Gag Graft Painted the Busy Ambulance an Invisible Blue!

In anticipation of our raid on the musical comedies on Broadway that overwork old jokes, a vast crowd assembled last night at 8 o'clock in front of the Platina Building.

Promptly at 8 o'clock, Officer Sullivan, driving Joe-Miller, the good old chestnut, the only horse with a hyphen, dashed the busy blue ambulance into Madison Square.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long: Please dope these and put in a padded cell: Why is a like 12 o'clock because it is in the middle of day.

When is a man's nose not a nose? When it is a little red-dish (radish).

A thief stole a lot of harness and never left a trace.

George—If a man is born in America, takes a trip to Germany and then to Ireland, and dies in France, what is he? Billy—An American, I suppose.

John—I see you have been eating oranges this morning. Mamie—How do you know? John—I see the skin all over your face.

Why is kissing a young lady on a telephone like a straw hat? Because neither are felt.

Albert—I was shooting at our clock yesterday. Joe—What for? Albert—Tried to kill time.

G. O'NEILL, H. C. STEFFENS, J. STEHLE.

THE GRIN THAT'S THERE TO STAY—The Cheerful Idiot and the Gas Trust.



GOTHAM'S LIST OF LOCAL ATTRACTIONS.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Group of Famous Press Agent Exploits. By Roy L. McCardell.

Of all the men connected with a public amusement enterprise there is little doubt that the press agent, next to the backer, is the most important.

If you can get any person or portion of a show talked about, the effect on the attendance is marked.

Then the idea is explained, and if the manager thinks it will cause discussion and affect his box-office receipts favorably he pays for the idea, all the way from ten dollars to a hundred.

The newspapers are seldom fooled in the matter. But such is the demand for interesting matter about stage people that if the story is odd and interesting the papers sometimes print it.

A case of this kind was the famous Anna Held milk bath. A milkman was secured who entered suit against Anna Held for vast quantities of milk she had allegedly purchased to bathe in to preserve her beauty.

Papers all over the country took up the story. Anna Held was famous. The milkman was never heard from after the story first got into print, but the milk bath tale still goes the rounds of the press and Anna Held is a star.

We all remember the excitement caused by the finding of a deserted baby on Elese De Wolfe's doorstep.

This same baby was offered Amelia Bingham. In this case it was to be left in Miss Bingham's cab. Miss Bingham thought it "undignified" and turned the scheme down.

Mrs. Pat Campbell had the help of two clever press agents. One was a smart Englishman with the odd name of A. Toxen Worm; the other was Walter Kingsley, known as the "boy press agent."

According to the press agent, Miss Maud Lillian Berel, of the "Sultan of Sulu" company, swallowed a small watch in her sleep in a small town in Indiana. The story was telegraphed all over the country as "A Strange Watch Case."

So eager are the Harlem boarding-houses for strange stories about actors and actresses that even a small-part soubrette gets her name in the papers in connection with many weird happenings.

No story is too wild or improbable for the press agent, if the manager will stand for the story.

Such is theatrical fame!

THE "EXCLUSIVE" TELEPHONE.

A LITTLE-KNOWN PHASE OF NEW YORK'S "HELLO" SYSTEM.

YOU hear the phrase, "private telephones," and fail to comprehend the full meaning of the term. A private telephone does not mean that some one has a special connection aside from their business 'phone.

Among those who have a private telephone are J. P. Morgan, E. H. Harriman, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Helen Gould and other notables who were they accessible by telephone, would be bothered by scores of persons they did not want to hear from.

THE LATEST "GRAFT" PROBLEM

Fifty dollars for tip of nose. Lady of fashion, having lost tip of nose, will pay \$50 to woman supplying part for grafting.—Advertisement.

We have heard of grafting "on the side," and the grafting on of skin. And of all who make the grafting art their specialty in sin.

But here is quite a novel stunt. Who has a nose to sell? For fifty plunks who'll scrupulously The blessed sense of smell?

Who knows a girl who has a nose That savors of the "bug"? If she will nip the skyward tip, Improve two tips and draw the chips, Both noses will be snug.

STEPHEN CHALMERS.

A WILD GOOSE FARM.

What is said to be the only wild goose farm in the world is located at Chincoetage, says the Richmond Times. The farm is a never ceasing object of interest to the visitor and of joy and profit to the owner.

Letters, Queries, Answers.

Cousins and Cities.

To the Editor of The Evening World: May a man marry his first cousin? Is Chicago larger than Paris? A. L.

Sunday. To the Editor of The Evening World: What day of the week was Sept. 15, 1891? J. E. E.

Is It Really an Omen? To the Editor of The Evening World: While attending to my household duties I accidentally broke a small hand mirror, and hearing this was a peculiar omen of "seven years of bad luck," I would like readers' advice. MABEL.

Yes. To the Editor of The Evening World: Was the battle of San Juan Hill reproduced in Buffalo Bill's Wild West show or not? Mrs. V. B.

No Gold and No Premium. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there any gold in certain 1902 cents? Also is there any premium on them? HERBERT E. DECKER.

Would Be a Conductor. To the Editor of The Evening World: Please let me know through your paper where to inquire for the position of conductor on the "L" road. C. R.

Disapproves of Tippling. To the Editor of The Evening World: The last paragraph of your article on tippling reads as follows: "Taken altogether, the man who tips liberally is not providing luxuries, but necessities for the metropolitan waiter." Now, there is one other thing that the "tippler" does.

The Trailing Skier. To the Editor of The Evening World: How often I have disgustfully witnessed women sweeping the sidewalks and street crossings with their unnecessarily long skirts; often drenched completely in pools of mud, thus bringing in their homes innumerable pestiferous germs for themselves and their children.

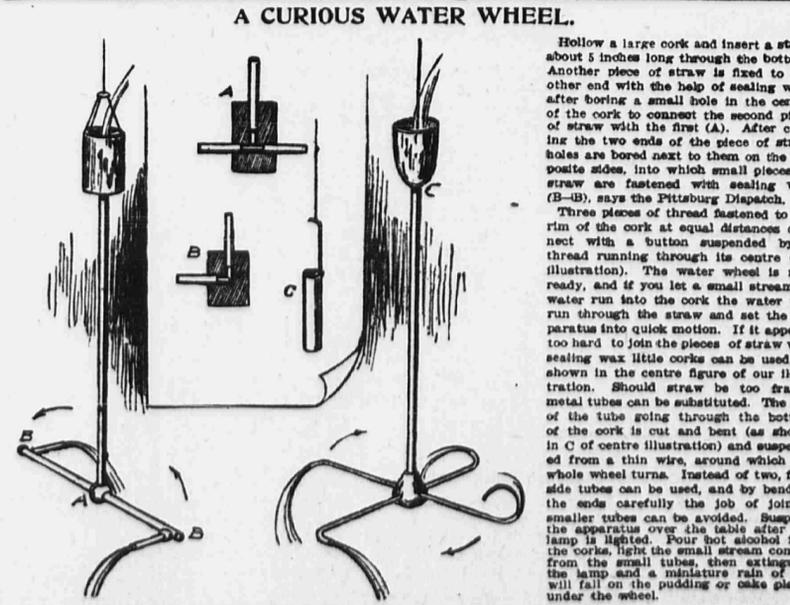
One of the Gang. Stranger—Are you the superintendent of the X. Y. and Z. Railroad? Official—Yes. What can I do for you? Stranger—I would like a pass for myself and wife.

A Fitting Sentence. "What is your name?" inquired the Justice. "Pete Smith," responded the vagrant. "What occupation?" continued the Court.

One Girl's Wisdom. George—Miss Wilkins—Edith—I love you. Will you make me the happiest man on earth by sharing my humble lot? Edith—No, George; I dislike the idea of camping out. But if you'll hustle around and get a comfortable house on the waterfront I'll see what I can do in the way of besting your happiness.—Chicago News.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A CURIOUS WATER WHEEL.



ONE OF THE GANG. Stranger—Are you the superintendent of the X. Y. and Z. Railroad? Official—Yes. What can I do for you? Stranger—I would like a pass for myself and wife. Official—We only grant passes to employees of the company. Stranger—Well, I'm an employee. I'm a member of the State Legislature. Chicago News.